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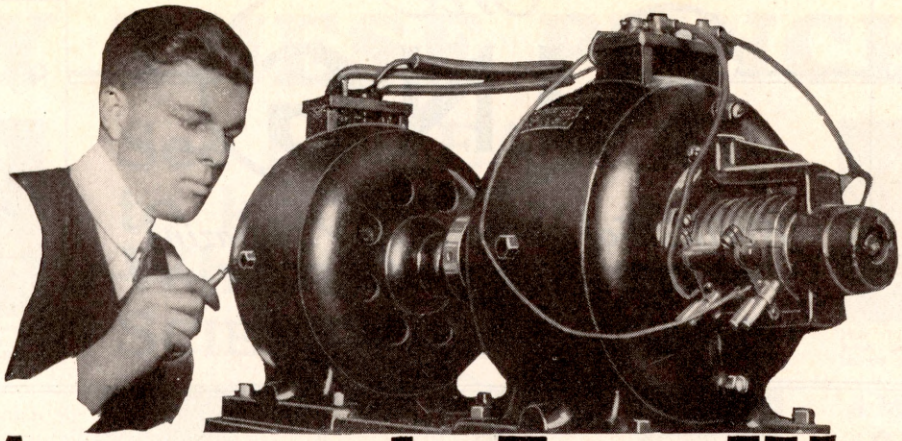

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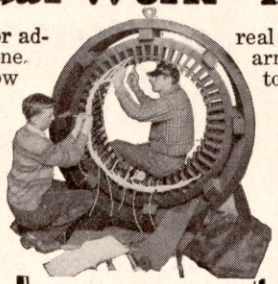

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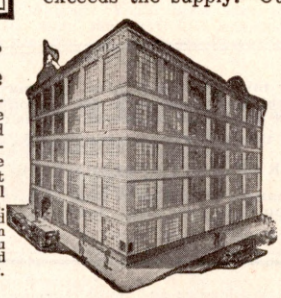

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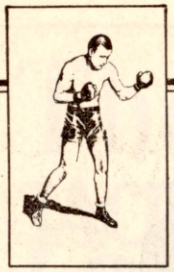

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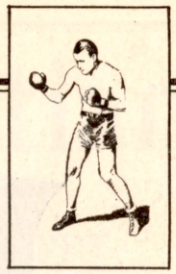

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Memoirs of a Promoter, the second of a series by Jack Curley as told to Frank Graham

They Can't Take It—By Wilbur Wood

The Return of Body Punchers—By Jack Skelly

College Boxing—By Spike Webb

Wrestling in the old days—By Charles F. Mathison

Along the Great Fite Way—By Ed Sullivan

In The Long Ago—An interesting page of ring happenings by America's oldest sports authority, A. D. Phillips

In addition to interesting short stories by Daniel M. Daniel, one of America's foremost sports writers and Ed Goewey

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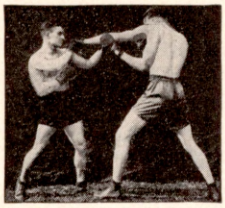

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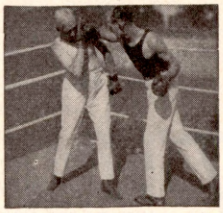

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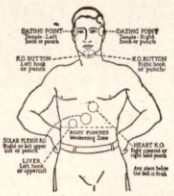

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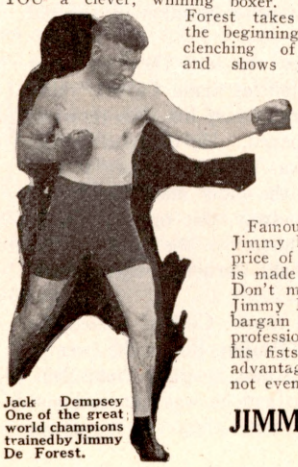

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Dempsey Debates "Comeback"

Says Heavy Pressure Is Being Brought for His Return

By Jack Dempsey

TO fight, or not to fight? To stay in retirement, or to return to the ring?

These questions have pestered every boxer who ever held a championship and then slipped out of the picture.

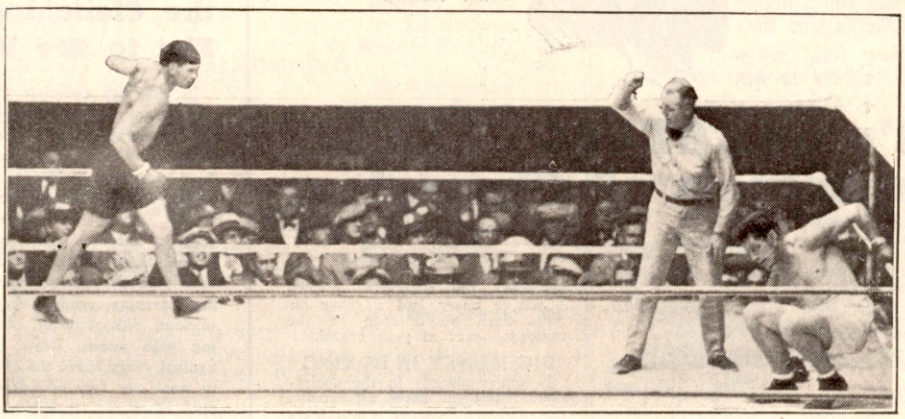
Frankly, they are pestering me. My friends keep asking if I intend to come out of retirement and take advantage of the rich situation that is developing in the heavyweight class.

I keep considering the proposition, but thus far the urge to return to the wars has not been strong enough to prompt me to announce a comeback.

Of course, I keep exercising. Every once in a while I find that I have been a little lax and am getting too heavy. That prompts me to get back to my gymnasium work with a vim, and at once it is announced, "Dempsey working hard for comeback."

The temptation to return to the ring for at least one more fight is very powerful. It always is for the retired champion.

Every decade brings new financial standards in the boxing game. I believe that the situation which started cooking up with Max Schmeling's visit to this country and will get an impetus with the Sharkey-Schmeling fight in New York this coming Summer, will bring back the days of ring opulence. In fact, I think that if things break right we may see more dough in fights than ever before.



When Dempsey made his first "comeback" he almost put Tunney to sleep

I have that hunch and naturally I think about a comeback, and the money it would mean. Who wouldn't?

* * *

I DOUBT very much if the average boxing fan—yes, the average boxing expert—realizes what it means for a fighter to return to the ring, especially in the heavyweight division.

I doubt very much if those on the outside of a heavyweight's training camp have any inkling as to the effort it requires to get ready for a big fight.

It isn't all light exercises and boxing sessions and interviews and getting tanned by the sun. It takes a lot out of the man and he never gets it back. Successive strains of training over long periods take more out of a heavyweight champion than the fights themselves. I mean to include the mental strains as well as the physical.

And don't forget that in this modern day a fighter doesn't let himself get soft and paunchy the way the old champions did back in the days of beer and easy times.

The ring requires more of a champion to-day than it ever did. Always keep in mind that in these views I am stressing the heavyweight class.

When a heavyweight who has been champion quits, it is taken for granted nowadays that he is well fixed. He is no subject for sympathy or benefits.

He retires, sees other avenues of life open before him, sees other ways to make money and keep himself busy, and the idea of those long training sessions becomes something of a nightmare.

* * *

THAT'S why retired champions think of comeback—and that's why they dodge them.

It would be a strain for me to come back. Perhaps I would respond. Perhaps I wouldn't. The opportunity building itself is very inviting. And who can say? Those decisions come over night.

Every once in a while I meet up with my friend Jim Corbett, and he immediately starts in to kid me about all those comeback reports. You know, Jim pulled a wonderful trick. After losing the heavyweight title to Fitzsimmons, Jim fought around for something like three or four years and then quit. He went into business in New York. It was the cafe business, I believe, on Broadway and 34th Street. That was the one favorite business of the old fighters, but Jim didn't like it.

Well, they got after Corbett just the way they are after me. Fine offers for a fight with Jeffries made Corbett think about coming back. After three years of easy life, Jim returned to the ring. You know what happened. He had the title in his grasp. Twenty-five rounds, it was to be, at Coney Island.

For twenty-two rounds Corbett, the older man, the fighter who had been Mine Host on Broadway, put up one of the most remarkable exhibitions in the history of the boxing game.

I always have held that in this fight Corbett performed the greatest feat the ring has seen.

At the end of the twenty-second round, Corbett looked the champion again. He had won every session. But in the twenty-third round, age and the training strain asserted themselves.

Corbett's legs went back on him, and he was knocked out.

I have that experience in mind when they ask me about

coming back. Yes, I know. It's fifteen rounds nowadays. But those fifteen rounds at the 1930 pace take more effort than the twenty-five of the old days. My comeback, as I've already said, depends wholly on the outcome of the Sharkey-Schmeling fight. If Sharkey wins, I don't think there'll be much reason for my comeback, unless it's the dough I'm after. But if Schmeling should win, I think I can see myself entering the ring as his first opponent.

What is keeping this Schmeling man on the other side? Say, there's a puzzler. I simply cannot understand the entire idea of management behind the German. Why do his handlers let him stay in Berlin? Is he making dough in pictures? Is he in love over there? What is it all about?

If I were in Schmeling's boots, I would be over here, showing myself everywhere, making talk.

I would have been in Miami, at the ringside. I would have taken the limelight there, in New York, in Chicago. There is a national interest in him here, as he seems to be the one man picked for Sharkey.

If Schmeling doesn't hurry over, he may find the show stolen by this Carnera man from Italy. Here's a tremendous hulk of a boy, with big hands and, they say, a big future. In fact, they are mentioning me with Carnera. Yes, I read the papers. In the old days I would have delighted in tackling a man like Carnera. Sort of Firpo, isn't he? Made to order for me, were I in my prime.

Well, Max, come on over and stop Primo from grabbing the show. Hurry, now! You soon may be late.

* * *

THEY'RE still writing and talking about that Sharkey-Scott fight in Miami.

A lot of the stuff written about the fight takes peculiar angles which trace back to Scott's strange record of fouls. Every man is entitled to his own ideas and opinions. If we all had the same mental reactions, this would be a tough world to live in. We'd all get softened up and maybe beaten off the world by a lot of animals or insects.

However, in this game of boxing we have definite rules, which should be lived up to. Rules are made to govern.

Boxing would go back to the old bar room brawls if we had no rules. The sport would break up, the public would quit it, the boxers would have to retire.

That wouldn't do, would it? Well, that is exactly what is going to happen if the epidemic of fouls in fights throughout the country continues.

Mind—get this straight. I am not hinting at anything which took place at Miami, but making an observation on a fast growing feeling in this country. There are too many fouls and too many bouts are ending unsatisfactorily. The fighters are souring the public on the sport. Something must be done and done quickly. We shouldn't wait until it is too late.

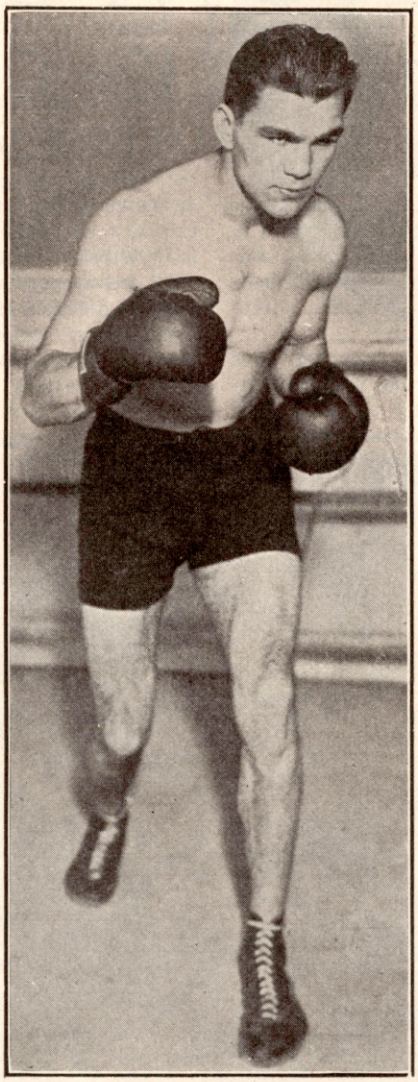
* * *

New York Takes Initiative

THE New York Boxing Board has again taken the initiative. In an effort to reduce the foul epidemic, the board has ruled that a fighter losing a bout on a foul, will be suspended for two months for his first offense, four for the second, and six or more for his third, and will be paid only for the actual number of completed rounds.

So far, so good. But how about the foul claims that fellows who seek the easiest way out, continuously make? Are they to be permitted to continue to ply their trade? Fouls and foul claims are the curse of boxing and the commission that puts into effect a rule that will eliminate both, will receive the hearty support of all lovers of boxing.

* * *



Max Schmeling: the German who may force Dempsey out of retirement

When Fouls Are Not Fouls

I MET Jim Corbett recently—Gentleman Jim, the man who never grows old. As was natural, the boxing game was the topic of conversation.

"Well Jack," he remarked by way of starting the conversation, "I see that you intend a come-back."

"The boys will have it," I replied, "so let 'em go to it. You know, Jim, you're always good copy no matter what town you hit, and when they can't find you, I seem to be second choice."

"You know, Jack," spoke up Corbett after a hearty laugh at my remark, "the fight fans blame the poor referee, the judges or the boxing commission for the fizzles of recent months, when as a matter of fact, the trouble lies wholly with the fighters. They're too timid. They lack the courage, the 'guts' of the boys of a few years back. If we of the old school, and yourself of the more modern period, were to throw up the sponge every time we were struck below the belt, the fight game would have been killed long ago.

"I have no use for the fellow who hits foul, but I do think that at times a blow below the belt, especially when it strikes the thigh or hip, should not be the cause for a discontinuation of hostilities. A warning should be sufficient in a case of that kind, continuous disregard of such warning should be sufficient to bring about a disqualification."

In that I fully agree with Corbett. There are times, when in the heat of a battle, a fighter attempts to throw a punch in the direction of the body, only to have his opponent leap aside and take the punch in the side or ofttimes leap into the air, and receive the blow in the groin. Cases like that are frequent and must be taken into consideration before a fellow is disqualified.

As a referee, I believe in penalizing a foul fighter. But I also believe in seeing that a fighter is not permitted to take the easiest way out. The fight game with me is more than a hobby. It is my profession. It is a business to which I devote my entire time.

That is why I seek the game's protection. That is why I feel that the abuses which have been prevalent this past six months or more, must be eliminated. The sport is bigger than any one man or number of men and with promoters, boxers, managers and members of the various boxing commissions pulling together, there is no reason why a remedy cannot be obtained for foul fighting and unjust decisions.

* * *

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MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

SAN FRANCISCO in the early nineties: Square rigged ships, their bowsprits protruding over the wharfs. Horse cars toiling up the hills. Saloons, theatres, shooting galleries, small fight clubs. Gas light and the shrill cries of newsboys. Sailors, drifters, smartly dressed swells. Chinamen, pugilists, adventurers.

This was the background of my formative years, the years that gave me my first glimpse of the sporting whirl and decided me on the career that has carried me to all parts of the globe, not only to see sporting history in the making over a span of two generations but to contribute something to the making of it.

Even among some of my friends there lingers an impression that I was born in Europe, but this isn't so. Five years before my birth, my parents, who were Alsatians, fled to this country to escape reprisals after the Franco-Prussian war, for the end of the war found Strassburg, which was their home, a part of the German Empire and their sympathies had lain with France. Arriving in New York, my parents proceeded almost without delay to San Francisco, where they had relatives and there, on July 4, 1876, I was born.

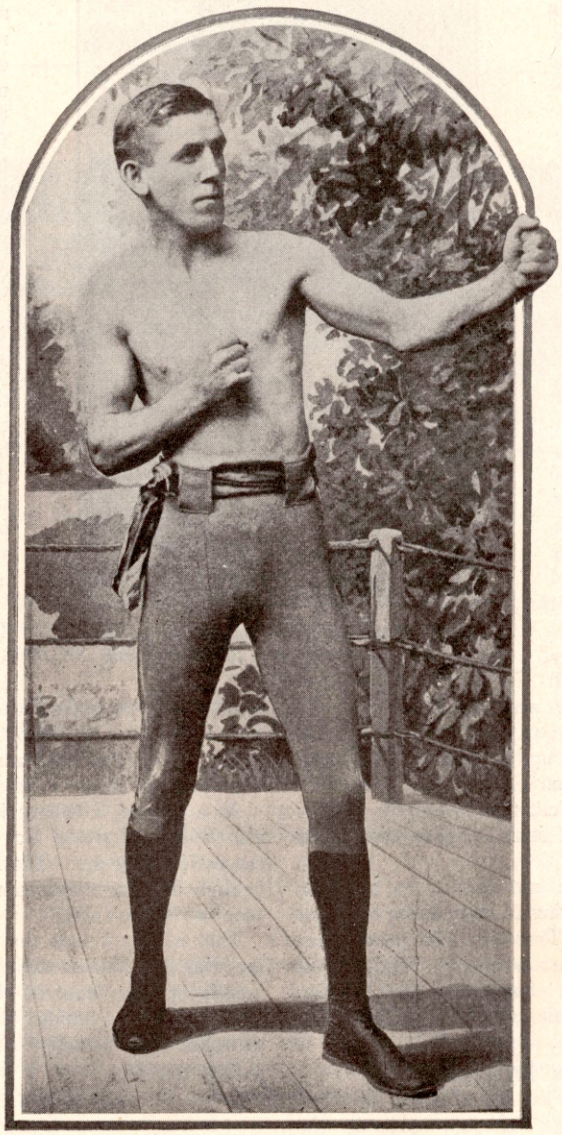
The haven which they had sought did not meet with my mother's expectations and this, combined with her homesickness, caused my father to take us—my mother and three children—back to Europe. My father feared to return to Alsace but sent us there to live with relatives.

He spent a brief time in Paris and then came back to this country, settling once more in San Francisco. When I was about thirteen and a pupil in a school in the Vosges, about twenty kilometers from Strassburg, Dad sent for us and we rejoined him. I completed my elementary schooling at Lincoln School and entered a business college with the intention of becoming a merchant.

* * *

THE intention was not lasting, for I was caught and held by the glamour of the streets and the life that seethed about them. The business school, so attractive to me in the beginning, became dull and I quit it to become a copy boy in the office of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Either because I showed some aptitude for newspaper work or because the staff was short a man or two, I ran copy for only a couple of weeks and then was sent out as a police news reporter, for although I was only fifteen years old I was large for my age and looked at least eighteen.

That journalism held me for only a short time, was not altogether my fault. My exit from it was sudden and not without some embarrassment to me. A former reporter on the paper, who had shown an interest in me and my work, met me on the street near the office one day and gave me a story, that I might get "space" for it. I have no doubt he meant well but the story was a trifle too fantastic to be plausible to any one save a kid like myself and when I reported it to the city editor, he promptly discharged me on the ground that I was a romancer and there was no place for such a type on a reliable newspaper like the *Chronicle*.



Jimmy Barry

* * *

AT that time George La Blanche, the Marine, who had knocked out Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, with the celebrated pivot blow, kept a saloon and shooting gallery on Market Street. I had played hookey from the Lincoln School to see that fight at the old California Athletic Club and had conceived a tremendous admiration for La Blanche for I had given no heed to the illegality of the blow and was impressed only with the fact that he had knocked out the great Dempsey. Having lost my job on the *Chronicle,* I frequented La Blanche's place, and he put me to work in the shooting gallery.

There I was employed when, just prior to the opening of the world's fair in Chicago, tales of the wonders of that city drifted out to the Coast and found a responsive listener in me. I was sixteen years old now, big and strong and very sure of myself and, leaving home one night, I

set out for Chicago. I worked my way when I could, paying my fare when I had to and stealing rides on freight and passenger trains when the opportunity presented itself.

Chicago, during the fair, was a boom town for youthful adventurers like myself. Work was plentiful, fun was to be had cheaply. I slipped easily from job to job, saw the fair exactly twice, made friends among the sporting fraternity and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

* * *

THE bottom fell out of this pleasant existence with the closing of the fair. Work became scarce and thousands of men and boys were thrown out of jobs. My first thought was to find a place on one of the newspapers, but the best I could do was to get occasional assignments from Dunlap's *Dispatch*, an afternoon newspaper.

Conditions went from bad to worse and the fact that the police hustled as many of the unemployed as they could lay their hands on out of town, did not improve the situation any. My newspaper assignments fell off and I tramped the streets, slept in sheds and alleys and often suffered from hunger.

Many times I entered grocery stores intending to beg for something to eat but always lost my nerve when the storekeepers asked me what I wanted. I have no doubt that many of them would have fed me but I couldn't bring myself to ask for food and would ask, instead, some faltering question such as:

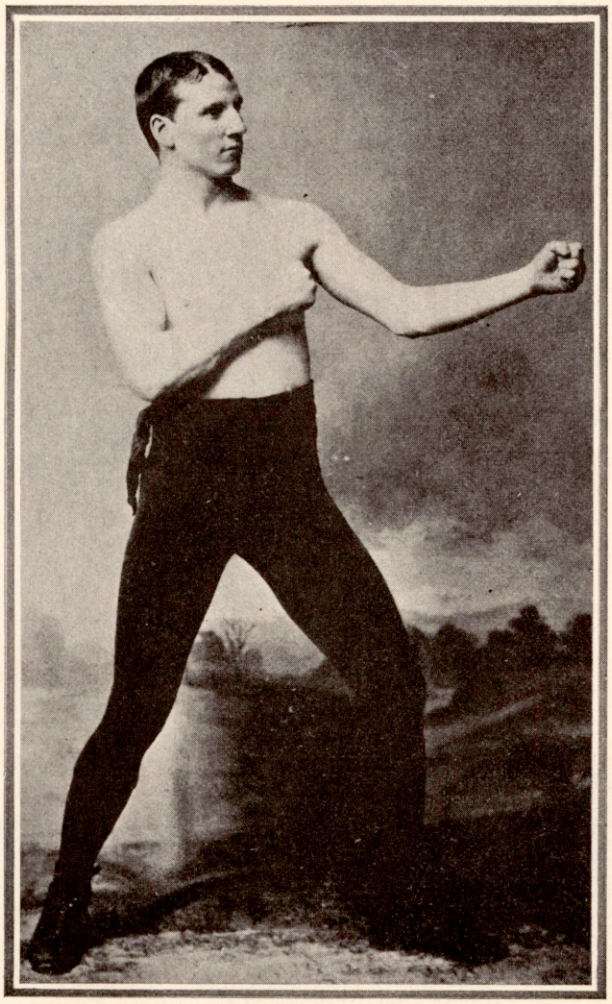
"Does Mrs. Jones live on this block? I am looking for her and thought she might deal here?"

Getting a reply—to which I paid scant heed—I would walk out again to tramp the streets once more, still hungry, still wondering how I could conjure up a meal, still speculating on where I would sleep that night. Occasionally I earned a few cents running errands, holding horses, carrying bundles or selling papers. When I got a job washing dishes in a cheap restaurant, I was happier than I had been for a long while. The pay was almost nothing but I got my meals free.

In September of 1893, by which time the situation had improved somewhat, I met a man who was to have a direct influence on my career as a promoter. This was P. J. (Paddy) Carroll, of Logansport, Ind., manager of Jack Burke, the Irish lad who had fought a six-round bout with Jim Corbett in San Francisco a couple of years before, and had been a persistent challenger of John L. Sullivan until Corbett had beaten Sullivan at New Orleans. Carroll, at the time I met him, was running the Pelican A. C. on State Street near Twenty-third and he employed me to act as a second for the fighters and to help him as best I could in the conduct of the club. The first man I seconded was Jack Tierney, a heavyweight, in a bout with Billy Lambert, an Englishman.

Carroll had no small measure of ability as a promoter but he was lazy, and, as time wore on, he left many of the details of the management of the club to me. Had he paid stricter attention to his affairs, my connection with him would not have yielded me much but, thrown largely on my own, I learned a great deal about the business to which I was to devote my life. I made matches, handled all arrangements with the fighters and their managers, got out what little publicity we could command and virtually staged the shows.

Tommy Ryan



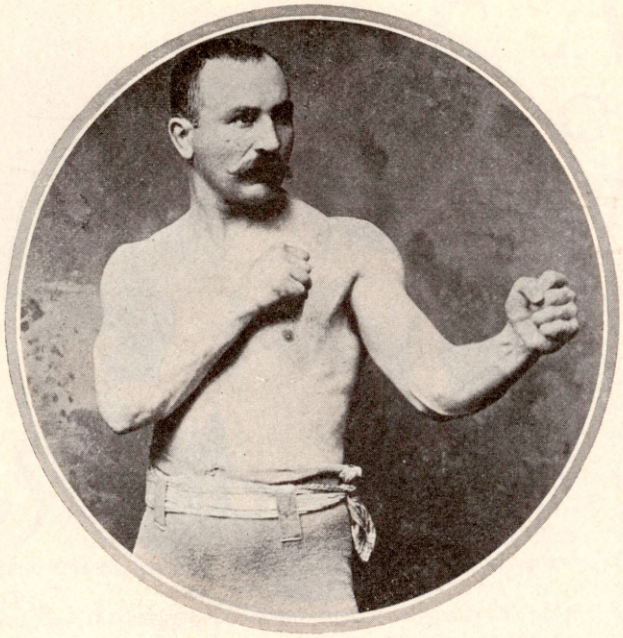
Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil

Then, breaking sharply in on my new found prosperity, came the great railroad strike in June of 1894. The depression accompanying the strike compelled Carroll to close up temporarily and I again had to depend chiefly on the scattered assignments I could get from the *Dispatch* for a living.

* * *

THE strike centered around Eugene V. Debs, a lovable man and a great American but, at the time, hated by those not in sympathy with the strike. Debs was directing the strikers from the seclusion of the Revere House on the North Side but his whereabouts was unknown to the newspapers, who sought him desperately for an interview. It fell to me, a cub reporter, to find him. The tip came to me from George Siler, the famous referee, whose acquaintance I had made, and I obtained the interview for which hundreds of other and better newspapermen pursued a vain quest.

The glory that accrued to me for having found Debs and persuaded him to talk, was short-lived for in a little while I was on the streets again in search of steadier and more



Jake Kilrain

remunerative work. However, my meeting with Debs was the beginning of a friendship that lasted until the day of his death. Years later, when he was in the Atlanta Penitentiary, a victim of the war hysteria invoked by his Cleveland speech against the draft, I visited him several times, once taking Georges Carpentier with me to see him.

* * *

WITH the settlement of the strike and a readjustment of economic conditions, the boxing clubs, including the Pelican A. C., opened again. There was no legal protection for boxing in Chicago at that time and the status of the sport depended solely on the tolerance of the mayor and the city administration. Many important fights were held in secluded spots around the countryside. Tips would be circulated among the favored ones and as I was one of these, I seldom missed an exciting "go" on the turf.

One of the many I attended was that between Jimmy Barry and Casper Leon, two great little men, at Lamont, Ill., on September 15, 1894. I was advised to be at the Union Station at seven o'clock that evening and I was there at the appointed time in company with John and Tom Mackin, owners of the Revere House, where I had met Debs.

The fight was promoted by Parson Davies, then the outstanding figure in the Chicago sporting world and one of his men, meeting us at the Union Station, quietly told us to go to the Dearborn Station on the other side of town, the manoeuvre having been designed to throw officers of the law off the scent. Proceeding to the Dearborn Station, we found a special train ready to pull out for a destination unknown to us and, indeed, to all save Davies and the train crew.

I recall, not without amusement, that a member of the gathering was the original "One Eyed" Connolly, who had boasted that he would see the fight without paying. Davies, apprised of this and determined to prevent it, had Connolly removed from the train and the last we saw of him, he was standing on the station platform as the train pulled out.

* * *

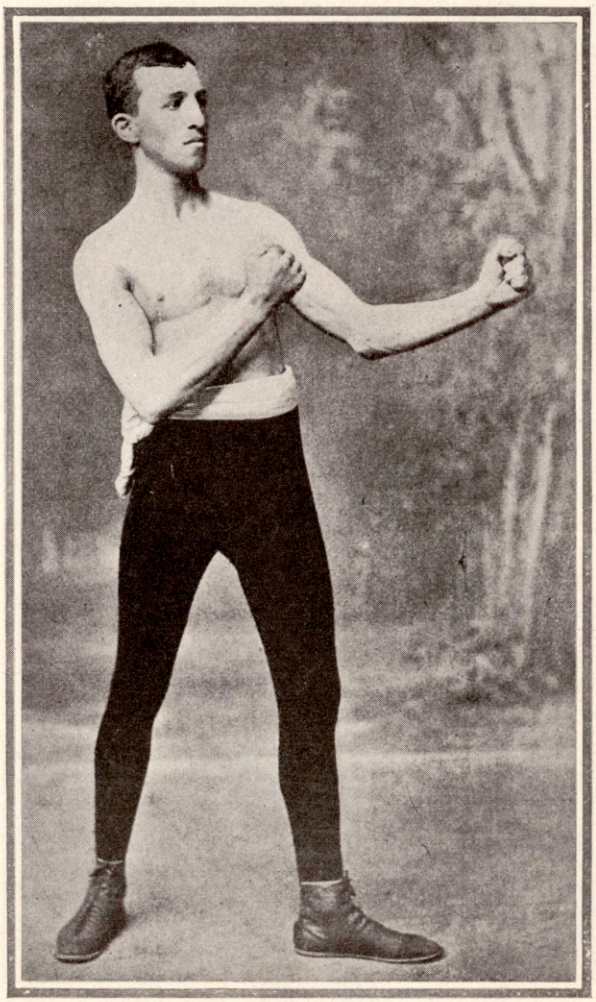
IMAGINE our amazement and the consternation of Davies when, several hours later, as Barry and Leon squared off, Connolly was pressed close to the ropes of the crude ring pitched on the turf. He hadn't crashed the gate because there was no gate—the custom being for the spectators to give their money to collectors who went about among them with satchels suspended on straps from their shoulders to hold the money and who placed small slips of pasteboard in the hat bands of those who had paid—but he had filched a slip from an unwary spectator's hat and there he was as he had promised. To this day I do not know how he managed to trail us but can only surmise he learned in some manner where the fight was to be held and, as Lamont is on the main line of the Santa Fe, had "bummed" a ride on one of the regular trains stopping at that station.

The fight, incidentally, lasted twenty-eight rounds and Barry won on a knockout.

Meanwhile, I had become acquainted with Tommy Ryan, then welterweight champion of the world and there began between us a friendship that had its foundation in my respect for him as a fighter. I do not think, even to this day, there ever has been another fighter like Ryan, for he had everything. He could box cleverly, carried a terrific punch, was a savage infighter, had unlimited courage and endurance and, in my opinion, the keenest fighting brain of any man that ever lived.

Our friendship, primarily a source of pride and pleasure for me, also operated to my advantage. It meant that I no longer was an obscure kid, hustling from job to job but a member of the most select fistic circle, for Ryan's prestige was tremendous and to be recognized as one of his familiars was a mark of distinction.

In December of 1894, I went with Ryan to New Orleans, where he was to fight Jack Dempsey on the third night of a fistic carnival, which opened with a fight between Kid Lavigne and Andy Bowen on the night of the fourteenth. The schedule called for Jimmy Barry to fight John Connors on the second night, but tragedy put an abrupt end to the carnival. Lavigne knocked Bowen out in the fourteenth round and Andy, terribly beaten, was removed to his home on Poydras Street, where, at four o'clock the next morning, he died. (*Continued on page* 47)



Casper Leon

When Dutch Sam upheld the honor of his race

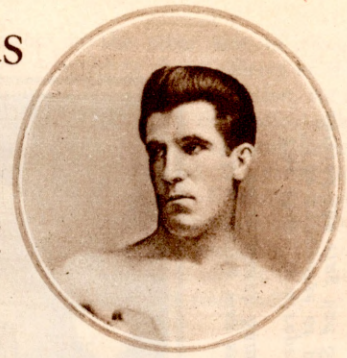
When boxing was still in its infancy in England, racial rivalry was exceptionally keen. The Jews had several high class fighters, among them at the time, being Dutch Sam. To settle a dispute, Dutch Sam consented to meet Medley for a side bet of 200 guineas, (about $1000) and the battle took place at Moulsey Hurst near Hampton.

The above is a reproduction of a famous English print in possession of THE RING *Editor and on the bottom of this, printed, is the following:*

"The concourse of people exceeded any throng we have ever witnessed. The spectators were computed at ten thousand. At one o'clock the champions entered the ring and Sam had for his chief second Harry Lee, whilst Joe Ward officiated for Medley. After a severe and bloody contest of 49 rounds, victory was decided in favor of the Jews.

Training Methods *of the* Past and Present

By WILBUR WOOD



Tommy Loughran Defends the Current Style

IN the article adjoining, James J. Corbett, the greatest exponent of scientific boxing since the advent of the glove contests, sees danger ahead for the boxers of the present era. In his opinion, the boys of our set do not train as strenuously as did the fellows who made fistic history when Gentleman Jim was in his prime.

As a great admirer of Corbett, and a close student of the science of boxing, a field in which there has been no superior to the man who whipped John L. Sullivan, Loughran has been assigned the task of defending the present day methods and, if possible, proving that they are superior to those Corbett would have us follow. Here is what Tommy has to say:

History tells us that Jim was not only a boxer, but a real student. He never made a move before he studied closely the reasons and the advantages, and it was this which made him so proficient. Corbett, as related in the adjoining column, trained faithfully from morn till night for every one of his fights.

Bill Brady, the theatrical producer who handled Jim in his biggest battles, confirms the statement of Corbett that he went through from six to eight hours of hard work daily.

Rowing, handball, wrestling, baseball, running, polo and other sports were part of his daily routine. As Corbett to this day, is perfect physically, his method certainly must have had many good points.

I have often heard it argued that the reason the old timers put in so many hours of training, with six to ten mile runs, tossing the iron ball along the road to better develop the wind, was because the fighters of a quarter of a century ago were beer and booze experts who loved to train on liquor in the eve-

(*Continued on next page*)

Training for wind in the old days

Tossing the iron ball to develop wind and abdomen

Jim Corbett Says 1930 Is All Wrong

PHIL SCOTT, British heavyweight champion, was training at the Pioneer Gymnasium of New York City for his bout with Otto Von Porat. Every day for a fortnight, Shuffling Phil arrived about two o'clock donned his gym outfit, and then for one hour he went through the usual present day routine of rope skipping, shadow boxing, bag punching, boxing and setting-up exercises. The entire workout consumed less time than the average early morning training stunts the fighters of a generation or more ago indulged in for their important mills.

Three days before the Von Porat contest, the gathering at the Pioneer Gymnasium was furnished a surprise by the appearance of Jim Corbett, who came to report for a syndicate the condition of the Britisher.

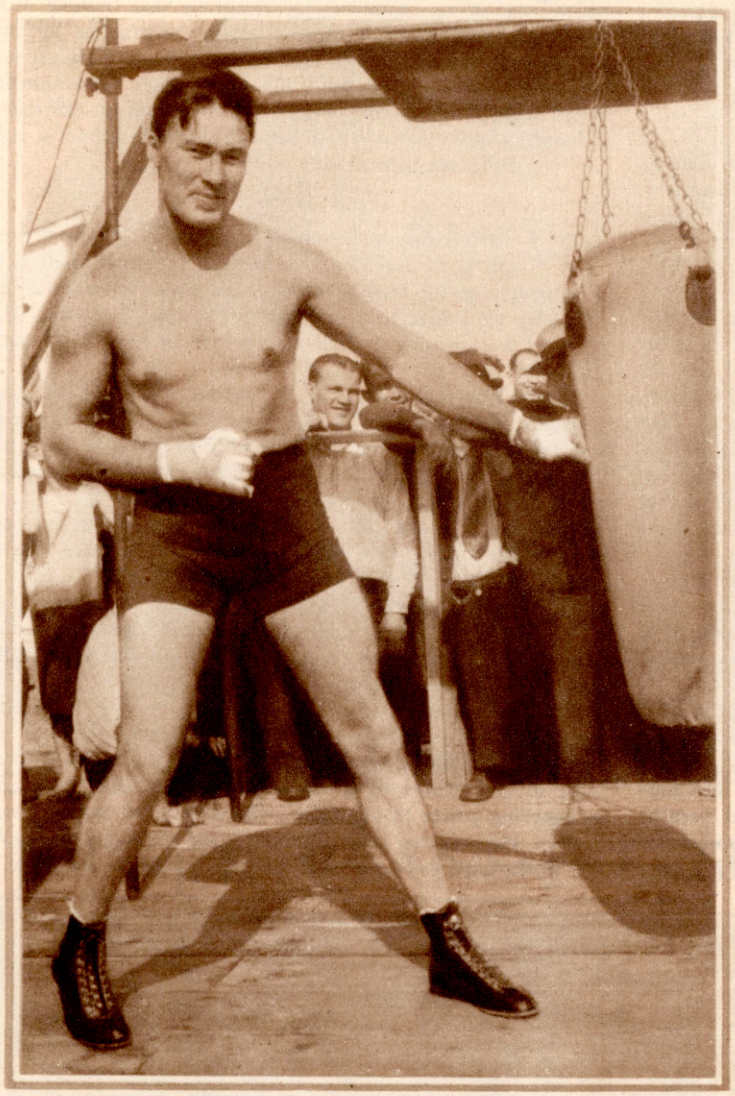
Gentleman Jim scrutinized every move of Scott, and when Jimmy Johnston called a halt to the proceedings, Corbett was asked what he thought of Phil's condition.

"That's hard to say," replied the man who whipped John L. Sullivan. "You see the training methods of now are so different from that of my time, that one really can't gauge accurately the condition of the boys of to-day. Phil looks in the pink, but how he will react when confronted by the hard-hitting Von Porat, is difficult for me to say because I haven't seen enough of either."

With that Corbett became reminiscent and began to compare the training methods which he followed for most of his battles and those of the present era.

"You fellows often compare the present crop of fighters with those of my time and get a big kick out of it. Sometimes you give me credit for being the most scientific fighter of all time, an honor

(*Continued on page 12*)



Loughran working on the sand bag

Loughran Defends Current Style

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ning and then work it out of the system the following morning.

* * *

THERE is no doubt that this was true of some. But certainly no one could assign that reason for Corbett's workouts. He never drank and had no need for sweating and boiling alcohol out of his system. Then what else could be the reason the old timers differed so vastly in their training from our methods?

To me, that answer seems simple. Boxers of Corbett's time were forced to fight from twenty-five to forty or more rounds and found it necessary to prepare themselves for such contests of endurance. They found it more necessary than we of to-day to enter the ring hard as a rock, and fit for a long period of action. Now we work for speed.

Then again, take one peep at the pictures which so often appear in THE RING of the fighters of long ago. Have you never noticed the heavily built chaps? Compared to the ring types of to-day they were like battleships compared to destroyers.

Jeffries, Corbett, Maher, Johnson, Fitzsimmons, Sullivan, Slavin, Peter Jackson, Langford, Ketchel, Lavigne, Ruhlin, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Kid McCoy, Jack Root, and numerous others among the heavier men, and such fine stock as Battling Nelson, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Aurelio Herrera, Young Corbett, Terry McGovern, Matty Baldwin, George Dixon among the fellows in the lower divisions, found it necessary to train hard and long because almost every fighter who competed in their period, was as well geared for the distance past 15 rounds.

There were powerful hitters in the days of which Corbett speaks. The fighters of that period were great punishers, and could take punishment. That is why they required a different system of training, one to fit them for the type of opponent they were certain to meet, and for their times.

* * *

TODAY what do we find? An entirely different condition confronts the fighter of our era, because of these changes in environment; in physical make-up of the average person; in the style of fighting; in the rules of boxing; in the supervision of the sport. Each change has contributed to the change in training methods.

Take the present crop of fighters. How many good, husky, hardy fighters have we among the heavyweights who could have stood the test before any of the fellows who ruled the roost when Corbett and Jeff were in their prime?

However, I am not taking anything away from the current list of boxers. Our leading fighters are as clever as—if not more clever than—most of the fellows of a generation or more ago.

Today we lean toward cleverness and punching prowess, a combination, and do not find it necessary to spend so much time as did Corbett in training.

To attain these, a little morning road work, an after luncheon walk, a little rest, an hour or so in an indoor gym or in the outdoors when weather permits, followed by a brisk walk and a little manual labor is all that we require to fit ourselves for the task that confronts us in a ten, twelve or fifteen round bout.

Our requirements for a fight of fifteen rounds against a less hardy, less punishing crop of fighters than were in action when Corbett was king, is not as great.

I dare say that if I attempted to go through the daily routine that Corbett was known to follow and which he outlines in his article it would leave me a little limp.

* * *

NO one can say that I haven't always been fit for my battles—and it must be remembered that I have been in the ring for ten years and have fought more than 100 hard bouts. Yet I never trained more than three hours per day for any fight, and that included my morning walk and run.

The routine of the fighter of today consists of the following:

Morning setup exercises.

A three-mile run when weather permits.

A shower and good rubdown followed by breakfast.

Two hours for recreation—reading, writing, shaving, etc.

An hour's brisk walk, with an occasional sprint.

Luncheon period.

A few hours of rest and then the gym workout.

The gymnasium workout, be it outdoor or indoor, usually consists of the following:

Rope skipping, light and heavy bag punching, shadow boxing, several rounds of boxing with an opponent, setting up exercises and an occasional handball game.

A shower and rubdown followed by a brisk walk.

Then comes the dinner and an evening of entertainment.

Occasionally a boxer takes in a game of golf, a little rowing, horseback riding and to reduce, handball and medicine ball practice. But our programme, from the point of strenuous exercise, cannot compare with that of the old school.

It is my opinion that we do not require such training. I disagree with Corbett and must take the side of my colleagues, and defend our methods of training.

Corbett Says 1930 Is All Wrong

(*Continued from page* 10)

I deeply appreciate. At other times, you find it most difficult to tell your readers which was the harder hitter, James J. Jeffries or Jack Dempsey, or whether Jim Corbett was a better defensive fighter than was Jack Johnson.

* * *

"TO me, such comparisons are mighty interesting, because I feel that they bring on a study of the styles, the mannerisms, and the method of training of the masters of the past that are certain to help the present generation of fighters. When one in the profession reads of the cleverness of Jack Johnson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Jackson, Kid McCoy, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, and other notables of my time, if he has the proper grit in his makeup, if he possesses the ambition that every man aiming towards a goal should have, he will make a close study of the methods employed by these masters.

"Likewise when a boxer reads of Jeffries' famous crouch, McCoy's corkscrew, Fitz's deadly solar plexus blow, Dempsey's body attack—if he has the proper spirit, he will attempt to develop at least one of the assets of these great fighters in an effort to reach his goal.

"But, regardless of how much training such a chap may indulge in, he cannot attain the same proficiency of men of my time merely by an hour's workout in the gym.

"I was watching Phil Scott to-day and despite his good physical condition, I feel he could be twice as good were he to employ the methods of our time. With a championship within his grasp, a fellow in my period would deem it a poor day's work if he had not put in at least six hours of hard labor both in the gym and out.

* * *

"LET me show you what I mean. The year after I lost my title to Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City, I came East and was determined that I would try to regain that crown. I was matched to fight Tom Sharkey, one of the toughest fellows that ever entered the roped square and I knew that I would have to be in perfect trim to face such an opponent. I picked out the Lenox Athletic Club as my headquarters for indoor work while Sharkey selected Coney Island.

"Here was a battle in which no title was at stake, yet both Sharkey and myself trained faithfully from eight to ten hours a day for three weeks prior to our contest. Every morning Sharkey would be seen jogging over the roads at Fort Hamilton on a six mile run. He would wear a heavy red sweater, a golf cap and heavy walking shoes and no matter what the weather, he would go out on the road.

"That constituted only a minor part of his daily routine. When he got back, it was a bath, a rubdown, breakfast, a rest until two or three in the afternoon then a stiff gymnasium workout where he would train with George Dixon, Bob Armstrong and other clever boys and hard hitters.

* * *

"IF one of to-day's aspirants for the heavyweight crown were to clash with the tough men of a quarter of a century ago—Fitz, Jeffries, Ryan, McCoy, Johnson, Langford, Jackson, Choynski, even Joe Walcott—you'd find he wouldn't figure. And why? Because the methods of training today are wrong. The fighters need more aggressiveness, more combativeness, more hardiness—and these cannot be developed merely through an hour or two of gymnasium work.

"Take myself for example. No one who knew me when I was in my prime can say truthfully that training with me was not real work. I mapped out my programme for the full day just as the average person in ordinary business has his day's plans ahead of him. For the Sharkey fight I arose at six every morning and after my usual setting up exercises, I donned a heavy sweater and went out on the road for a run of from six to ten miles.

* * *

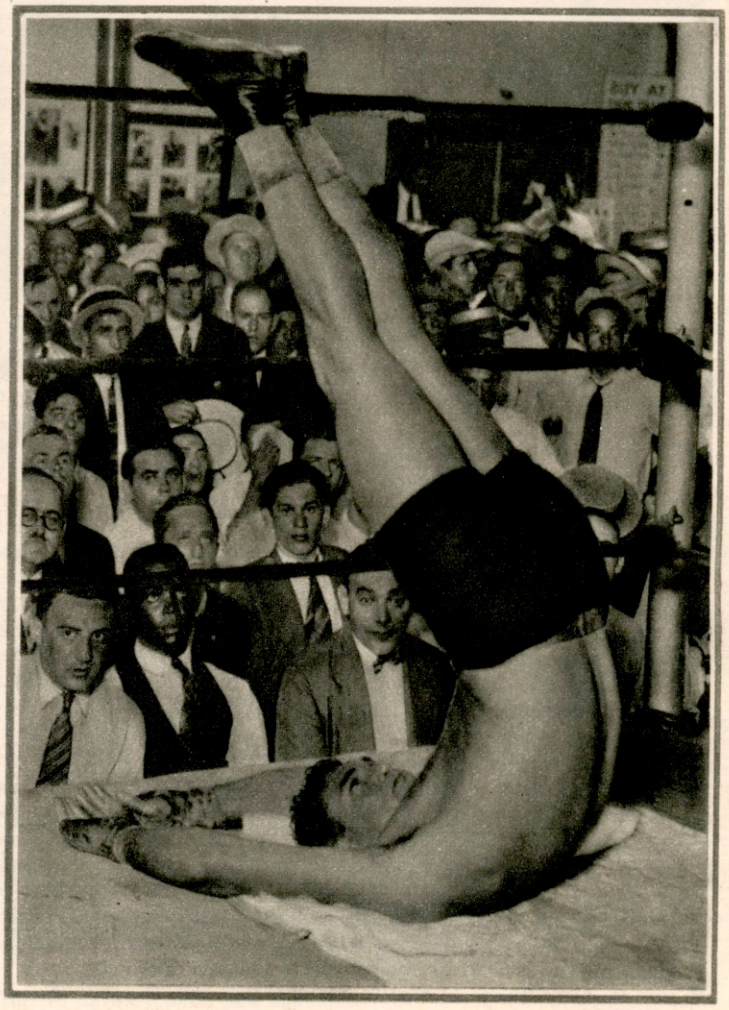
"A LONG run, a shower bath and a good rubdown prepared me for a hearty breakfast. A little reading, a little rowing on the Hudson River or an hour's game at handball, gave me a hearty appetite for luncheon. Then came two hours of rest and my gymnasium work followed at the Lenox Club.

"There I went through the routine of rope skipping, bag punching, dumb-bell drill, pulley exercise, a little boxing and sometimes, some wrestling. Which of the fighters of the past ten years, except Jack Dempsey and possibly Gene Tunney, punished themselves to such an extent?

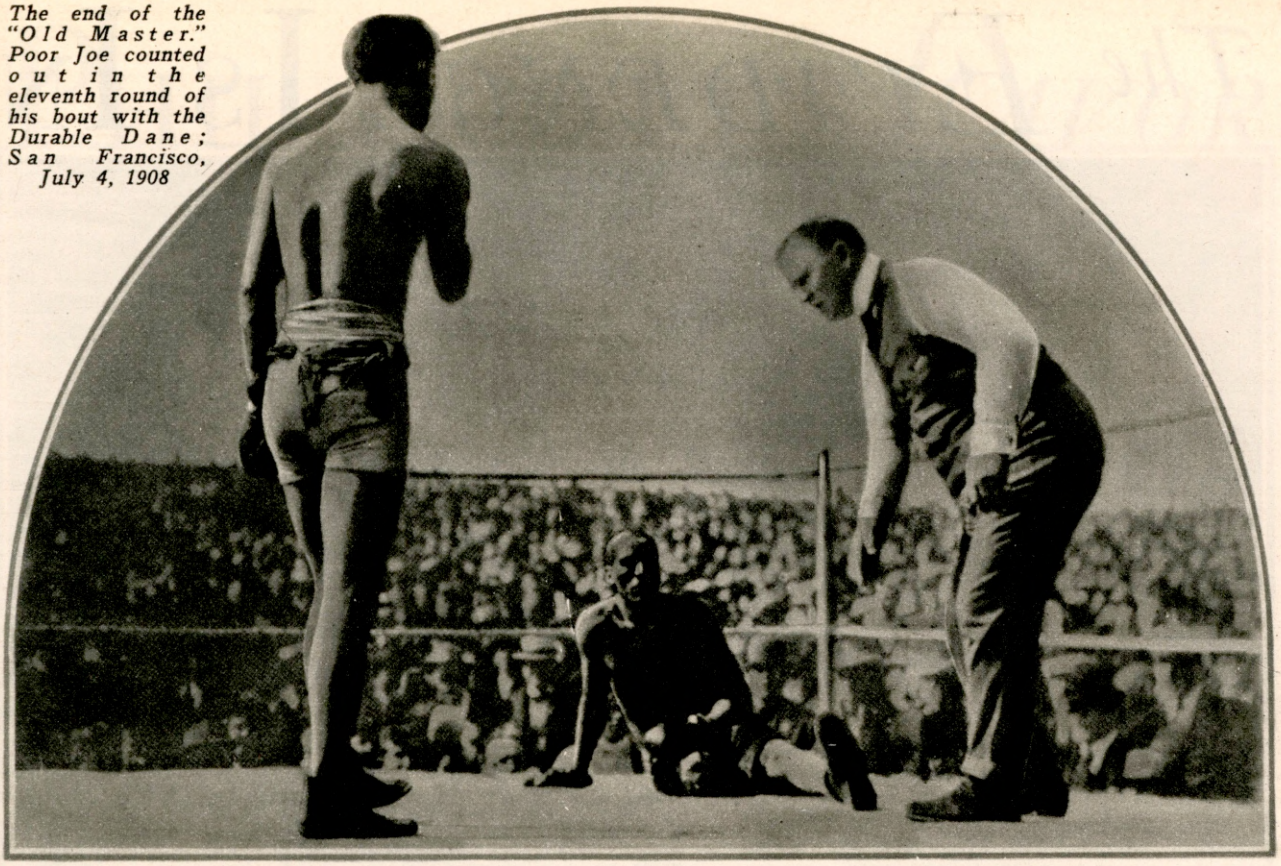
"I took on the hard hitting Con McVey for two rounds of boxing. Then came Jack Bonner, Jabber Carey, a clever mitt artist, and Charlie Lawler in quick order.

"Whenever I wrestled, I followed this with ten minutes of wrist machine work then I was ready for my shower and rubdown. A little walk, the evening meal and another little walk before bed constituted my usual routine.

"Do you realize now why the veteran scribes who knew the old timers, insist that we were a hardier lot than the boys of to-day? The fighters of this generation may be cleverer than most of the fellows of my period, but they can't compare in punching power to our stars. Our system of training was better. We prepared more thoroughly for our fights and took the work more seriously than do the fellows of this age."



Jack Dempsey strengthening abdominal muscles

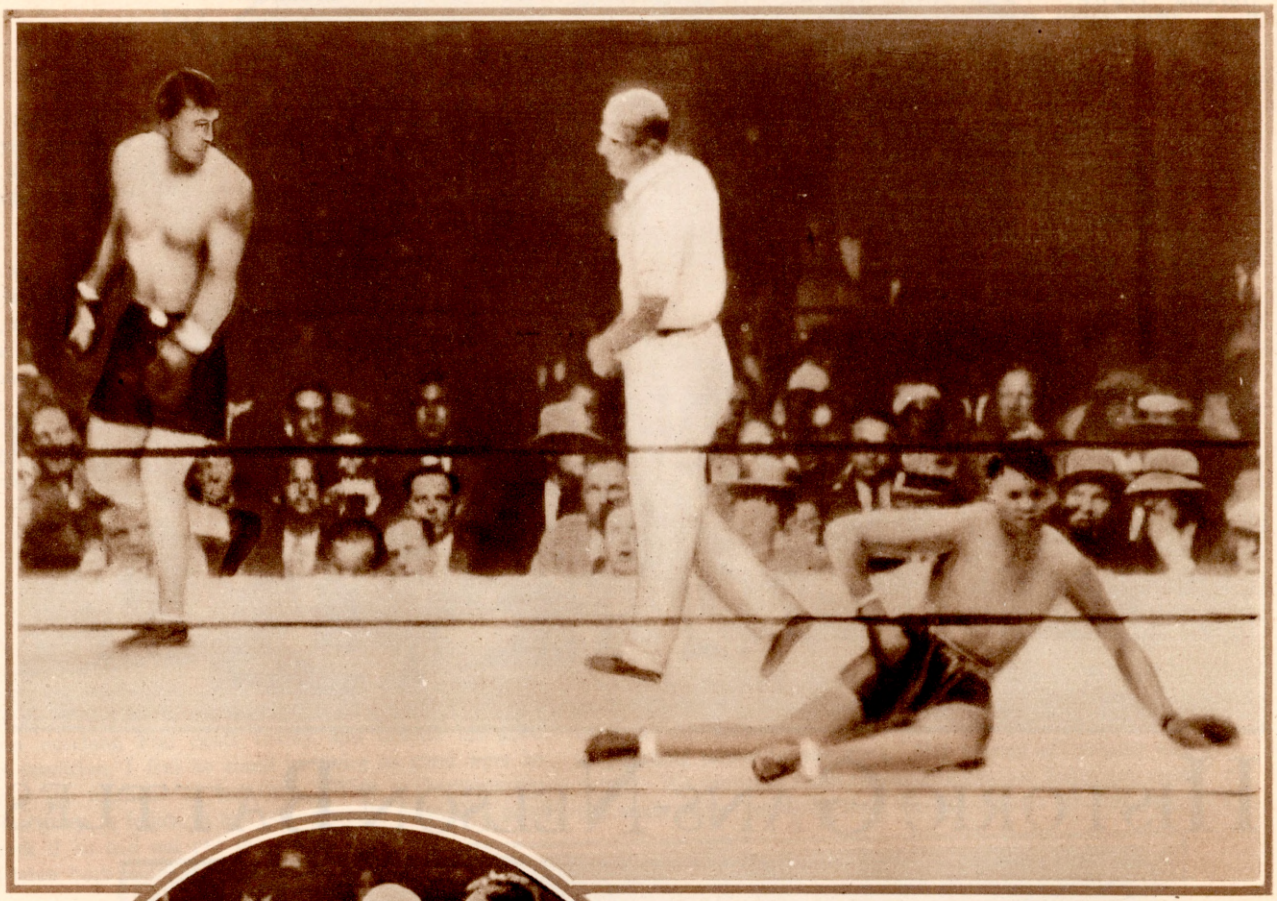


The end of the "Old Master." Poor Joe counted out in the eleventh round of his bout with the Durable Dane; San Francisco, July 4, 1908

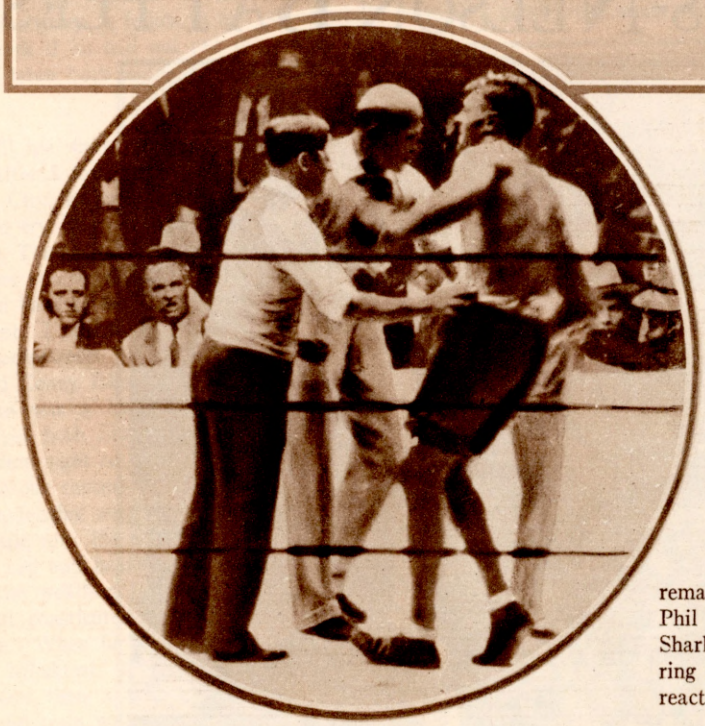
HISTORIC GANS-NELSON BATTLES

Here we see Joe Gans and Battling Nelson posing just before the gong sent them on their way, September 3, 1906 at Goldfield, Nevada. Gans won this bout on a foul in the forty-second round

The Evidence Is In



Referee Lou Magnolia ordering Sharkey to his corner following Scott's claim of foul



Scott, in apparent pain, being taken to his corner

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE battle of the Palms is over. The finalists for the world's heavyweight championship fight at the Polo Grounds next June have been selected. Jack Sharkey, of Boston, *vs.* Max Schmeling, of Germany, will be the attraction in what will undoubtedly gross the first million-dollar gate since Tunney retained his crown through a long count at Chicago.

Like the fizzle at Miami, it will be an international show, but this time, it will be Germany against America and judging by the poor showing of Sharkey in his recent encounter, America will be pressed hard. In fact, based on what I saw down in Miami, if Herr Maxie can show the same fiery spirit he displayed before he went into temporary retirement, the German looks like a good bet to take the title overseas.

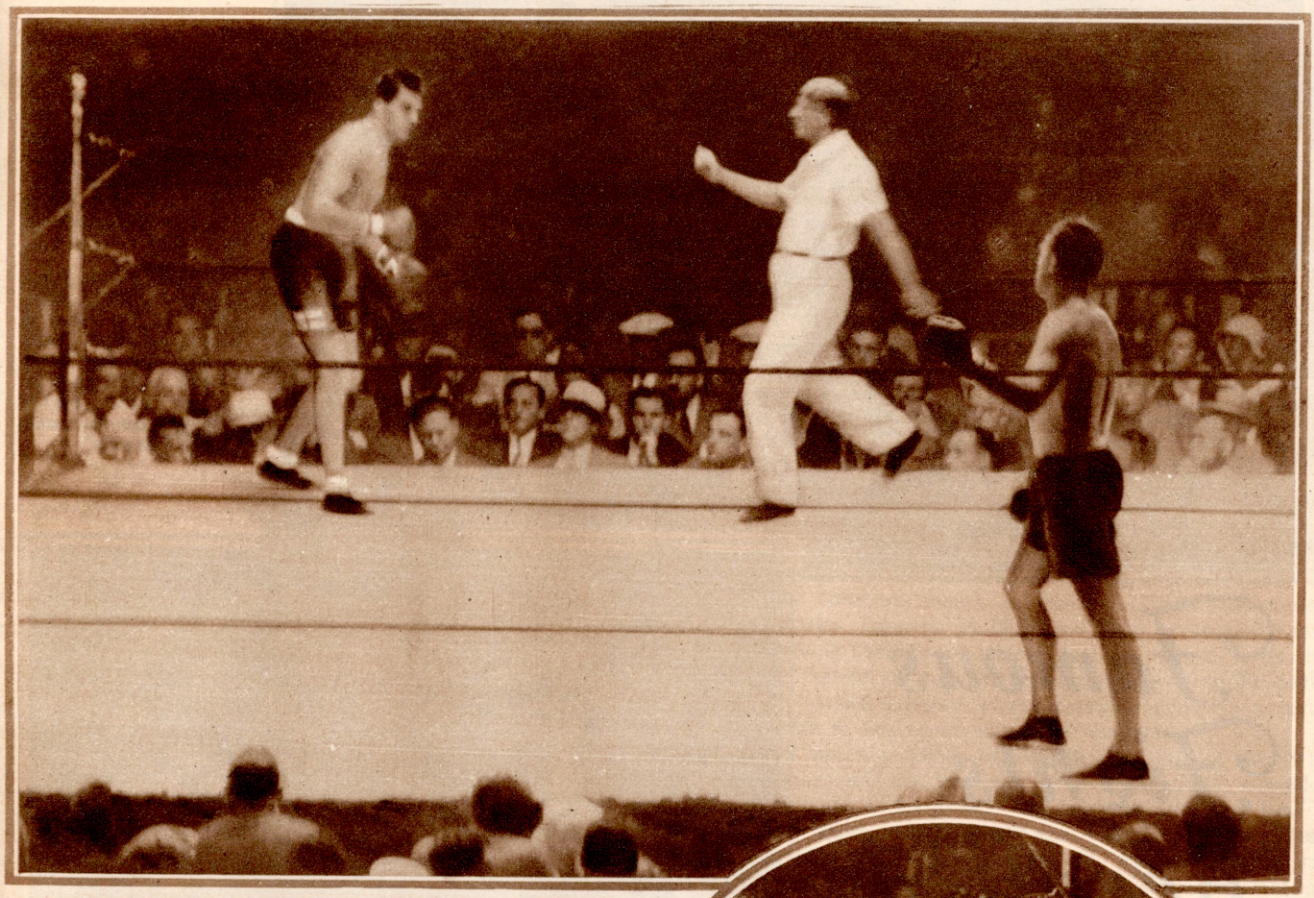
Be that as it may, however, England will never admit that its standard bearer, Phil Scott, was fairly eliminated from the championship field and it has a horde of American writers and fight fans to support its stand. It is my opinion that Jack Sharkey would have emerged the victor by a knockout in less than six rounds had the bout not been halted by Scott himself, but the fact remains, that based on the number of rounds that contest went, Phil Scott won on a foul. The stigma attached to the victory Sharkey gained through the most weird decision offered in a ring since the famous Heenan-Sayers fiasco in 1860, does not react favorably to Sharkey's credit

* * *

Johnston to Blame

THAT Sharkey fouled Scott is not denied even by the referee, Lou Magnolia, one of the most famous of American ring officials, who, I'm sorry to say, for the first time in his creditable career, failed to live up to his reputation. Yet Lou is not wholly to blame. The circumstances under which his decision was rendered must be considered before one condemns him. As a matter of record, if any one should be forced to take the blame for the weird ending of this bout, Jimmy Johnston should be that man. He, more than any other person identified with the Sharkey-Scott bout, is

PHIL SCOTT'S FAVOR



The resumption of the "battle" after one minute's rest period

the one to blame for Scott's failure to be in the final.

Although writers and spectators alike, and Jabbering Jimmy Johnston in particular, are still condemning Lou Magnolia for not having awarded the fight to Scott when he admitted that Phil was hit a terrific wallop on the right hip bone, a blow that did considerable damage to Scott, they fail to mention that Lou was carrying out to the letter the agreement which Johnston, supposedly the smartest manager of a fighter in America, forced the Miami Boxing Commission to enter into.

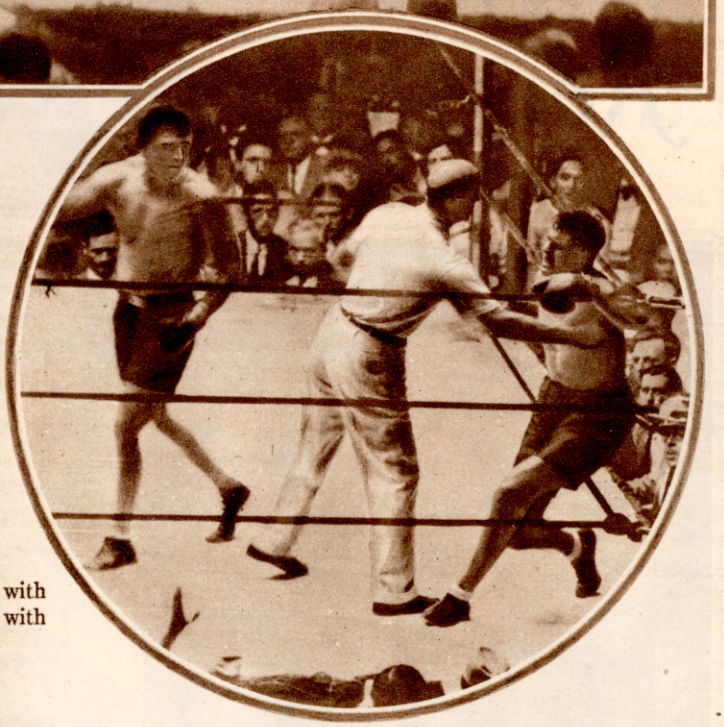
Let us face the bare facts. I have received hundreds of letters from all over the world, especially from England, asking for an article on the unfortunate Miami affair. I was one of the directors of publicity for this show. I attended every session of the training of both principals, attended every conference of the boxing board with the managers of the principals and am fully acquainted with every phase of the pre-battle situation.

* * *

Insisted on Change in Rules

FOR several weeks Johnston kept shouting from the housetops that under no circumstances would he permit his Philip to win on a foul. He thrashed the matter out thoroughly at the Boxing Commission's session and even went so far as to lay a wager with Norman Hurst, famous British scribe, that he would not permit Scott to enter the ring unless the board went on record favoring Johnston's plan. This plan was finally agreed upon.

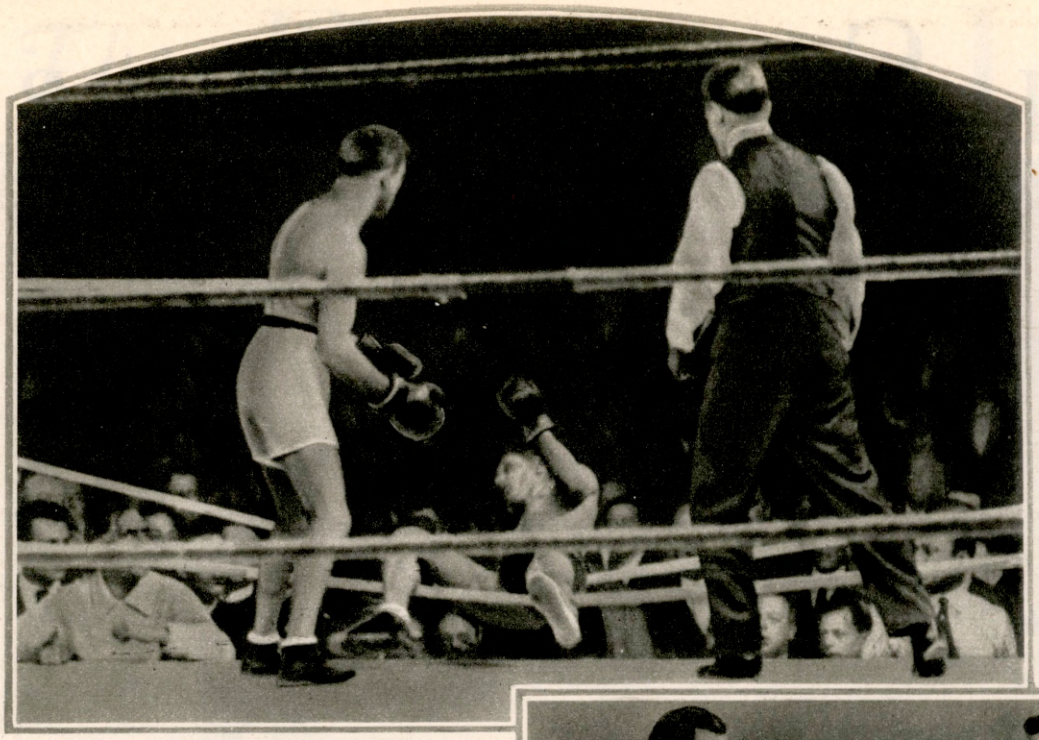
So insistent was Johnston, that the board agreed to alter the rules and instructed Magnolia accordingly. I was present when Lou protested against Johnston's demands. He informed Commissioner MacReynolds that such procedure was contrary to all rules of boxing, especially the New York rules, under which the fight was staged.



Scott quits after receiving a terrific right to the stomach. Insists he cannot continue as a result of foul blow previously landed

Yet Johnston had his way. He was tickled silly when he won his point. He boasted about his victory, but when he found that his own folly had reacted against him and his charge, when he found the shoe pinching him, he directed a verbal assault against the man who was carrying out Johnston's own instructions to the very letter—Lou Magnolia.

I have no sympathy for either (*Continued on page* 44)

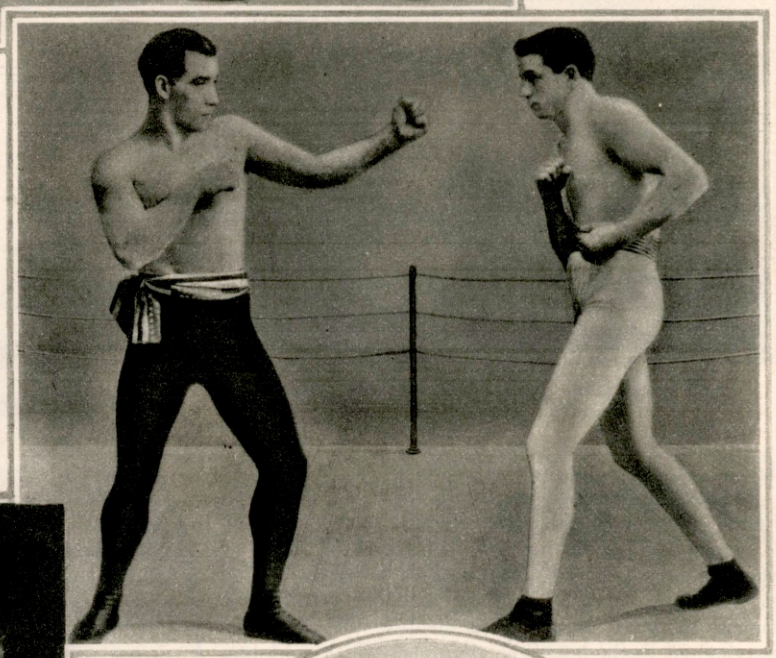


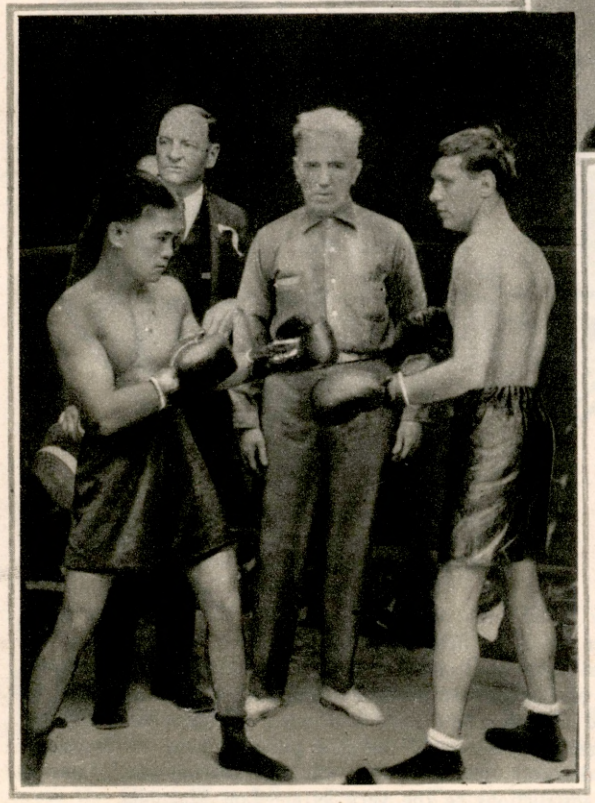
(Left) — Jimmy Wilde, floored three times by Pete Herman in Albert Hall, London. The referee stopped the bout in the 17th round

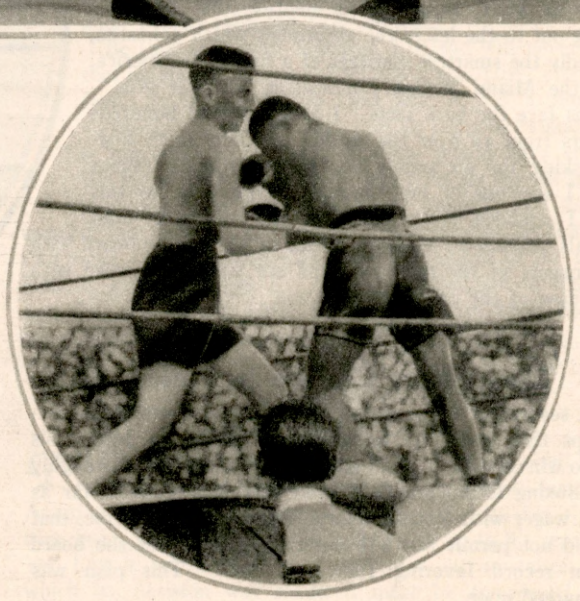
(Below)—On January 10, 1889, Kid McCoy was stopped by Tom Sharkey in New York. Here is how the pair looked on this occasion

Famous Fights Recalled

Series No.5





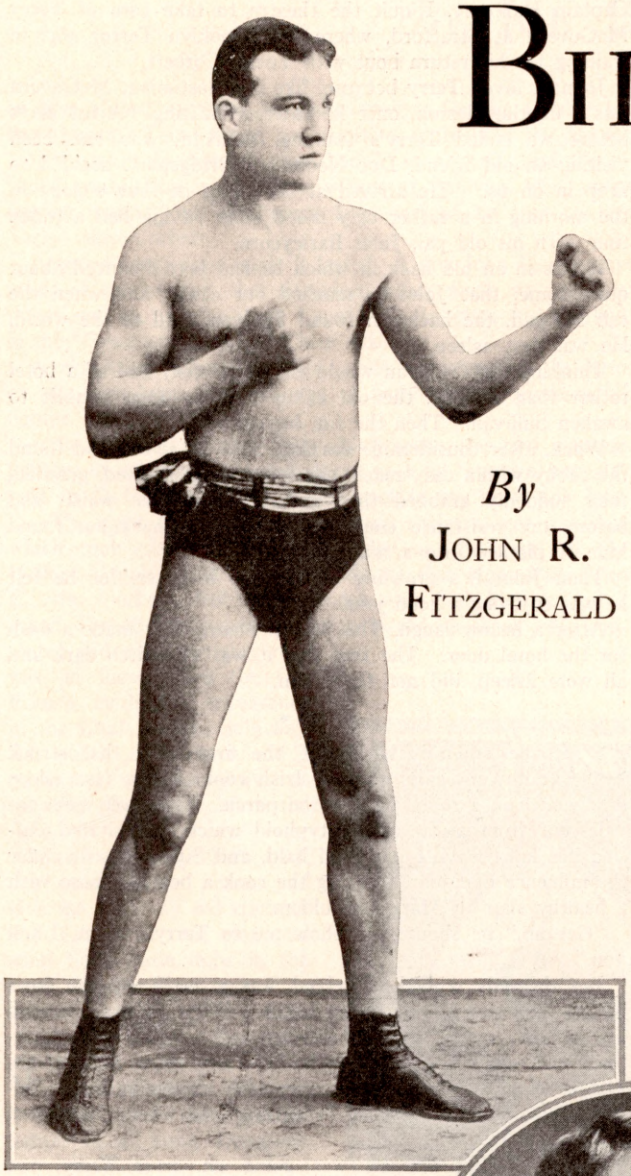


(Above)—McLarnin defeats Villa at Oakland, Cal. This was Pancho's last ring battle

(Left)—Wilde and Pancho Villa at the Polo Grounds. The Filipino won the flyweight title through a knockout

Mysterious Billy Smith

Discovers A Cure



Mysterious Billy Smith

By JOHN R. FITZGERALD

THE appearance of Mysterious Billy Smith out in Oregon as a manager and trainer of fighters, brings back to the old timers many a stirring incident in the career of this famous fighter. With few exceptions, there never was a man who loved his fighting as did the Mysterious One. Both in and out of the ring he was a demon.

Many a fireside yarn can be told of his thrilling bouts in private with few as spectators and not a cent up as a purse. When one considers the big sums paid to the average fighter of to-day for a ten round mill that often resembles a waltz, and compares these with contests in which the Mysterious Billy was a participant, he fully realizes how the sport has grown.

Mysterious Billy Smith never dodged trouble of any kind. As a matter of fact, he ran to meet it with open arms and a welcoming smile. Fighting was his middle name. When he was in the ring, it was a scrap from gong to gong and when he was outside the roped square, he always carried a chip on his shoulder about two feet long and woe to him who dared to throw it off.

* * *

IT was back on April 14, 1898, up at Bridgeport that Smith engaged in his first of five terrific contests with Joe Walcott and so elated was he at holding the Barbadoes Demon to a twenty-five round draw that nothing could keep him in check. The following month he fought a fifteen round draw with Charley Johnston in Ohio and then he received an engagement in Chicago to tackle Billy Stift. It was in this bout that he showed his true temper and it was after the contest that he learned a lesson which thereafter acted as a curb on his desire to lick every man he encountered.

I was a neighbor of George Siler, one of America's most famous referees, and every time he officiated, I would attend the bouts as his guest. The bout with Stift on June 3, 1898, drew quite a gathering in the Windy City where Smith was popular. Stift was a sawed-off, hammered-down, hard-walloping sort of fighter who, when he landed straight and true, could do considerable damage. But no one expected him to do much with the Mysterious One.

We all were in for a big surprise, for Smith found his opponent anything but a mark. The battle developed into one of those affairs which were so frequently seen on the river front years ago, with frantic biffs exchanged ad libitum and the crowd roaring its approval.

George Siler

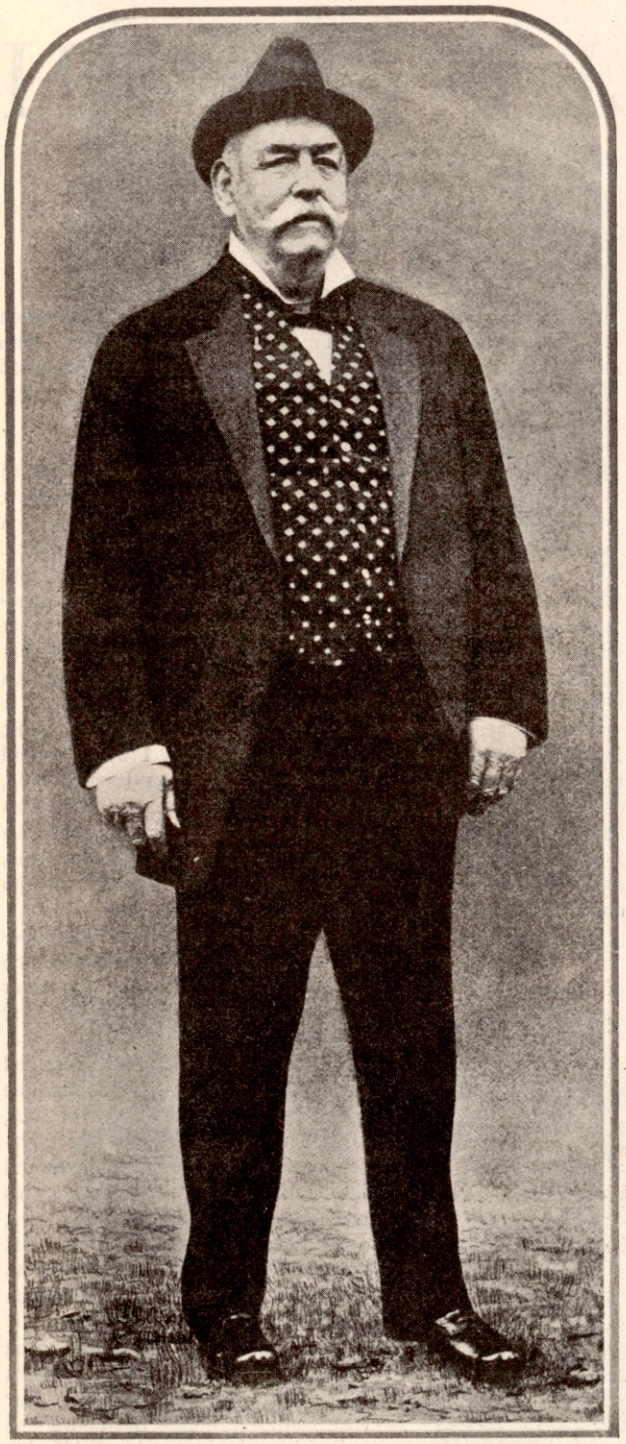
In the fifth round, Smith crashed his right against Stift's jaw and he toppled over. At the count of four, he got to one knee, and the Mysterious One, with fire in his eyes and his fighting spirit aroused, seeing his rival about to rise, rushed at him, pushed aside Referee Siler and swatted Stift with a straight left to the forehead, causing him to fall on his back.

George Siler was not a man to be tampered with. With him, champion and novice received the same fair treatment. Although the house was a Smith gathering and considerable money had been wagered at big odds on Smith to win, Siler did not hesitate a moment in declaring Stift the winner on a foul. No sooner said, than Smith rushed at Siler and might have injured him, except that George was well able to take care of himself and grabbed Smith by the arms and forced him to his corner. Then followed an inroad of the denizens of the law and with the bluecoats in control, nightsticks all poised for action, a sure riot was nipped in the bud.

Mysterious Billy Smith was peeved at Siler's action. He saw red as he entered his dressing room.

"I'll get even," he shouted. "I'll (*Continued on page* 46)

WHEN *SULLIVAN* PAID



John L. Sullivan as he appeared when he visited Terrible Terry at Stratford

MANY stories have been told of John L. Sullivan's escapades, some of them of the hair-raising variety. But it remains for me, an eyewitness, to tell of one at Captain Bond's training quarters at Stratford, Conn., that was typical of all in which the "Greatest Roman of Them All" was the principal.

A few months after I had become a super in "The Man from Boston," in which John L. portrayed the character of Captain Harcourt, I quit the theatre to take care of Terry McGovern at Stratford, where the Brooklyn Terror was in training for his return bout with Young Corbett.

John L. loved Terry because, like the Bostonian, McGovern was a fighting demon, once he entered the ring. A few days before we ended Terry's training, Sullivan, who had been visiting an old friend, Doc Nedles, at Bridgeport, decided to drop in on us. He arrived at the camp at four o'clock in the morning in a rather ugly mood after having had a tough time with his old pal, John Barleycorn.

It was in an old hack in which he had been bounced about quite some, that John L. reached our camp, and when the cab stopped, the hackman found Sullivan dead to the world. He was fast asleep.

Thinking that Sullivan would enjoy the cozy bed of a hotel rather than a hack, the old cabby took it upon himself to awaken Sullivan. Then the fun began.

When, after considerable coaxing, Sullivan awoke and found the cabby within easy reach, the Strong Boy snorted, growled, then suddenly grabbed the "enemy" about the waist, and before any resistance could be offered, the hackman found himself pitched into a mud puddle.

Then John L.'s growling turned into laughter, for he felt he was enjoying a good joke.

After a hearty laugh, The Boston Strong Boy made a dash for the hotel door. The fact that it was still pitch dark and all were asleep, did not feaze him.

* * *

AS he entered the hotel, the first thing that struck Sullivan's gaze was the Irish cook, Mary, fast asleep on a couch in a room just off the porch. The cook was convalescent from an attack of typhoid which necessitated cutting her hair, leaving her head bald, and Sullivan, still under the influence of liquor, thinking the cook a boy, let loose with a healthy slap on Mary's shoulders.

"Get up," he shouted. "Show me to Terry's room, I tell you."

But the only reply he received, was a terrific scream from Mary, who aroused the entire house. When Sullivan learned his mistake, he tore out of her room and ran pell-mell, shouting for Terry. Bellowing as he searched room after room, and kicking panels when he met with disappointment, Sullivan demanded of everyone he encountered where McGovern was stopping.

While all this turmoil was going on, poor Terry, not realizing what it was all about, hid under his bed and at one time he just missed being stepped upon by the burly Sullivan.

Coming up to the last floor, Sullivan kicked in the door of my room, then burst into the room of Hughey McGovern, brother of Terry, and one of Terry's trainers, a fighter called Eddie Cain. When Cain learned who the visitor was, he was scared stiff and leaped through an open window about ten feet, to get out of Sullivan's reach. He landed in a tree. The Bostonian never did see Terry and, in disappointment, he went back to the bar room on the porch of which a wildcat was kept in a steel cage. The snarl of the animal brought out the full fighting spirit in Sullivan, and it was all his friends could do to muster strength to keep him from letting the wildcat free and engaging it in battle. He took the cage from its support and after considerable persuasion, placed it back with the remark:

"Well; we'll call it a draw."

The following day, Sullivan, still full of fight, kept all hands at bay. None dared to question his authority, nor to come within reach of his mighty hands. When he became sober on the third day, he realized what he had done and how he had interfered with Terry's training and humbly apologized.

Sullivan was fond of the Brooklyn Terror and was willing

Mc Govern a Visit

By Joe Humphreys

to give almost anything to make amends for the trouble he had caused. Terry would have nothing more than the Strong Boy's friendship, for he cherished it immensely, and Terry found consolation in the good wishes of Sullivan, who, upon leaving camp, told McGovern how anxious he was to see Terry whip Corbett.

It was a tough time while it lasted. I saw John L. in many other escapades, but that Stratford affair made an indelible impression on me, for there I saw both the good and the bad in the "Greatest Roman of Them All."

A wonderful fellow, Sullivan. Not only was he the hero of the newsboys, but he was a hero to the professional fighter.

John L. Sullivan and Terry McGovern, the two greatest fighters of all time. I loved Terry as I do my own boy and next to McGovern, I kept a soft spot in my heart for John L. The most touching incident in my entire career was that which took place in the old Garden on the night of the Willard-Moran battle. In the audience that night were John L., Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons and Kid McCoy and I asked Tex Rickard's permission to introduce them. He consented and what a mighty roar was let loose when the Old Roman made his appearance in the ring! It was Sullivan's last public appearance and I remember well his words as he left the arena after the fight.

"Joe," he said, "turn back the time twenty years, and give me back my old strength and I'll go in that ring and whip both those dubs in the same ring the same night."

* * *

THERE never was a truer word spoken. To me, John L. was the greatest fighter of all time. Dempsey, in my opinion, was the nearest approach to Sullivan in fighting ability and in popularity.

Sullivan had personality. He could be harsh one moment and the most kindly individual the next. As for charity, there was no more charitable person than the Boston Strong Boy. A friend in need could always get help from Sullivan. He might have growled when approached, but turn a man down, that was not part of Sullivan's make-up.

Sullivan, in his prime, was a great fighter and he was admired because of his fighting ability. Like Jack Dempsey, he could command the respect of the fight lovers, because he was not a shirker. Every time John L. went into the ring, the crowd was sure to get its money's worth. No stalling, no hemming and hawing—just plain fighting.

The John L. Sullivan who fought Paddy Ryan and Jake Kilrain would have been a cinch to hold the heavyweight title against the present field. That John L. was the first great idol of fistiana.

One wouldn't think of mentioning the names of any of the boys who are striving for the crown which Gene Tunney abdicated, in the same breath with that of the Boston Strong Boy.

* * *

NO matter how long the fistic sport holds the public eye, no matter how many world's heavyweight champions take their place in the field of pugilism, the great name of John L. Sullivan will always find a spot in the front ranks.

A great, lovable character, was Sullivan, despite his many faults.

(Another story by the world-famous announcer, Joe Humphreys, will appear in the next issue)

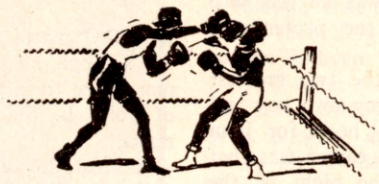
McGovern and his trainers. Top row—Left to right—Joe Humphreys, McGovern's pal; Kid Carter, Charley Mayhood and Eddie Cain. In front—Terry McGovern

CONQUEST

EACH of us is the sum of his ancestors. A big, strong brute of a game man marries a timid little soul. In the third generation there is born to two stout-hearted persons fighting their way to a new outpost of civilization, a boy who is destined to go through life battling fear.

Environment works hard to overcome, and sometimes to spoil, the circumstances of birth. Environment struggled with Ted Lankashire. His father, of a line of Englishmen born to pioneering, and his brave mother had ventured into the interior of New Zealand; there to set up a trading station, and there to found a dynasty akin to the Covered Wagon stock of America's Far West.

Jimmy, Ted's younger brother; Lucille, his sister—neither knew the meaning of fear. They were reared in a country which had hot summer afternoons that for Ted bred a stillness of foreboding. But Jimmy and Lucille went far into the forests to swim in its sylvan pools. They felt everything attuned to their own natures.



New Zealand nights at the outpost fashioned for Ted strange and weird shadows and brought from the bush noises which he magnified into the blood curdling tempo of a Limehouse murder. A rabbit scurrying in the blackness became a man-eating monster for Ted when he was six. When Ted was sixteen, shadows and noises made him conscious of a strange feeling n the pit of the stomach.

* *

AT sixteen Ted became aware of the fact that he couldn't get himself to do the devil-may-care things which boys of scattered neighbors' families did without a thought.

At eighteen Ted was face to face with the fact that he had been born a craven. At twenty-one, the scion of the pioneering Lankashires bade the family at Noorwallah good-bye and sailed for England.

He had a craving for a big city, for population and protection, lights in the night and the handshake of a friend. A quiet, safe berth in an office, a place by the fireside with his books, anything that was the opposite of fear and strife and shadows and noises in the dark called to Ted as he settled in Bloomsbury.

* * *

EACH of us is the sum of his ancestors. Yet, the timid bloodstream that came to us from a quavering soul two generations back may be heated and become iron impregnated through the influence of a girl.

In his second year in London, Ted Lankashire met Beth Mayney. They say that Nature sees to it that opposites attract each other and thus saves herself from nurturing races that are one half blonde and half brunette; one half aggressive and half self effacing.

Beth was the modern Diana. She swam like an Ederle, rode a horse like a girl at the rodeo. She had black hair and a winsome Cupid's bow mouth. Left penniless by the death of her father, Major-General Mayney, of the Indian Service, retired, she had studied stenography and typing and had found a place with Peerie and Peerie, Solicitors. It was at the Peeries' that Ted was clerking.

It was a walk in Hyde Park, then Sunday afternoon on the Thames up at Mortlake. Ted quavered as he got into the punt. Beth leaped lithely into the little craft. The scion of the pioneering Lankashires had no stomach for the water. There was something treacherously yielding about the old river. He yearned for Hyde Park and its safe walks, and the presence of helmeted officers.

It was Sunday morning in Hyde Park, and they crossed Rotten Row. A horse shied, ran away, and came on them as they conversed. Fear seized Ted Lankashire. He ran for his life, leaving the girl behind.

* * *

"NOW, Ted, if you feel as you do, you should do something about it," Beth said as he confessed it all ten minutes later. "You should take up boxing, for example. I have heard that it is a wonderful cure for cases such as yours. You really aren't a coward, Ted. It's the fault of your upbringing, back there in the bush. You did not have enough human contacts.

"Do it for me, Ted. I do so want you to get somewhere, and the man with fear in his heart is beaten at the start."

There was an undeniable appeal in her voice. There was something soft in her eye. And there was enough man in Ted to rouse him sufficiently to fight back at the timid lady who had handed down this heritage of fear.

"I'll do it—by George I'll do it tomorrow. I'll go to one of those boxing clubs and see how it works. I'll conquer it—or it will conquer me," he said.

Ted Lankashire may have been a coward at heart, but he had the body of an athlete. Standing about six feet in his socks, he weighed close to 190 pounds. He was fast. There were bloodlines in his ancestry that made him quick with his hands, that gave him keen sight, and a certain cleverness.

"He's a prize, I tell ye," Billy Norley, his instructor, told Toddy Breed, former fighter and now manager, one evening after Ted had been on exhibition for four hot rounds.

"Yes, he seems to have something, Billy, but can he take it? Has he the fighting heart?"

* * *

TED came out of the showers just in time to hear it. "Has he the fighting heart? Can he take it?"

Every boxing lesson had been torture. Every blow of his instructor had been an exaggerated menace.

But the face of Beth Mayney always appeared before him. It had to be done. This feeling had to be conquered.

And so it came about that in two years Ted Lankashire was winning amateur tournaments. In three years he was being sought by the Breeds to turn professional and win back for Merrie England the glories that had been hers with Sayers and Mace.

Ted was clever and strong enough to hurt others before they could hurt him among the amateurs. But a professional career opened up avenues of possibilities which reminded him of the old nights in Noorwallah, when strange shapes formed in the dark, and monsters scurried with every rabbit's fright.

Again the girl. "Boxing is an honorable profession, Ted," she said. "Boxers move in our best social circles. The Prince of Wales only the other night gave a dinner for our champion. The ring offers tremendous, most alluring opportunities. You may even be the next champion!

"In any event, there isn't much to lose. Seven pounds a week in Peeries'. Seven thousand pounds for one fight in America if you make good.

"Don't tell me it's the old fear, Teddy, boy!"

He laughed. It wasn't the old fear. Before he left Beth that night they had become engaged to be married. And Ted had promised to call Breed the next day and take the plunge.

* * *

They sat in Breed's little office. "I have no illusions about you, Lankashire," the onetime fighter said. "I've seen you

A Story of a Foul and the Man Who Won Over Fear

By
DANIEL M. DANIEL

fight and you're too soft hearted. You are wonderfully clever. You should be a really great fighter. But there's something in your eye when pressed that I don't like. Now, you must prove that I'm wrong.

"I'm going to match you with Boshter Stivers at The Ring in a month or so. He should be easy for a scientific hitter like you. Boshter hasn't a thing left, poor fellow. Once a champion, now living on fistic scraps and leavings.

"Now, he's a good name, yet. Go out and stop him quickly. Mind, no fiddling about. Them Americans are attracted by hitting and quick finishes."

They fought at The Ring, and Stivers was all gone. Ted kept punching straight and true, and in the fifth round a merciful referee stopped the fight.

Ted had steeled himself to the ordeal. When, in the third round, he realized that the former title holder could not hurt him, he cut loose with a flurry of real cleverness and hitting ability.

And so it went, as the crafty, wily Breed fed him "good names" who had worn themselves out with years of fistic toil, or untutored youngsters who had none of the Lankashire science or strength.

* * *

"SO far, so good, Ted. Now comes the second phase of your experience," Breed told him one day.

"The promoters won't stand for your meeting any more blighters. We've got to fight now. So I've matched you with Tom Skerrit."

Ted's face blanched. Skerrit! Why, Tom had knocked out Bandsman Bayler, a rough and tough customer, who had beaten Beckett.

But there was no retreat. "You're bound to be the champion if you keep your head up, Teddy boy," Beth had told him at luncheon at the Savoy. Seven pound clerks didn't take their girls to the Savoy. Those seven pound days must not return.

Skerrit, at Albert Hall. Big money, now. Visions. America, the land of the dollar for the Dempseys. Skerrit—and pain.

It was a hard fight. Ted was by far the more clever. He had ten pounds, height and reach on the onetime coal passer. But throwing coal into the maws of a Cunard boiler had left Skerrit with steel thews.

It was a struggle, and in the eighth round it looked even. The old fear came back to Lankashire. The fear that he could not hold back this over-muscled brute. The fear that he would be hurt.

He fought a weakening spirit and an unweakening opponent through the ninth. In the tenth, Skerrit struck a trifle low, and the fear of the nights in the bush won over Lankashire.

Down he went in feigned agony. Breed jumped into the ring. His man had been the victim of a dastardly foul. Was getting the best of the stoker, he was. An outrage!

"Lankashire wins on a foul!" the Daily Mail headlined the next day.

* * *

"LANKASHIRE wins on a foul." It became a habit. Ted beat a couple of third raters, then won on points from Battling Blader, an American of no great ability. Then the same old story. In the third round, this time. Bombardier Bradley, in the Cirque de Paris. An even fight, then a low punch that may and may not have hurt. Again the show on the canvas, again, "Lankashire wins on a foul."

Fifteen battles in two years, nine of them won on fouls as the timid lad from Noorwallah won his way toward the top.

"When are we to marry?" he asked Beth one evening. "You keep putting me off. I have all the money we need, now. I am promised an American match with the champion, soon. Haven't I come up to expectations? You know, you are the one who urged me into this profession."

"No, Teddy, it isn't your profession, I have no regrets about that," she said, quietly.

"It's the fouls, Teddy. I know you are on the square. But I hear so many people ridicule those fouls. I read the papers, and they make innuendoes. They cast aspersions. Breed says they are afraid of you.

"But, those fouls. Can't we have done with them? Fight on, Teddy boy. Please, for my sake."

* * *

HE went home bewildered. He began to take stock of himself. That Ridley fight. Had he been hurt so badly by the foul? Couldn't he have gone on? Rules are rules! Still, couldn't he have gone on?

The Nailor fight. Ten thousand in Albert Hall, and the battle over in the first round. On a foul. Wouldn't it have been sporting to have fought on? Had Nailor hurt him with that glancing blow under the belt? Had he got himself into an unconscious habit, with a reflexive, unconscious agony every time he was struck a little low? Was he square with himself, with the boxing public, with Beth?

Over and over again, Ted asked himself these questions. Through the hours he fought with himself as he had fought back there in New Zealand.

Was Beth's respect for him waning? No, it mustn't be! He sought her out the next day. He had been matched with Jimmy Montague, the outstanding American heavyweight, for a fifteen round fight at Miami, America's winter playground in Florida.

"I'm going over there, to win. And you must go with me, Beth. I need you." he pleaded.

They were married the following evening in St. Pancras, and the next day Mrs. and Mr. Ted Lankashire embarked for New York.

* * *

WEEKS of training. Ted had no strong appeal for the American boxing writers. Toppling Ted, they called him, in derision. Lady Lankashire, he was christened by Joe Hillman. The Smelling Salts Kid, Bill Noren called him.

All this ate at Beth's heart. She tried to keep the papers from Ted, but he insisted on reading them all.

"Beth, I promise you. There will be no foul this time. I'll fight until I drop—or until I stop Montague. He isn't as clever as I. He may hit as hard. But come what may, I'll fight. No more fouls, Beth, sweetheart," he said, as tears ran down his cheeks.

"I know you'll keep your promise, Teddy boy," she smiled. "Win or lose, let's fight. You know what old Nelson said at Trafalgar. England expects every man to do his duty. Let us show what old England can do."

* * *

STARRY night, zephyrs of the Carribean. Forty thousand persons in a big pine bowl. Starry night of the tropics, a thousand lights—and Jimmy Montague, in this corner; his opponent, Ted Lankashire, of England. The weights, Montague, 198 and a half. Lankashire, 197. Referee, Billy McFarland."

Starry night—and the clang of the starting bell. They fenced, they parried. Montague (*Continued on page* 45)

DEMPSEY to come back to fight Carnera? Hardly. Dempsey to come back to fight Schmeling if Herr Maxie should whip Jack Sharkey? Sure as you were born.

Dempsey has said so in his signed articles in THE RING and you can bet your boots that he means just what he has written.

Somehow, the old punch that was in evidence when Jack Dempsey was kingpin of the heavyweights is temporarily gone. All the Sharkeys, Schmelings, Carneras, Sandwinas, Scotts, Striblings, etc., in the present crop, can't arouse the enthusiasm that one Manassa Mauler was able to.

Why? Because there never was a fighter like Dempsey and I don't think there will be during my lifetime. For color, magnetism and fighting ability, there was only one Jack Dempsey. Tex Rickard realized that.

Ten million dollars was the sum Jack the Giant Killer made for the partnership of Dempsey, Kearns and Rickard. Show me the fellow who can duplicate that.

* * *

An Apology Is Due N. Y. Board

BOXING rules have a puzzling effect on those interested as spectators and also on many actively engaged in promotion and otherwise. Consider the case of the gentlemen who managed Sharkey and Scott in the recent Miami fight. Both Buckley and Johnston agreed on the use of the New York State rules. They announced from Miami with a flourish of trumpets that the battle would be governed by the New York code, yet what happened. No sooner did the men spar off, than the New York rules were cast to the winds and the old London Prize Ring rules, those in vogue in the bare-knuckle days were substituted.

For what took place in Miami, I think the promoters, the managers and the referee, the pride of the New York Commission's staff—Lou Magnolia—owe an apology to the Empire State's boxing board for the disrespect they showed to our rules in that gigantic Florida fizzle.

* * *

Jack Britton in New Field

JACK BRITTON, one of the greatest welterweights of all time, as clever a fighter as the ring has boasted in the last twenty years, has found it necessary to join the ranks of the New York National Guard. At the age of 44, when he should be sitting pretty after his success in the ring, Britton is pinched for ready cash.

Retiring with a fortune several years ago, he invested all he had in Florida and when the crash came, poor Jack was caught in the middle and lost every dime he had saved.

For three years Jack has been touring the country fighting lads who were not born when Jack already had achieved fistic fame, but age and worries began to take their toll and Britton was forced to abandon further traveling plans.

With the National Guard boxing at its height, and a chance to average about $500 for a fight, Britton has thrown his lot with the Militiamen in order to become eligible to compete in the various armories. Jack, a great fellow at all times, a clean, honest fighter who has done much in the interest of boxing, has the good wishes of a host of friends in his new field. At least it can't be said of him, that he made a fortune in the ring and squandered it in wine, women and song. His has been a model life, and it is just plain misfortune that has put him in his present uncomfortable position.

* * *

A New "Black Shadow"

IF Larry Johnson, the San Diego light heavyweight, can take on a few pounds of avoirdupois, he'll displace George Godfrey as the "Black Shadow." Larry, for his weight, is the heaviest hitting Negro New York has seen in many moons.

Has he a sock? Oh, Baby!

* * *

An Ancient Conundrum Revived

RECENTLY, while sitting in Billy La Hiff's sporting rendezvous in the Great White Way, the ancient conundrum as to the round in which Dempsey won from Willard in the Battle of Maumee Bay, confronted several Broadwayites.

"The record books declare it was the third round," said one of the boys, "and as the fourth round was never started, you can't prove by me that the title didn't pass in the third."

"Yes, but the round had ended and Willard didn't come up for the next session, the fourth. That makes it the fourth and not the third in which Dempsey won the title," said another.

And so the old controversy continues.
"How Old Is Ann," had nothing on the Maumee Bay enigma.

The rival factions, seeing me at a table nearby, put the matter up to yours truly to decide, and like most other sports writers, I agreed that the title changed hands in the third.

My reason? Well, here goes:

Big Jess, looking like a man who might have disputed the right of way of an express train, tottered weakly towards his corner as the bell sounded ending the third round. As he swayed to his seat, he was a woe-begone picture. It therefore was not a surprise when Jess called the referee, Olli Pecord, to his corner before the bell sounded starting the fourth, and informed him that he could not continue.

In short, he quit while the minute's rest was still on and therefore, as the rest period belongs to the round, it was the third and not the fourth when hostilities ceased. Willard indicated clearly that the idea of toeing the scratch for the fourth round was extremely distasteful to him and that he had no idea of continuing. This was a frank admission on his part that he was through and would not come up when the bell sounded. Had the bell been rung for the fourth session, then Willard would have been declared a loser in that round and not the third.

That, at least, is my interpretation and I shall stick to it. I know many other sports writers who will back me up.

JOE "YOUNG" SHUGRUE

THE PRIDE of NEW JERSEY

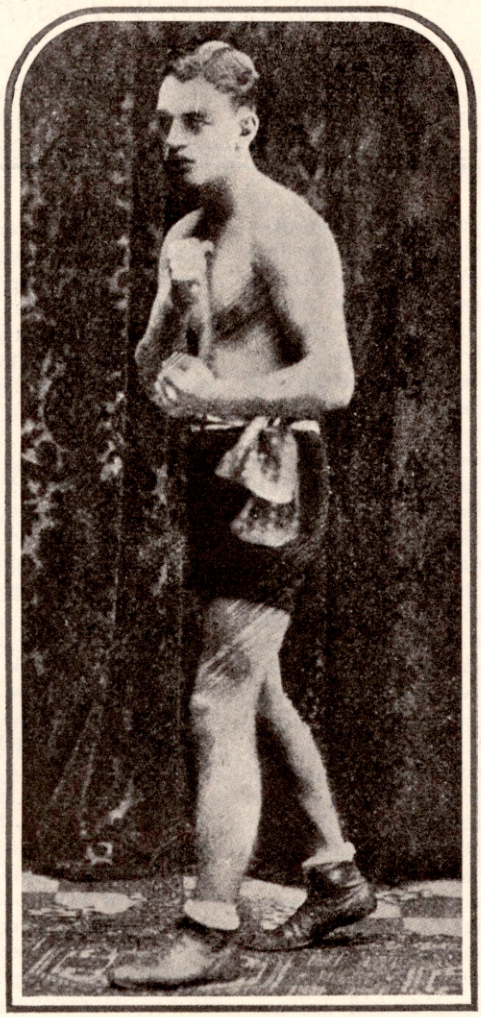
By STEPHEN E. KELLY

OVER in Jersey City a few weeks ago, there came back to the place he originally called home, a fighter who fifteen years ago took his place with the greatest lightweights of his period. Joe "Young" Shugrue, whose name then was a byword in the world of sock and bang, has turned back to his first love the fight game, but this time as a tutor and owner of a gymnasium in Jersey City.

Every once in a while some fight critic extols Benny Leonard, Joe Gans and others as ranking among the greatest lightweights of all time, but seldom does one see the name of Young Shugrue listed among the Truly Greats. Yet, if the record of a fighter is any criterion, Joe, as his legion of friends call him, should be ranked well up near the top.

In his day, Joe Shugrue whipped the best of 'em. Back in 1912, when Benny Leonard was coming along like a house afire, Shugrue handed him a setback in the form of a four round knockout and later, when Freddy Welsh was world champion, in 1914 and 1915, Joe easily whipped the title holder twice in no-decision ten round contests.

In addition, Shugrue faced such tough 'uns as Leach Cross, three times; Charley White, three times; Johnny Dundee, five times; Owen Moran, whom he beat in seven rounds; One Round Hogan, who was knocked out in ten; Fighting Dick Hyland, Matty Baldwin, and a heap of other stars of the period.



Joe Shugrue, when he was meeting all the leading lightweights

Giving him his proper rating among the lightweights of the modern era, Shugrue would take his rank among the best fifteen. He was a clean fighter, clever, a classy boxer and a terrific puncher. When Shugrue quit, he laid aside the gloves only because he was almost blind.

* * *

IN the summer of 1914, Joe took a trip to Australia where he became a favorite. He fought six bouts, one of which, against Herb McCoy, he won by a knockout in the fifteenth round. Another, against Milburn Saylor, he won through a decision in twenty rounds. Subsequently Saylor turned the tables and reversed the verdict. In the other three bouts, he lost to Kid Lewis in twenty, Fred Kay in twenty and was knocked out by Hugh Mehegan in eleven.

Considering the fact that all of these opponents were ten or more pounds heavier than was Shugrue, his record was a splendid one. In almost all his fights, even in this country, Joe was forced to build up towards the lightweight limit of 133 pounds, as he was a heavy featherweight and invariably conceded considerable weight to his rivals.

Shrugrue's last battle was against Jimmy Murphy at Philadelphia, after which he became blind, but medical treatment has now restored his sight. After quitting the ring, he and his family moved to Waterbury, Connecticut, where, despite his handicap, Joe took his brothers, Willie and Johnny in hand, and made successful fighters of them. They too, later were forced to abandon the ring because of an eye affliction.

* * *

IT was in Jersey City where Joe got his start at the old Stewart Athletic Club where Frankie Burns, Johnny Drummie, Joe King, Young Rector, Yankee Delaney and Bobby Moore were his sparring partners. Now Joe is back to the place he called his home when he made his name a favorite one in fistic circles and Jersey City fighters, especially the newcomers, are happy in the thought they now have a tutor to teach them the scientific points of the game of which he was a master.

Asked to comment on the present crop of lightweights, Shugrue, watching Al Ridgeway, Frankie Carlton and Bobby Brady work out, replied:

"There is plenty of good material, but unfortunately, the crop of present day trainers is far behind the fellows who trained us. There is old Joe Jeannette and Harry Lenny. They know the game and that's why they impart proper information to their charges. But how many good trainers like Joe and Lenny are there? The trouble to-day is that most fellows either go in for slugging or for science. They don't seem to realize the necessity of combining both and becoming proficient in each, and that is the fault of their trainers.

"Take Benny Leonard, Packey McFarland, Owen Moran, Leach Cross, Matty Baldwin and others of my time. They knew how to sock but also knew how to defend themselves through cleverness. That is what we are now lacking.

"Then again I've noticed another great fault with the present day lightweights—in fact, with most fighters in all divisions—they concentrate on an attack for the jaw and keep after that one spot as if that is the only vital point in an opponent's body. When we received our training, we were told to alter the attack-play for the body and the face. We studied our man and if an opponent showed he couldn't take it in the belly, we played a tattoo on that spot until we wore him down.

"To-day, what do you find? It's seldom that we see a fighter battering away at the stomach or the heart. It seems that everybody is working for a knockout on a fellow's chin. That's fine when one can connect with proper force and on the point, but you'll find that a good body attack will do more to force the issue in your favor than the other.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Campolo Blameless in Madden's Death
George Godfrey Deserves no Sympathy
Larry Johnson in Fistic Spotlight

BARTLEY MADDEN, one of the gamest and most durable fighters of the modern ring, who died recently through a fall in Washington, played a much bigger part in ring history than his record displays. Like many of the heavyweights who are regarded as trial horses, Bartley simply did his bit, but got little either in money or glory, for his work. It was his victory over Madden that earned for Gene Tunney the first fight with Dempsey.

Although this fine Irish fighter is said to have amassed a fortune of more than $200,000 during his long and honorable career, he died penniless. Like Jack Britton, former world's welterweight king, poor investments caused the loss of a fortune. Like Britton, who, after retirement, was forced to go back to the only work he knows to recoup some of his losses, Bartley Madden, broken in spirit after taking a job as a doorman, decided on a return to the ring.

At the age of forty-one, when the fighting days of most boxers are over, Bartley entered into intensive training. He went down to Florida to tune up for a match with Young Stribling, but found himself stranded when the fight was called off and in desperation, he accepted the post of sparring partner for Vittorio Campolo, the giant Argentinian.

'Tis said that Bartley's death was caused by a fall, brought on by vertigo and some attribute that attack to the pounding which Madden received in his workouts with Campolo. Whether this is so, will never be known, but the fact remains that Madden quit Campolo's camp after two days' workout with the statement that he had had enough.

Asked by me at Coral Gables, Florida, why he quit the camp, Madden replied:

"He pounds away with force enough to kill a person. I need the money but I don't need it badly enough to have him knock me silly."

* * *

An Unfair Accusation

FOR Campolo's sake, I hate to think that he was in any way unwittingly a factor in Madden's death, for Campolo is a splendid sportsman, a lovable character who, outside the ring wouldn't harm a fly. That he works like a demon in training, and does punish his sparring partners severely, is the verdict of all who have worked with him, but this he does only because he feels it is the proper procedure when fitting oneself for the task ahead.

Personally I don't think that the two days' workout with Campolo, a total of four rounds of boxing of two minutes each, injured the robust, well-trained, Bartley Madden. If he suffered from vertigo, he must have had it before he came down to Campolo's camp.

Placing the blame on Campolo is unfair. If apprised of such accusation, he may take the matter too seriously and a fine heavyweight prospect may be lost to the fighting game. This has happened to boxers before and is just as likely to happen to Campolo.

Having been present at Campolo's training camp on both occasions when Bartley Madden sparred with the South American, I can safely say in answer to such statements, that Campolo, other than striking Madden over the heart, the favorite form of attack with the foreigner, never used the rabbit punch or short arm chop on Madden's neck as he did on his South American sparring mate, Miguel Oldano.

* * *

George Godfrey's Case Reviewed

WHY all the sudden commotion over George Godfrey, the Leiperville negro heavyweight?

Why the hue and cry about the "blacklist" which keeps this burly giant from engaging in combat with the cream of the heavies?

When all is said and done, it seems to me that George Godfrey has no kick coming. What has he accomplished in the past year or two to deserve better treatment than he is getting?

How many topnotchers has he scored over in the last two years?

True, he has not been given the chance to meet the best men in his division, but why should he be, on his performances? It is said that in order to get work, Poor Gawge must agree to carry his man. He must agree not to hurt him. Godfrey himself openly admits that he has carried fighters along in order to obtain work.

That being the case, and the proof is there, why waste any sympathy on Godfrey? The fan who pays the freight, is entitled to 100 percent protection. He goes to the show to see the men give their best. He expects action. If the contestants have an understanding to mulct the public by pulling their punches or engaging in clinches in order to avoid meting out punishment, they are not deserving of a chance to get into the big money. They are betraying a trust. They are betraying their supporters.

* * *

Godfrey a Good Fighter

GEORGE GODFREY is a good fighter. He is one of the hardest hitters, if not the hardest puncher in the ring to-day, but several of his bouts have been extremely unsatisfactory. In several contests the referee has stopped the fight to protect the public, and in others Godfrey has been declared the loser on a foul. As Jack Dempsey remarked in his rating of boxers in the February issue of THE RING:

"George Godfrey is a great fighter, as strong as a bull and a powerful hitter, but he does not merit a rating better than fifth on his year's accomplishments. He knocked out Jimmy Byrne, a second rater, in seven rounds. In a return bout he and Byrne were thrown out of the ring for not trying.

"He lost on a foul to Al Walker and to Long Tom Hawkins —both second raters—and knocked out Chuck Wiggins. Records are what count and on his record, fifth place is the best he deserves."

Dempsey has decided Godfrey's case properly. Wherein, on his record, does George Godfrey deserve the sympathy being heaped on him?

Wherein on his record, does he merit another fight with Sharkey, by whom he was decisively whipped? He also lost to Risko, and certainly was not under wraps that night.

Wherein on his record does Godfrey merit the space which is allotted him by some papers to force the issue and gain for him a high position in the heavyweight ranks when he openly admits he has not been fighting as he can?

Honesty is the best policy. When fighters who receive the support of the public, the persons who make it possible for such pugilists to ply their trade, come to realize that and give their level best in their every performance, then and then alone will they merit the sympathy which men like Godfrey are trying to enlist on their behalf.

* * *

Too Much Meddling

TOO much meddling—that seems to be the trouble in boxing. In addition to having an epidemic of fouls and foul claims by those who seek the easiest way out of trouble, another dangerous element has entered into boxing. I refer to the reversal of decisions.

Only recently the fistic world was shocked by the announcement from Chicago that referee Dave Miller had erred in his count in the Lomski-Braddock battle and reversed the verdict. Now comes a more dangerous procedure in the announcement from Fort Lake, Florida, that the commission objected to Referee Billy Roche's draw decision in the Wallace-Okun bout and handed the palm the following day, to Wallace. Such procedure is leading to one point—destruction of the boxing game.

If a commission feels that a wrong has been committed by its referee, there are other ways to handle the situation—penalize the referee. That, not the reversal of a decision, is the proper method of handling such a case. A decision once rendered in the ring should be final according to the rules of boxing.

* * *

George Bernard Shaw Speaks

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, great English novelist, is the latest to offer a remedy for foul fighting. George would simply stop using any fight news in any of the newspapers for a period of twenty years. The novelist was asked by the *Chronicle* to make a statement on the recent Sharkey-Scott fiasco and here is what he said:

"Really, I think if there are many more of these fouls in boxing—and they seem to be becoming a regular thing—it will be a serious matter for the sport. The newspapers have the remedy in their own hands.

"I think it would be much better if they dropped boxing news off for 20 years. That might bring boxers to their senses, and we might get a decent and clean sport.

"Whether Mr. Sharkey fouled Mr. Scott with low blows as the reports say, I am in no position to know. I did not see the fight. But it should be possible to tell exactly what happened if a film was taken of the contest.

"It would be wrong, however, to give Americans all the blame for introducing the rough element into the sport. I have only seen two boxing contests during the past 30 years. At the last one I attended in London some time ago one of the boxers deliberately 'led' with his head and the referee did not say a word."

We always knew that George Bernard Shaw was original. That he is also a very clever man and a highly clever writer. What a great idea from the fertile brain of this great scholar!

What a Hectic Night

VARIETY is the spice of life.

How often have you sat at the ringside and discussed with your neighbor some queer ring happenings, the kind one often reads about in fiction but seldom sees?

"Here's one for the book," you'll tell your neighbor after you've seen a double knockout. The thrill of a lifetime is what you get when you see two gladiators flop and watch the referee, dumbfounded, count over each.

But what would you say if you saw five incidents, instead of one in one night, in one ring? Rave about it, I presume.

Well that is exactly what 12,000 fight fans did recently in Madison Square Garden on the occasion of the Maxie Rosenbloom-Larry Johnson battle. They saw more queer stunts pulled off in two hours than ordinarily is seen by a fight fan in twenty years.

First they watched Al Keegan of Chicago walk out of his corner, poke out his right to meet the rush of Gene McCue of New York and put Gene out for keeps with that one blow. It was an eighteen-second k. o., including the count of ten. Only one punch was landed.

Next they saw Gene raised to his feet by Referee Jack Denning who became a target for a series of wild swings which the punch-drunk McCue was sending across, ostensibly to the body of his opponent, but in reality, to the body of the man who was helping him to regain his senses.

Then came an emergency bout in which Bruno Salo, battering his opponent, Amadeo Grillo all over the ring and having him on the verge of a knockout three times, suddenly got clipped on the chin and almost went down himself. He was staggering around the ring when the bell rang and just as he dropped his hands, Grillo stepped back, measured his man, and let loose a beautiful right swing to the jaw that sent Salo into dreamland seven seconds after the round had ended. That naturally brought disqualification to Grillo.

But that was not all. The laughter had not yet subsided, when Joe Humphreys, making his announcement, held up the hand of the loser and declared:

"The referee declares Grillo the victor." That wasn't Joe's fault, as the referee had wrongly instructed him.

Then came the match between Joe Banovic of Binghamton and Henry Lamar of Washington and this went only one round, Banovic winning on a foul.

The fans had a little respite in the mill between Lou Scozza and Rosy Rosales, the Cleveland Indian, which Scozza won, only to have their night's entertainment capped off with another foul, a terrific blow landed between the legs of Rosenbloom by Johnson.

If our friend Robert Ripley were short material, there was sufficient on hand that night for several cartoons in his "Believe It Or Not" series.

* * *

Johnson Terrific Hitter

ASIDE from the queer stuff, getting down to the serious talk in boxing, I think it appropriate at this time to say that in Larry Johnson, the negro race has one of the greatest hitters since the days of Jack Johnson and Sam Langford and that the light heavyweight ranks has a fighter in this Chicagoan who is nobody's fool. He's a corker—a fine championship prospect.

Johnson is a fearless, two-fisted fighter of the stand-up type. He never wilts under punishment and can deliver as healthy a sock as any battler in the game. If he develops into a full grown heavyweight, there'll be plenty to worry about so far as the white race is concerned. He is a growing lad possessing a sock and cleverness, a heady individual who thinks quickly and acts just as rapidly—great assets for a fighter. Watch this fellow. He's the goods.

The Battle In the

By AL PRIESTLEY

WHEN a man has the price and is willing to pay, he can usually get what he wants. And a woman generally gets what she wants just for the asking. That is the easiest way to assure peace in the family.

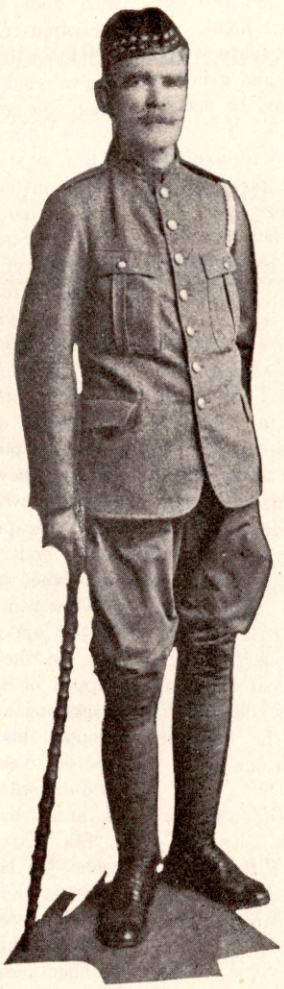
The death of Frank P. Slavin in a Canadian hospital a few months ago, brings back to me a story he once told me on the battlefields of France where he and I soldiered during the world war. Frank, who kept the minds of many of the poor, young lads in No Man's Land off the bitter task ahead of them by stories of his great battles in the prize ring, had just been relieved from a rather dangerous and arduous task of wire cutting in a sector where the shell fire was exceptionally hot, and sat in a little, dilapidated hut taking a well-earned rest.

There, with the sky ablaze from a continuous bombardment, was this old gladiator and about eighty of his comrades ranging from buck private to colonel. There was little to talk about except the bombardment. Every one seemed to be worried. The colonel realized that something out of the ordinary was necessary to perk up the morale of the boys but he could think of nothing.

Suddenly it dawned upon him that Frank Slavin, the grand old man of the regiment, would be the fellow to appeal to for help. Up rose the colonel from his chair, patted Frank on the back, and said:

"Come on Frank, old top. Cheer up the lads. Tell us a story of some of your ring battles. Were they as hot as the one we've just gone through?"

* * *



Frank P. Slavin

IT didn't take the genial Frank Slavin long to see the point. He was quick to accommodate and the tale he told, held us all at attention.

When Slavin passed away, God bless his soul, I sat in my room and recalled my experiences with this warrior. I recalled particularly the vivid story he told there in No Man's Land, a story that kept his comrades' morale from being shattered at a time when things looked rather gloomy. You could have heard a pin drop as 'Paddy' as we affectionately called him, between puffs, related his yarn.

This is the story as I recall it, a story in which, according to Slavin, he was one of the participants. The name of his opponent I forget. Jerry Saunders, I think, was the name he mentioned. At any rate, I remember the first name was Jerry.

* * *

SLAVIN'S story thrilled me, and one day in London, when we were both on a furlough, I asked him to permit me to use it in a magazine article. This he consented to do, and here for the first time is Slavin's story reproduced as he dictated it.

I was born in Maitland, New South Wales, in 1862 and took a deep interest in boxing at an early age. When I was still a youth, I became employed in the mines of Australia and there I soon learned it was essential to know how to protect oneself.

I became quite adept with the fists and it was not long after, when I was only eighteen that I won the championship of our camp and the amateur championship of the Commonwealth.

When I was fourteen years old, I saw my first bare-knuckle fight in a sporting rendezvous in Sydney in which Peter Jackson was one of the contestants. It was what you might term a bar-room brawl and lasted for about ten minutes. That bout thrilled me and made me wish I could fight as Peter did.

I was fascinated and then and there I determined to become a fighter. In two years' time I was adept with my fists and had quite a reputation among the followers of the sport. There was one fellow whom I was anxious to whip and I had the gentry arrange a contest with him out in the woodlands but the fight never took place.

Well, some of the sports around the town, including the great Peter Jackson, put their heads together and decided to try again. This time we met in a secret spot about twenty-one miles from Queensland and we fought a furious drawn battle before about 100 spectators among whom were two of the biggest bookmakers in Sydney. I was still an amateur.

* * *

I HAD reached the age of twenty and was travelling with the kings of the sport when word was brought to me that this same fellow, Jerry, was bragging around the sporting circles what he could do to me and that I was afraid to meet him in a return battle. He had the sportsmen guessing and they urged me to accept his offer but I graciously declined. Not that I feared him, but because I didn't like this man and felt he was trying to gain a reputation at my expense.

Finally I gave my consent and the match was arranged. Immediately it attracted considerable attention, this despite the fact that it was not until two years later that I really became a full-fledged professional fighter; when I fought Martin Powers. So much attention was focused on the proposed return contest that the police decided there would be no battle.

I received a warning that if I fought, I would be placed under arrest and the bout was called off. It was three days after I had reached my home again that I received a visit from a stately gentleman, a very big sportsman who originally had been selected to referee the contest.

"Mr. Slavin," said he, "do you still feel like having it out with Jerry?"

"Mr. Harrison," I replied, "there is nothing that would suit me better."

"On the old terms, 250 pounds, winner take all," he continued.

"Yes," said I, "that suits me."

"And you're not particular where it's pulled off nor how many persons will be present so long as I promise you there'll be no interference?"

"Not if you see that my expenses are guaranteed from this place to the fighting spot and return," I replied. "You can make it Shanghai, Yokohama, London or any part of the States."

"Fine," said my friend, "you're a sport. The bargain is made. I'll promise you the place won't be so far from here, but I can't, for several reasons, name the place at this moment. Sign your name here," he said, as he placed a paper before me.

* * *

THE deed accomplished, this man before leaving to report to those for whom he was arranging the deal, informed me that it would be necessary for me to keep in training and not to

WOODLANDS

The Story of a Vicious Fight to Oblige a Woman, as Told by the Late Frank P. Slavin in a Dug-out in No Man's Land

leave the present scene until I had received word from him. He also assured me that he would send a man to bring me and my two seconds to the scene of the battle when all was ready, and that this fellow would have the purse to show me that everything was in proper form.

"Remember," he said, as he was about to walk off, "the winner will get the entire purse. The loser gets his transportation," and with that as a parting shot, he entered his cab and off he went.

Four days later a man appeared at my place and asked for me. He was the chap who was sent to bring me and my seconds to the battleground.

Introducing himself, he placed his hand in his pocket, drew out the purse and said:

"There, Mr. Slavin, is the purse. It all goes to the winner. Are you ready to accompany me?"

I was. We got into his cab and rode about twelve miles out in the country section where quiet reigned all about us. Nothing like the noise created by that shell fire out there in No Man's Land.

When we reached a most secluded spot, our cab stopped, we all alighted and after walking a quarter of a mile, we came face to face with an elderly man and a woman, both members of the aristocratic class.

"There," said my guide, "is your audience."

* * *

I LOOKED about in astonishment. What was this I was facing!

"Don't worry," remarked the guide, as we approached a beautiful lawn on which was pitched the ring, "this is the place you're going to settle your dispute and this is all the audience you'll have."

Just behind the ring was a gorgeous mansion and beautiful flowers surrounded it. As I approached, I saw my opponent and his seconds. They had arrived ahead of time and were all set for the fray.

A few seconds later, the man and woman whom I had seen on the roadway, approached us. They both nodded and walked to the veranda of the house. The woman took a seat alongside her husband and then beckoned for me to come over.

I was introduced to the party and found much to my amazemen that the man was one of the wealthiest cattle owners in Australia, a great sports lover.

He shook hands and said:

"You're probably surprised at these proceedings, so I'll explain. You boys signed to settle your difficulties and I've put up the purse for it. You have seen the money. It's in the hands of the referee and will be given to the winner. You can rest assured that you'll get a square deal.

"There's the ring. My secretary will act as timekeeper. There is no one within miles of this place other than the persons you see here—your seconds, my secretary, my wife and myself. As for this, I'll explain.

* * *

"I WAS in Sydney when I first heard about your fight. My wife was with me and she heard me talk so much about it, that she decided she would also like to see it.

"My wife asked me a lot of questions about both of you and about other fighters and then expressed a desire to attend the show. I told her it was not customary for women to attend fights but that some, in order to view the battle, dressed in men's clothes. I thought this would make her change her mind but, instead, she decided she also would dress in men's garments and go with me to see the fight.

"While I had my own ideas on the matter, I knew enough about women not to stand in my wife's way for I'm a peaceful man and I long ago have learned how to be married and happy. Of course when the police decided you couldn't stage your fight, my wife was considerably upset for her mind was set on seeing the bout and she felt the police action very keenly.

"A few days later, I met one of Peter Jackson's trainers and was told that the fight might take place in private. I informed my wife and she again insisted that she would see it. Her desire to see you became stronger and stronger and when she learned that the fight had been definitely called off, she urged me to arrange it so that her desire could be gratified.

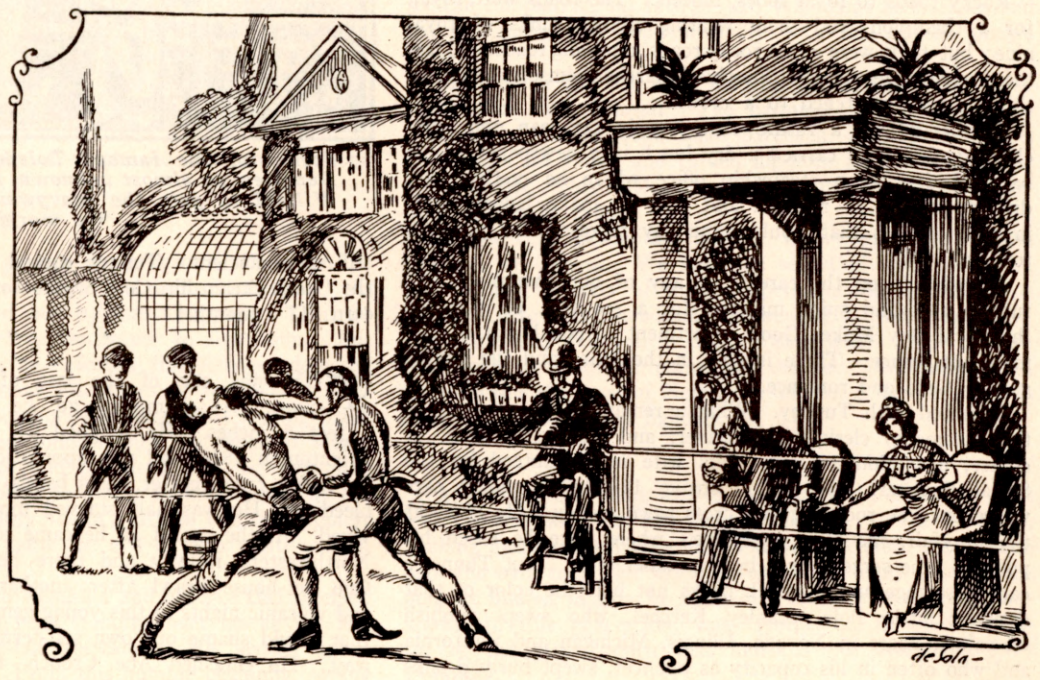
"Said she: 'We have our home in the woodlands. It is idle. Not a soul is living within miles of it now. Why not open it and pitch the ring on the lawn and offer the purse yourself?'

"And here you are, gentlemen, we're ready."

* * *

WITH those words the referee stepped on the lawn, brought Jerry and myself together and said: "You both know the terms. Get ready."

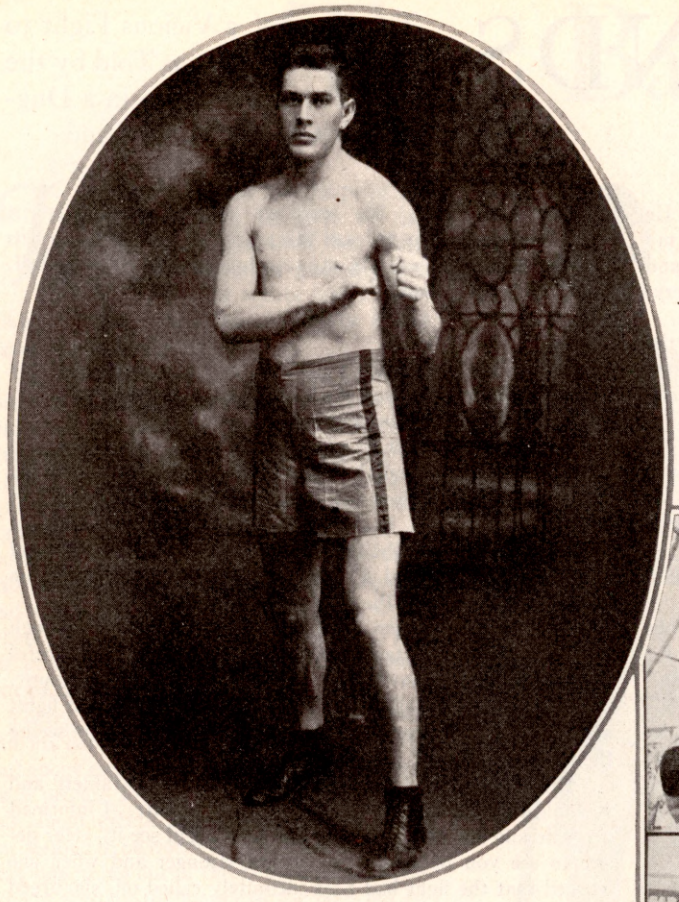
I was in a fighting mood because my opponent, in a mocking spirit had remarked a few minutes *(Continued on page 46)*



"Good boy, Jerry! First blow for you!" shouted the old man

Rocky Roads to Royal Robes

By JIMMY POWERS



Gene Tunney as he looked before he entered the big money class

THERE is more romance in the ring and in the inconsequential and everyday agate paragraph of fight results than there is in a thousand crystal glasses of absinthe, fingered by a fiction-hungry author. I never see a kid stumble wearily off the musty canvas with a disconsolate "Aw hell" on his battered lips, but what I feel tempted to touch a shoulder and remind him of the desolate starts Ketchel. Dempsey, Leonard, Mandell, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, a shining host of his idols knew and conquered.

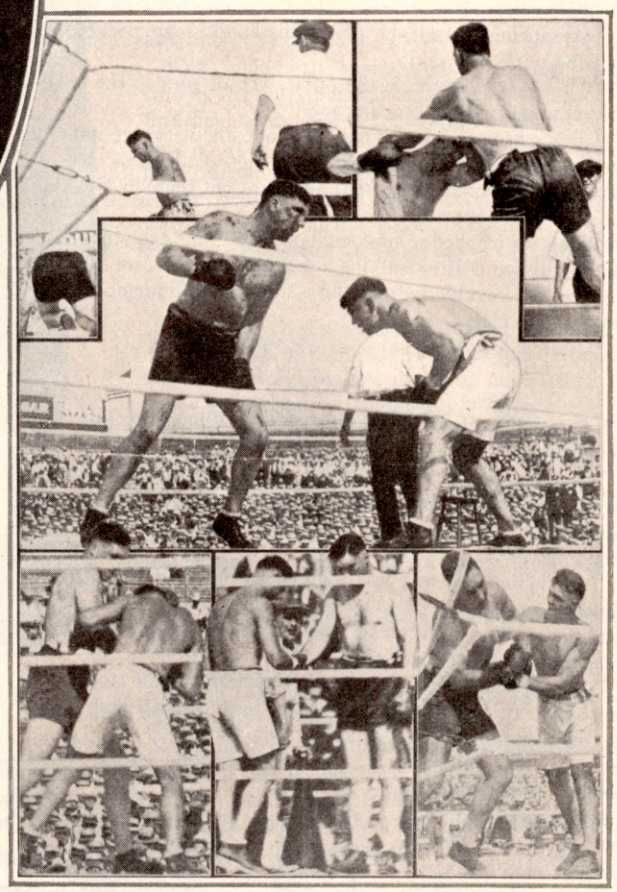
Rocky roads to royal robes, indeed! The roads were royal, for a champion trod them wearing silken trunks of royal blue; but they were often rocky roads, rambling roads, and few there were, save the steel knuckled marcher himself, who ever thought they stretched to a crown.

Who could see a future champion in the lean and pale-cheeked clerk who carried a dry lunch in a newspaper to his battered desk in a steamship office where he meticulously dipped his pen in red ink and blue to make ledger totals in seven figures that would some day represent his personal fortune?

A flashback on the careers of any of our champions will furnish rich and spicy material for a scenario, or gags for the Local Boy Makes Good department to equal that of any merchant prince. There is gold in the hills—and the boxing guide. Gold and romance.

I started with Tunney. What a remarkable young man is this steamship clerk, truck driver, and marine. He is, of course, a millionaire now. His wife is guaranteed by the Social Register. He has expensive 12-cylinder motor cars where once he rode a grimy cross town trolley. He dines at the Mayfair, the Ritz or Pierre's where once he eased his polished blue serge over a box-car diner stool. But Tunney's career, strange and satirical, packs not half the color of that dynamic little Pole, Stanley Ketchel, who swept rubbish off saloon floors in Nevada, Illinois, Michigan and California and who often in his capacity as bouncer, swept burly drunks in the wake of his sawdust.

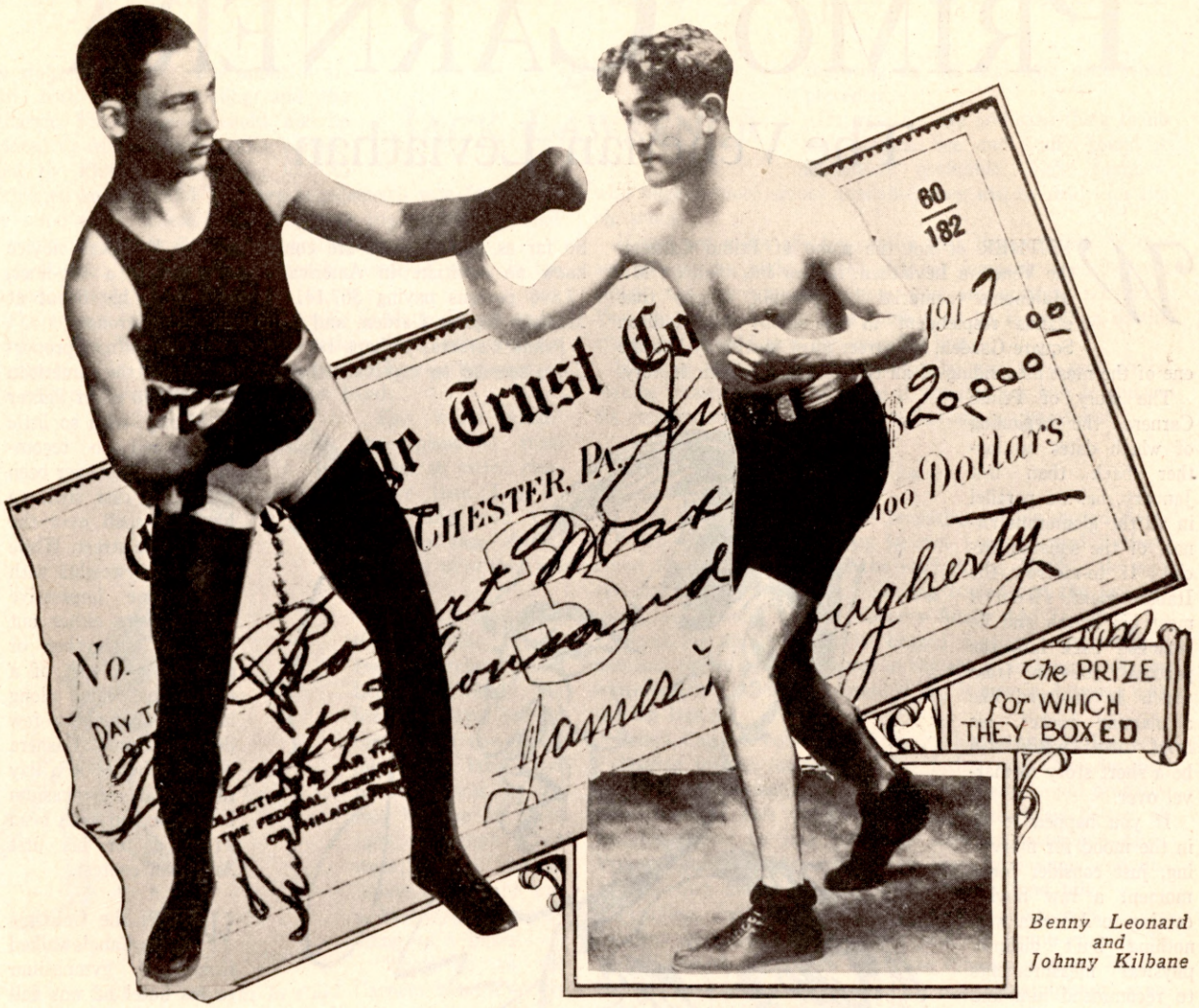
Nor does it compare with Tom Sayers or any of those still more ancient. Tunney earned $12 a week clerking for the Ocean Steamship Co. Sayers considered himself lucky to earn $12 a month.



Scenes of the famous Toledo battle where Jack Dempsey, an almost unknown, knocked out the giant Willard to gain the heavyweight championship of the world

* * *

TOM was one of the last of England's great champions. As champions go, he was a little man about 5 feet 8 inches. He weighed 11 stone. He was born at Brighton in 1826, and was apprenticed to a bricklayer there. He had a cruel master. His hands of a night, were raw and bleeding. He was half starved most of the time, but survived. At the age of 22 he came to London to work on the Northwestern railway and there began his meteoric career. One pot-house brawl after another. There were sulphuric and volcanic nights in this young gent's life, let me assure you, that would shame our own self-termed high flyers on Broadway. He thrashed Abe Crouch, fought two and one-half hours in battering Jack Grant, and ended up wearing a silk weskit, a high hat and a gold cane.



Benny Leonard and Johnny Kilbane

Let me take you to a Moaning Low background. It is Galveston, just after the Spanish-American war. Bales of cotton are piled along the wharf. Cases of canned goods, bulky packs of leather, sponges, sea-food, a thousand odors and stifling heat. Through it all a bulky young stevedore moves and grins, his big lips spread in a contagious smile. The other stevedores call him "Lil Artha" because he is big. That is Jack Johnson, embryo champion. Few knew he could fight. He was not a quarrelsome fellow. But he learned to box in a New Orleans gym and up the ladder he went to $1 cigars, champagne wines, a coach and four and diamond stud pins.

* * *

THERE were three periods in Johnson's life when he ran through all the emotions that bedevil mankind. At the start he was knocked out by Joe Choynski. Then he chased a man all over three continents to fight him. But there came the day when he defeated Jim Jeffries; defeated the man that possibly above all others he wanted to beat. It was Jeffries who, as champion, had sneered at the big black stevedore. He had invited Johnson into the cellar of Harry Corbett's saloon in 'Frisco and promised that but one man would come out alive. And so when Johnson stood in the sizzling sunlight that hot July 4th in 1910, he was the happiest man in the world. Then came the evil days, a fugitive from justice, jail and oblivion.

Now go back with me to Australia and observe this freckled man with the round bald head standing over his anvil. His lean arms smash a white-hot horseshoe. His leather apron is black with axel grease. From this humble beginning sprang the famed Bob Fitzsimmons.

And who is this beefy farmhand with the flushed red face pitching stacks of wheat into a thresher? The flying wisps of straw cloud his sweating features. The noon whistle blows, shrilling out a respite as the thresher hands shut down. We see the complacent, fat face of Jess Willard as he wrestles and spars clumsily and good-naturedly with his Kansas prairie friends.

And there is one still more colorful and dynamic—the sleek black man from Senegal. The harmless and eccentric boy who curried horses, rode them bareback, braided their tails and manes for shows and turned flip-flops and cartwheels for a 5-cent tip. This is Battling Siki, destined to conquer Carpentier, idol of France.

Do you care for another locale? Heavy snows mantle the province of Quebec. We hear the sound of steel blades on pine trunks; a party of woodchoppers outside the village of Sorel. There is one handsome lad wearing a bright mackinaw. His name they tell you is Ovilla Chapdelaine. This obscure chap with the calloused palms and the fine, olive complexion, later became the toast of New York and for a fleeting moment king of the 175-pound fighters.

* * *

NOT all the woodchoppers became world champions, but many wore the title belts of nations. In the Pyrenees, hacking away savagely, we find Paolino Uzcudun, the Basque with the bare feet. He made pesos, many, many pesos chopping at human targets in America. Another woodsman, unknown to this generation, was George Le Blanche, inventor of the pivot punch that knocked out Nonpariel Jack Dempsey.

And this name recalls perhaps the (*Continued on page* 45)

PRIMO CARNERA

The Venetian Leviathan

WHETHER or not the name of Primo Carnera, the Venetian Leviathan, is ever inscribed on Mr. Muldoon's memorial heavyweight trophy that stands resplendent in the lobby of Madison Square Garden, his career must inevitably become one of the most astounding of all chapters in pugilistic history.

The story of Primo Carnera, the beginning of which dates no farther back than last January, has no parallel in all the glamorous annals of the squared circle. If to-morrow the Italian giant should meet his match and be smacked back into the pastoral oblivion from which he emerged like a flaming rocket, his brief career would still be a short story to marvel over.

If you happen to be in the mood for marveling, just consider for a moment a raw novice coming to America with nothing but gigantic physical measurements to recommend him and in one month and seventeen days rolling up a fortune of a little more than $103,000 in ten fights. In the face of a general business depression and country-wide unemployment, Primo Carnera accomplished that astonishing feat in less than one hour of actual ring combat.

This is by no means a world's record in high speed money-making in the ring. Jack Dempsey, in his famous brawl with Luis Angel Firpo, grabbed himself $475,000 in three minutes and fifty-seven seconds. But Dempsey, at the time, was heavyweight champion of the world and with the assistance of Tex Rickard capitalized that title for all that it was worth.

* * *

WHAT makes Primo Carnera's record so unique and thoroughly astounding is the fact that he was literally snatched out of the void, so to speak, and hurled bodily into the big money with no more preparatory building up than that which was accomplished by his exceedingly adroit press agents. So far as gate receipts are concerned, this European novice knew no novitiate in America. He began as a top-liner, 17,896 persons paying $67,141 to see him in his debut at Madison Square Garden, and he is still going strong.

Primo Carnera, perhaps because of his Gargantuan proportions, seemed to captivate the imagination of the American public. No other fighter in history, with so little background to recommend him, has ever been known to cast such an hypnotic spell over the man in the street. While other heavyweights with far more impressive records were either out of work altogether or grabbing any sort of a match that came along in order to make a few dollars, Primo Carnera was drawing $500 a day to Stillman's gymnasium before he had even been signed for his first American contest.

* * *

WHEN the Colossus of the Canals walked from the gymnasium to his hotel he was followed by admiring throngs. Cameras clicked and the news reels whirred. Reporters jotted down everything he said and wrote columns describing Primo from the soles of his incredible shoes to the neat part in his polished hair. And daily the crowds that dogged the giant's footsteps increased and the public idolatry grew more intense.

Yet, not one man in this army of admirers knew whether Primo Carnera could actually fight. They did not know whether he could either give or take it in the ring.

Sketches of Carnera and his manager, Leon See, by Louis Berings, famous French cartoonist

The reaction to Primo's invasion of the United States must surely be recorded as a phenomenon in crowd psychology. The public interest in him was spontaneous and genuine and it showed no indication of receding after the Italian had demolished the pitiable Big Boy Peterson in less than a round in his first American appearance.

The instantaneous popularity that Primo Carnera enjoyed from the very moment he stepped on American soil cannot by any stretch of the imagination be attributed to his feats in

Physical Freak with the Hypnotic Spell

By
JACK LAWRENCE

the rings of Europe. His doubtful affairs with Young Stribling and the lethargic Franz Diener could not be pointed to with any consuming pride—even by Phil Scott. Primo lost to both men on fouls and in return engagements won from them the same way. There is nothing more impressive than that in the record of his European operations.

How, then, can one account for his amazing vogue in the United States?

The answer to that question must lie in his bodily measurements. The Venetian's physical makeup was extraordinary enough to make him a circus attraction in Europe before ever the golden gloves were laced on his hands.

Drawing by Hype Igoe

When the bell-hop brought in Carnera's 31 pound cane

This writer sought an explanation from no less an astute ringmaster than Leo P. Flynn and you can take his sage deductions for what they are worth:

"The present-day boxing public likes freak matches," said Leo. "Art Shires, the baseball player proved that. You don't suppose the fans paid to see Shires in the ring because he could fight, do you? They went to see him in droves because he was a ballplayer masquerading as a boxer.

"They go to see Carnera because of his size, which got plenty of ballyhoo before he ever came here. The public loves a freak. I'll match myself with Dumb Dan Morgan for a ten-round bout, put John Gilbert and Jim Tulley in the semi-final and Amos an' Andy in the first ten and I'll guarantee to pack Madison Square Garden at $10 tops."

* * *

HOWEVER that may be, the fact is that Primo Carnera, up to and including his bout with the venerable Chuck Wiggins in St. Louis, which drew $70,000, looked less and less like a freak in each succeeding appearance. The St. Louis contest marked the tenth for Primo in this country and when he lowered old Chuck's colors in the second heat it gave him a grand total of twenty-one rounds of actual fighting on American soil.

While it is true that Carnera's opponents here might be classified for the most part as a flock of lame ducks, his work against them has not been unimpressive. Only one of them, Ace Clark, was able to last two rounds against the Italian's tremendous punching power. Ace went down for the last time in the sixth round.

Boxing critics have been casting sarcastic jibes at Carnera and his two managers, Leon See and Bill Duffy, because Primo has not been hooked up with any of the top-notchers. The critics say:

"Let's find out whether this Carnera can really fight or not."

The truth is that neither Leon See nor Bill Duffy, when they collaborated in bringing Primo to this country, were sure that the big Venetian could fight. They wanted to try him out among the second and third raters before tossing him into the first line trenches. And in doing this they were only following an old and well established precedent.

It was the safe and sane thing to do and Messrs. See and Duffy found it immensely profitable. Next summer, with huge outdoor arenas available, they will be ready for the big shots.

If you are under the impression that Primo thinks by day and dreams by night of the glorious moment when he will mount the heavyweight throne you are entirely mistaken. You are wrong, too, if you think that he is reveling in the avalanche of gold that has engulfed him.

He once said to this writer that he was very glad to be making money because it made it possible for him to pursue his greatest ambition—which is to become a caricaturist.

* * *

WHEN Primo was in Paris preparing for his second meeting with Young Stribling he met Louis Gerard Berings, noted French cartoonist on the staff of *Le Matin*. Bering's sketches seemed to fascinate the big Italian and the two became fast friends. When Carnera finally had to return to England for another bout he begged Berings to accompany him and to instruct the fighter in the art of making black and white sketches. Berings consented and is now in America with the big Italian.

Primo Carnera comes naturally by his leaning to the arts. Following in the footsteps of his father and older brother, he studied to become a worker in mosaics and would probably have followed this art if his family had been better off financially and he had not been such an enormous eater. Primo literally ate himself out of house and home and discovered that mosaics would never pay his food bill.

Penniless and convinced that his tremendous bulk was a liability rather than an asset, the youthful Primo crossed the Italian frontier and started wandering through southern France. He was close to starvation when his marvelous physique came to his rescue. The manager of a small, meandering circus saw him tramping along the road one day and offered him a job as "The Strong Man". That was really the turning point in Primo Carnera's career. He lifted huge weights in the circus, doubled in brass and also posed as the heavyweight wrestling champion of Europe, taking on all comers.

Drawing by Hype Igoe

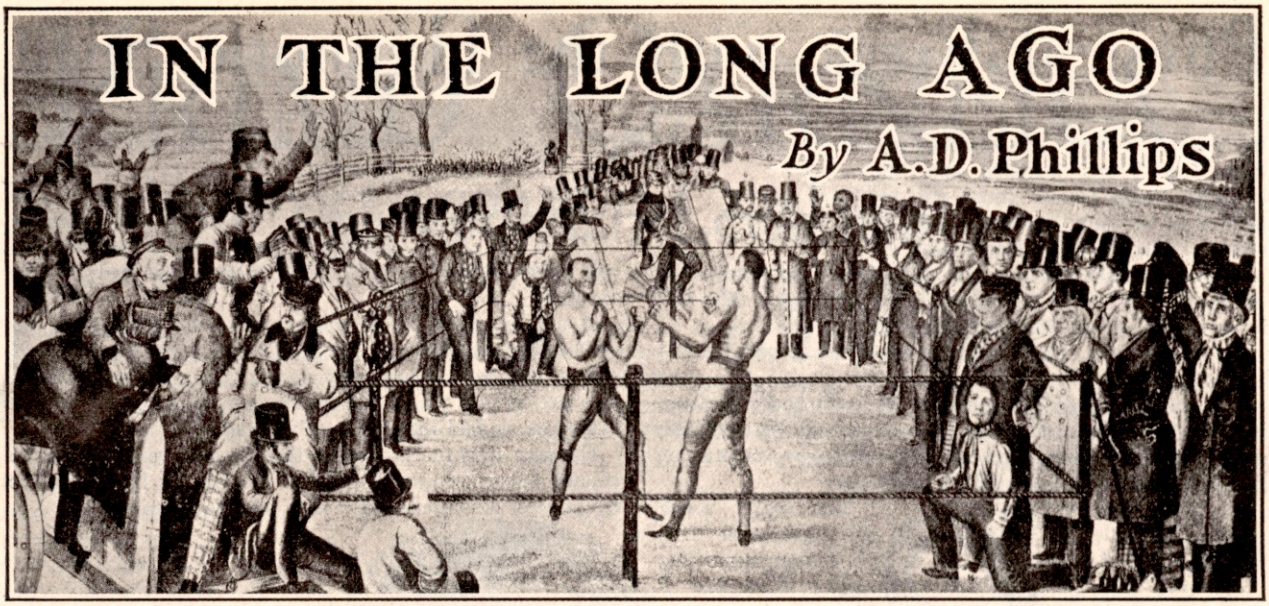
One of Primo's Brogans would house a bull-terrier

It was while he was trooping with this show that Primo was spotted by Paul Journee, former French heavyweight. Carnera's size and his remarkable speed caught Journee's practiced eye. He trailed that circus from town to town and talked boxing to the show's strong man. Meanwhile, Paul got in touch with Leon See and between them they induced Primo Carnera to try his luck in the prize ring.

When the Italian's European bouts indicated that he was really a great prospect, the American invasion was planned and Bill Duffy became a partner in the management of the fighter. It is Duffy who is in charge of the American tour.

IN THE LONG AGO

By A. D. Phillips



"A Fight with Fancy Trimming"

(From the Boston *Herald,* Jan. 15th, 1858)

ONE year ago, two parties, residents of Brookline, named James Lynch and John Humphries, had a lively quarrel respecting a woman, which resulted at the time in a rough and tumble fight in a bar-room in Brighton, in which Lynch, who was a practiced pugilist, got the better of it. The feud between the belligerants was kept up, and about a month ago, their friends respectively, got up a match for a stand-up fight between them for $100 a side, to come off in one week.

A meeting was had between Lynch and Humphries in Brookline about three weeks ago but the police of the town interfered and the match was postponed until last Wednesday. On that day another obstacle to their plans presented itself in the shape of a fierce snow-storm, and a further postponement took place, in deference to the clerk of the weather.

Last Sunday night, however, all things being propitious, a happy family of twenty-four persons, comprising the principal combatants, their friends and backers, bottle-holders and referee, left this city at 12:00 midnight, and drove to the place selected—a barn contiguous to a dwelling house, without any neighbors within half a mile, ten miles from town. The party was made up for the most part, of hard hitters from Boston, with a sprinkling of the "Fancy" from Brighton and Brookline.

After a rapid drive through the suburbs, the company pulled up at their place of destination and betook themselves to the hay-loft, where they reposed through the remainder of the night. At the first symptoms of daylight they arose eager for the fray and prepared for action.

The hay was pitched from the loft, and the floor was swept and garnished with sand and a ring was pitched for the arena of fearful combat. The gladiators were stripped and prepared for action.

Humphries weighed 150 pounds and Lynch 130 pounds. The backers of Lynch relied upon his superior science.

We will not describe the 19 rounds in detail. Humphries had the advantage throughout the fight from his superior strength and weight. Lynch displayed considerable science. He got in some hard blows for a lightweight but he failed to reach his antagonist, who was taller, heavier, and stronger.

At the end of each round, Lynch was thrown by Humphries upon the rough flooring of the loft, and, in the words of one of the spectators, "the floor licked him." As might have been expected, the punishment was nearly all on one side, Lynch suffering most of it, Humphries receiving but little damage.

On the nineteenth round, Lynch, finding his strength failing, and acting under bad advice from some of his friends, attempted apparently to bite off the nose of his antagonist. At this stage of the battle, Humphries floored Lynch amid cries of "foul," "foul," in reference to the biting. And the friends of the respective parties went in for a free fight, very rough, very irregular, and very miscellaneous in character.

The scene now displayed was very wild, and consequently very exciting. If some quiet citizen of the neighborhood when this affair was transpiring, could have perched in safety upon one of the beams overhead, and looked down upon the display of brute force, he would have been considerably astonished. Clubs and knives were used with great freedom, and in the melee, which lasted about twenty minutes, several persons were hurt.

Two men were stabbed and bled profusely. Several others were wounded with clubs and a large amount of fistic bruising was done. At length, the owner of the barn, and the adjacent house, shouted the cry of "Police!" The fearful word was echoed by some who were anxious to wind up the affray, and a general stampede from the barn followed. There were no police visible, but "the wicked flee when no man pursueth," and the gang soon dispersed in various directions, and returned to the city by any means of conveyance.

Some who were too badly marked to drive home without exciting suspicion, walked to the nearest railway station, and took the train to their homes. All got away without molestation, leaving nothing but some blood stains to mark the place of this fierce encounter. When the match will finally be decided remains to be seen.

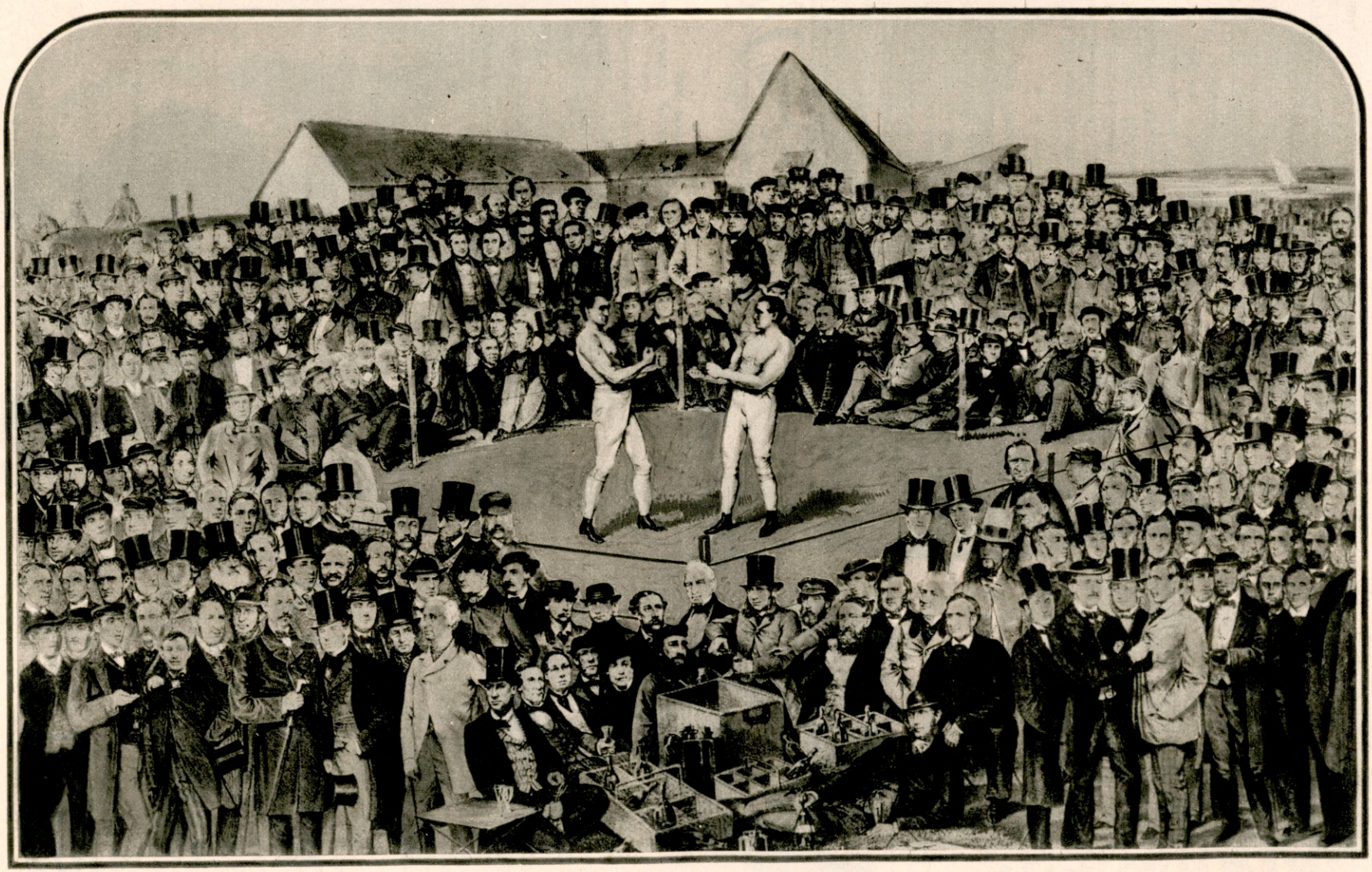
* * *

Depew's Opinion of "John L."

IN the Boston *Police News* of 1887 is found a most interesting item on Chauncey M. Depew, internationally famous statesman and orator. At a banquet given in honor of John L. Sullivan, the modern Socrates said:

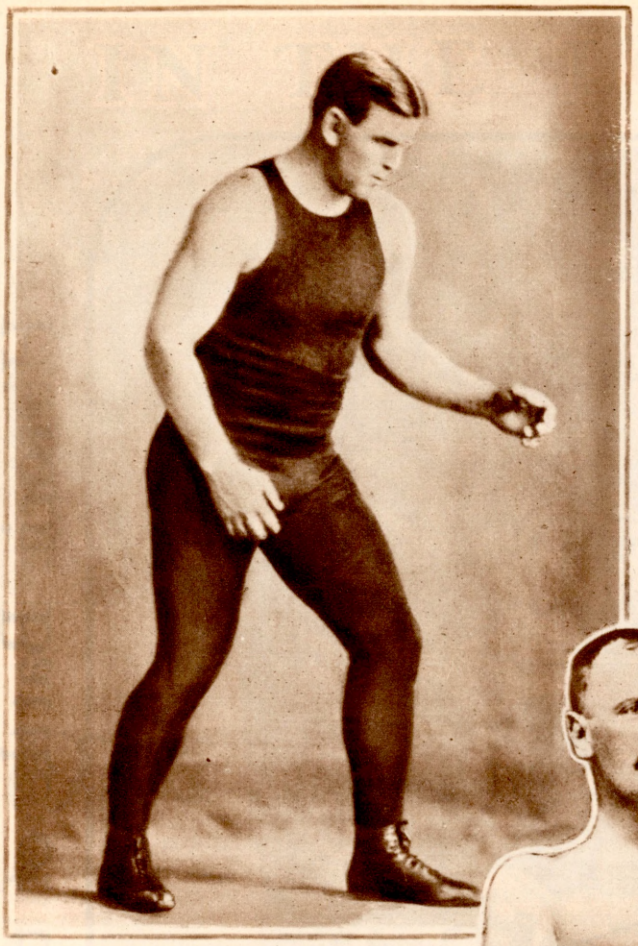
"A philosopher whom I always read with interest, because his abstractions sometimes approach the truth, wrote an article of some acumen many years ago in which he said that you could mark the march of civilization and rise of liberty and its decadence by the interest which nations took in pugilism. The nations of the earth which submit to the most grinding of despotism have no pugilists. The nations of Europe which have never risen in their boasted establishments to a full comprehension of Republicanism, have no pugilists. While Ireland and the Irish people, who can never be crushed, who have poetry, song and eloquence that belong to genius, have the most remarkable pugilists. England, which has a literature which is the only classic of to-day, which has an aristocracy and a form of government which is nearly democratic, has remarkable pugilists, and when you reach the scene of culture in America—Boston—you find the prince of pugilists—here in our own John L. Sullivan."

Historic Battle of the Bare-Knuckle Days

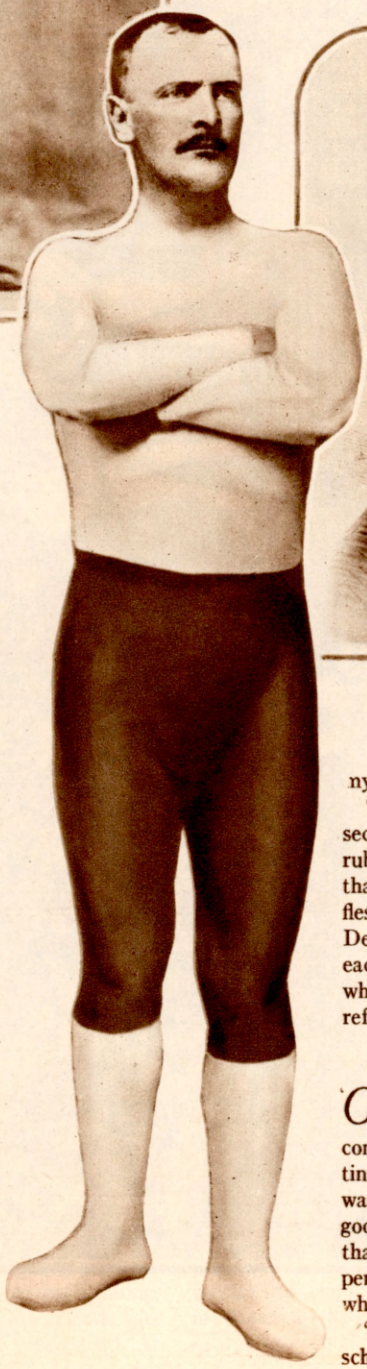


The contest between Jem Mace and Tom King at London Bridge, England, Jan. 28, 1862 for 1000 pounds side bet and a belt. Won by Mace in 43 rounds lasting one hour and 8 minutes

WRESTLERS *of the* PAST MASTERS *of* TRICKERY



Frank Gotch, great catch-as-catch-can wrestler



Above—Clarence A. Whistler. On left—William Muldoon

MUCH shuddering and quaking follow each of the modern wrestling matches, the details of the injuries to contestants causing great anguish among the tender hearted. When Schikat picks up an opponent and holds him above his head secondarily before dumping him on the ring floor, shrieks of apprehension are heard. Therefore it probably is just as well that the grappling fans of to-day did not witness the terrific battles between William Muldoon and Clarence Whistler which were staged in New York City in 1880, and in San Francisco in 1883.

* * *

WHISTLER was the most formidable opponent in Muldoon's career, and the bouts between them were thrilling and close. Dwelling on these contests Muldoon recently said:

"I am convinced Whistler could not have thrown me and I do not think I could have beaten him. He was a wonderful man, and very difficult to handle. In our bout in New York City we wrestled nine hours and 35 minutes without getting a fall. Whistler fought like a demon, and very early in the contest I felt confident he could not defeat me, and relinquished all hope of throwing him.

"In getting out of a neck lock I had fastened on him, Whistler partially tore off his left ear and the left side of his face was swollen to the size of a boxing glove. One of his fingers also was broken. I did not escape injury, for Whistler had used his head as a battering ram against my breast, until it was skinned and bleeding.

"But this was not all. One of Whistler's seconds resorted to a fiendish scheme. He rubbed ammonia on Whistler's head, and when that came into contact with my quivering flesh, the torture I endured can be imagined. Despite our condition, we doggedly stuck to each other until the middle of the tenth hour when both being too weak to continue, the referee called the bout a draw.

* * *

OUR next meeting was in San Francisco, in 1883, and although I really won the contest, through Whistler being unable to continue due to an injury, the referee declared it was a draw. I have always considered it rare good fortune that I escaped with my life on that occasion, as there was in attendance a desperate gang of toughs, led by a Ned Burns, who had bet their money on Whistler to win.

"I was warned previous to the bout that a scheme had been arranged whereby I would

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

be pushed off the platform among the toughs, who would cripple me. I won the first fall with a half-Nelson in six minutes. When we went on for the second fall I noticed Whistler was trying to crowd me to the spot where the gang was stationed. Finally we came to the ring floor and rolled off the platform right among the toughs. Hardly had we landed when I received a kick in the eye that closed the optic completely.

"I made no comment, knowing it would be useless, and went on with the bout. I finally got a body clutch on Whistler, lifted him high in the air and dashed him to the ring floor with all the force I could summon.

"He arose and in renewing the attack, fell against me, and I realized he was hurt. He clung to me, saying: 'Bill, I'm hurt.'

* * *

"HE finally released his hold and gave up the struggle. His left collar bone was broken, and his arm was hanging down to his knee. Whistler was advised to relinquish the match, but declared he would die in the ring first.

"I then stepped forward and said:

" 'Gentlemen, Mr. Whistler has been unfortunate enough to break his collar bone. I will take no advantage of a crippled man, although he is game enough to go on with the match. I admire his pluck and will say he is the best opponent I ever met.'

"I then offered Whistler $1,000 to relinquish the match, but he declined. The referee then spoke as follows:

" 'This has been a square contest. Each man has won a fall, and one of the contestants is unable to continue with safety to himself. Under the circumstances I will declare the match a draw.'

"As a matter of fact, the referee was all wrong, as in boxing or wrestling a contestant who received an injury from a fall or blow and is unable to continue, loses the decision, and I should have been declared the victor," wound up Muldoon.

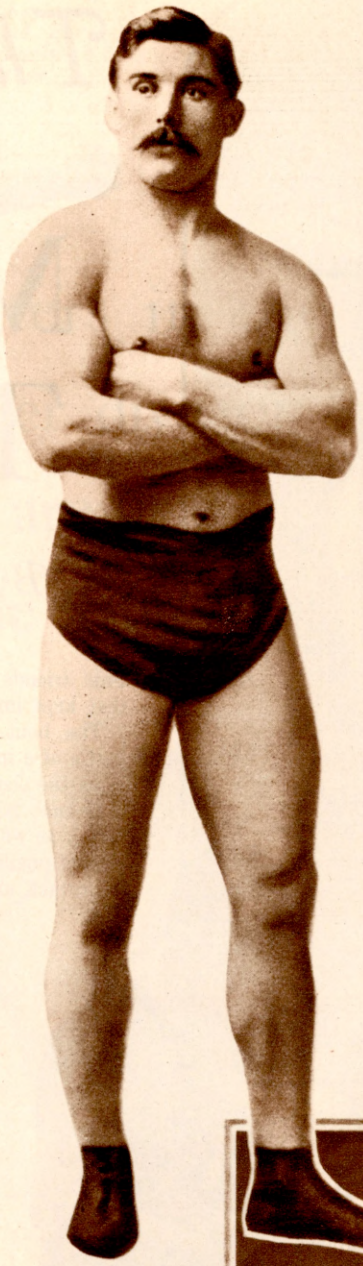
Muldoon and Whistler met for a third time in the West, and wrestled to a draw.

* * *

THE history of Frank Gotch, America's first catch-as-catch-can champion, also bristles with interesting incidents. Perhaps his series of contests with Tom Jenkins furnishes more than ordinary interest. Gotch, who stood 5 feet 11 1/2 inches and weighed 210 pounds, was unquestionably one of the best catch-as-catch-can men in that line of sport.

After winning a number of matches from various contestants, Gotch was matched with Tom Jenkins and the bout was staged in Cleveland on February 22, 1903. Jenkins won and was regarded as a great wrestler. On January 28, 1904, Jenkins and Gotch were rematched, the bout taking place in Bellingham.

Gotch turned the tables on Jenkins and defeated him decisively. Jenkins was dissatisfied and demanded another match which took place in Cleveland, February 1, 1905, Gotch again winning. Then on May 19, 1905, Gotch and Jenkins met in Madison Square Garden, New York City, and Jenkins won, but not on his merits as a wrestler. He won with the strangle hold, Gotch being so weakened by the clutch around his throat that he was unable to continue. The late Tim Hurst was the referee, and in response to the gurgling complaints of Gotch, Hurst felt Jenkins' arm, and seeing nothing wrong, permitted Tom to choke Gotch into submission. It may have been possible that the fact of Tim Hurst and Jenkins' manager being business partners had some bearing on the use of the dangerous hold, although there is no direct evidence in support of the contention.



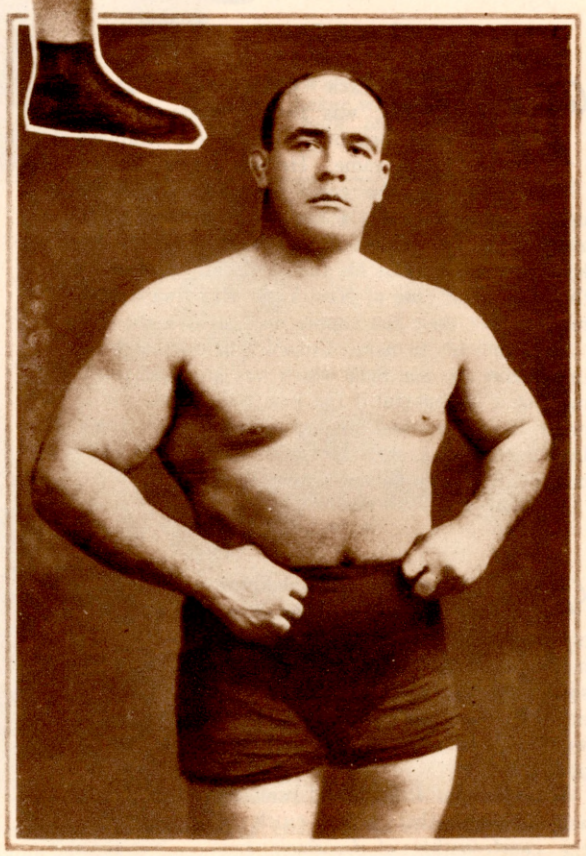
* * *

HOWEVER, the pair met again May 23, 1906, in Kansas City, and as the strangle hold was strictly barred, Gotch won the match. The same was true of the final match between the pair on June 14, 1909, in Des Moines, Gotch winning easily.

Gotch was not entirely free of the charge of trickery, when he defeated Stanislaus Zbyszko at Chicago, on June 1, 1910, indicates. The big Polander was then at his best and very dangerous, so Gotch decided on a bit of strategy. When the men came to the center, Zibby stuck out his hand for the customary shake. Gotch took the proffered hand but not for a friendly clasp. Instead, he clutched Zibby's paw and pulled him violently forward, where, obtaining a body hold he dashed the big man to the floor and gained the first fall in 6 1/4 seconds.

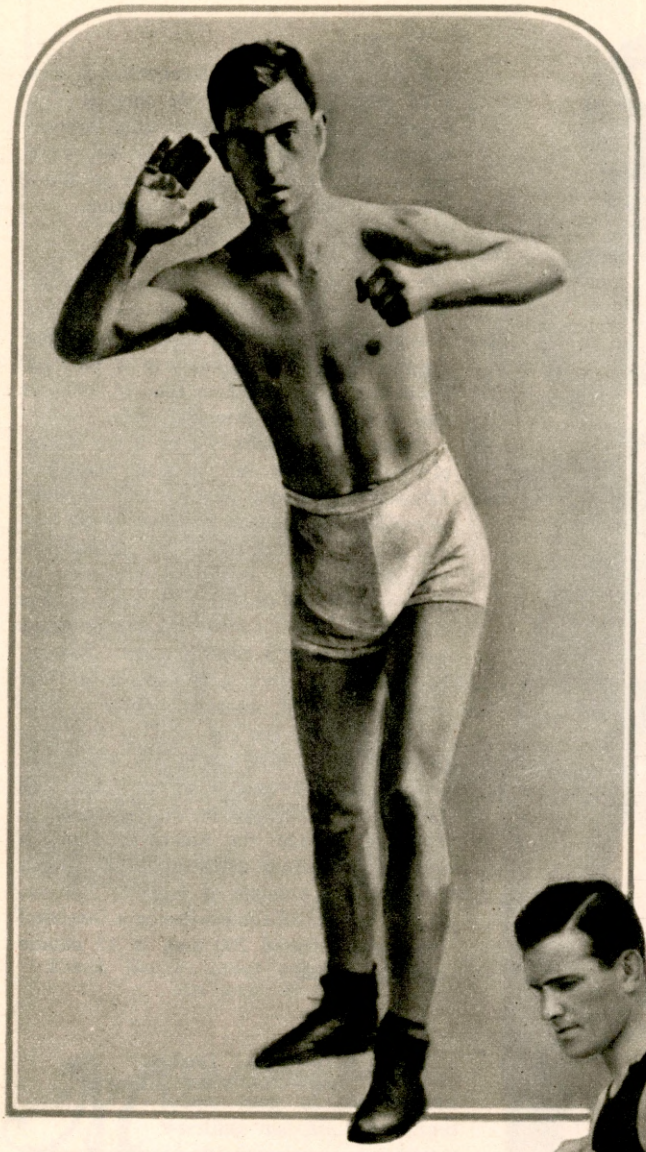
Gotch's most notable victory was that over Georges Hackenschmidt, September 4, 1911, in Chicago, the American champion winning two falls in quick succession. Gotch emulated the example of John L. Sullivan, in that he met all comers during a theatrical tour, and defeated 200 men in 15 minute handicap bouts.

Left—Tom Jenkins. Below—Stanislaus Zbyszko



The FIGHT *of a* MILLION THRILLS

By EDDIE BORDEN



Leach Cross

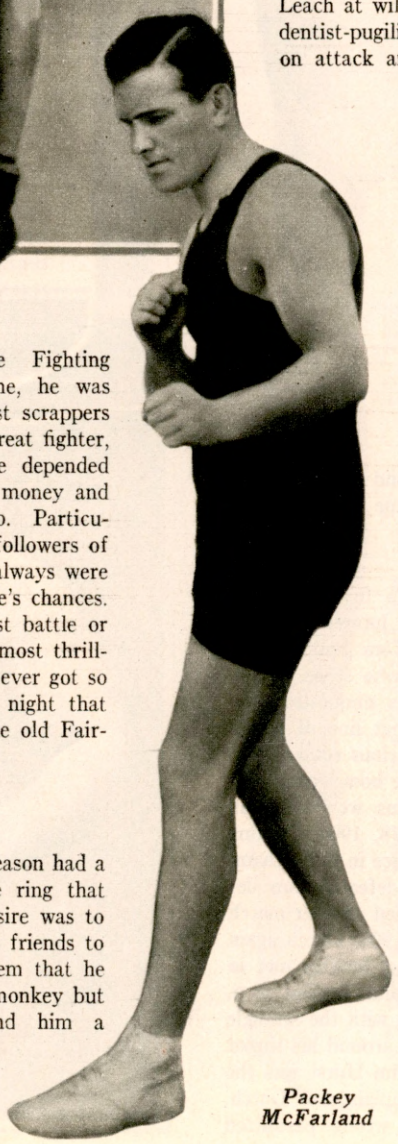
WHEN Leach Cross, the Fighting Dentist, was in his prime, he was rated one of the shrewdest scrappers in the game. He was a great fighter, one who could always be depended upon to give the folks a run for their money and also to give his supporters a heart throb. Particularly was this true of his thousands of followers of the lower East Side of New York who always were ready to bet their last copper on Leachie's chances.

It is difficult to name Cross's toughest battle or to describe the one fight which was his most thrilling, but it is doubtful if the East Siders ever got so many heartaches and headaches as the night that Leachie fought Packey McFarland at the old Fairmont A. C., Billy Gibson's fight barn.

* * *

PACKEY, who for some unknown reason had a dislike for Cross, came into the ring that night with fire in his eyes. His one desire was to make Leachie suffer. He had tipped his friends to sink their bankrolls on him and told them that he not only would make Cross look like a monkey but would let him last the limit and hand him a pummeling.

Exactly what Packey had promised was delivered that night, much to the consternation of Leachie's East Side friends and to the amusement of the Irish element that kept imploring McFarland to "knock the Jew dead."



Packey McFarland

The bout may well go down in ring history as "the battle of a million thrills." Packey worked like a whirlwind from the clang of the gong that sent them on the way until the final bell rang. He jabbed, hooked and uppercut Leach at will in the first two rounds and scarcely gave the dentist-pugilist a chance to get set. Packey was a demon on attack and a marvel at defense, and poor Leach was made to look like a sucker.

In the third round Leach was clipped with a short right hander that sent him to the floor. His eyes were bloodshot but he rose at the count of seven, eyes rolling, mouth open and feet unsteady. He tried to stall into a clinch, but Packey was too much in earnest that night for any monkey-shines.

* * *

HE was determined to give Leach a licking and sidestepped. At the same time he hooked up another right that caught Leach on the point of the chin and down he went again. It was a stiff jolt, but again Leachie's stamina came to his aid, and he wabbled to his feet. Just as Packey came in close to finish him, Leach almost threw himself at the astonished Stockyards king and grasping him around the body, held on until the round ended.

Through it all Leachie's backers were howling and shrieking for their man to stay on his feet.

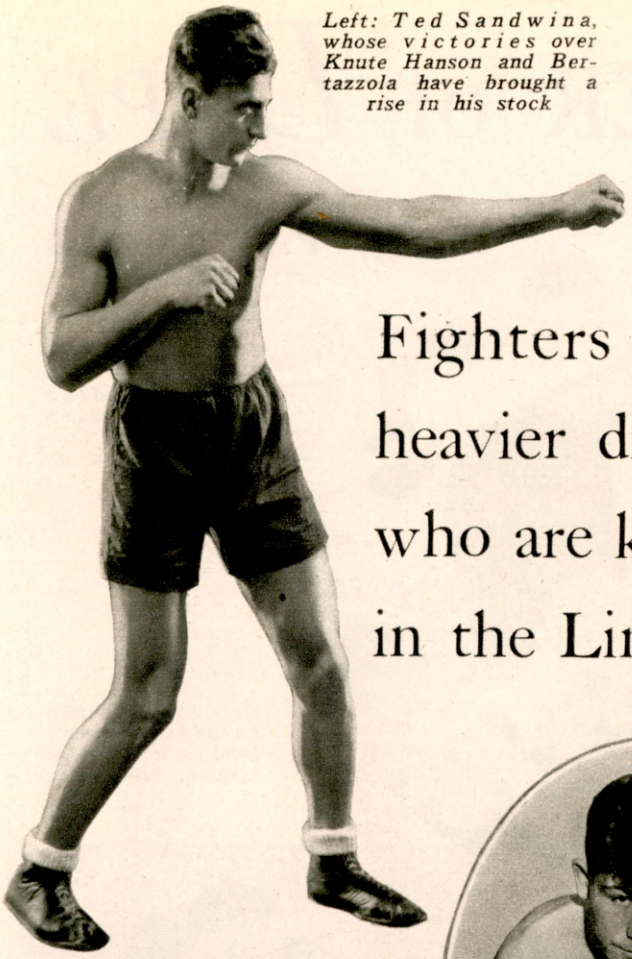
A ton of money was wagered on that fight, especially on Leach being on his feet at the end of the encounter.

There was more of a turmoil in that battle than ordinarily is witnessed in ten other contests.

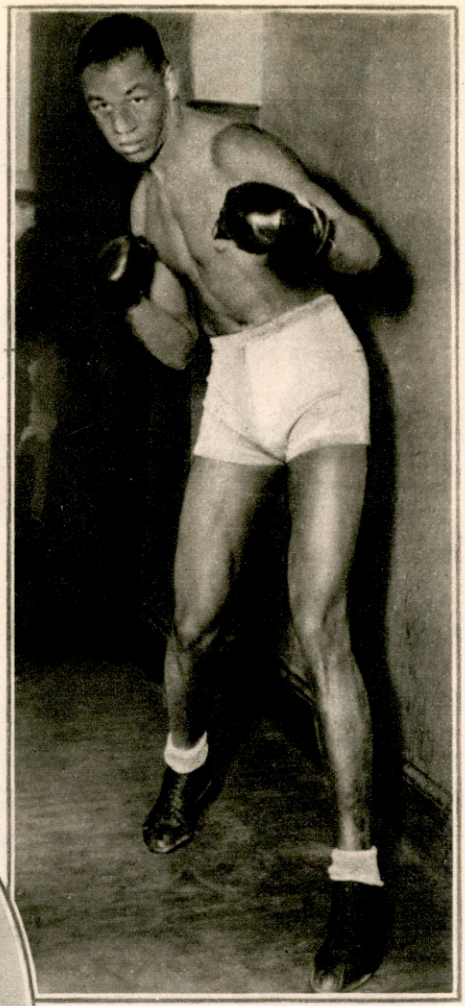
Throughout the remainder of the mill, Leach received a boxing lesson and a shellacking, but with his usual gameness, he stuck through it all, saved his backers from disaster and went the limit in a bout that was Packey's from start to finish.

Those were the days of real fights! No stalling! No waltzing. It was fight, fight, all the way!

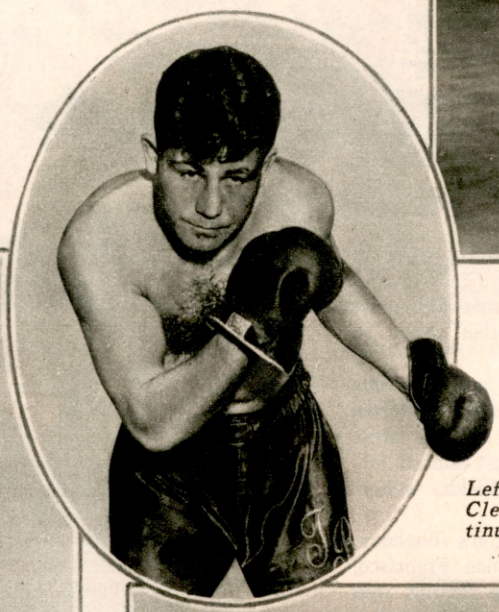
Fighters in the heavier divisions who are keeping in the Limelight



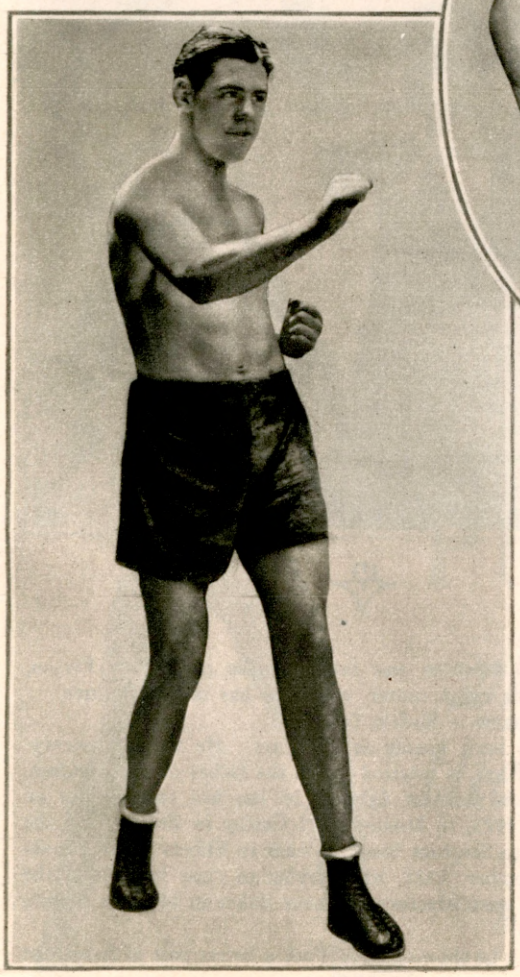
Left: Ted Sandwina, whose victories over Knute Hanson and Bertazzola have brought a rise in his stock



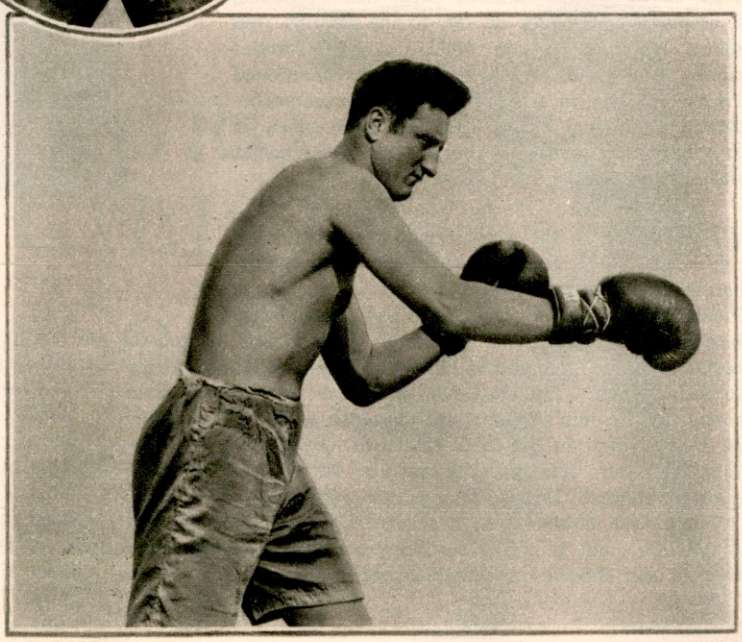
Above: Larry Johnson, Chicago negro who carries the kick of a mule in his paws



Left: Johnny Risko, Cleveland baker who continues to hold his own among the heavies



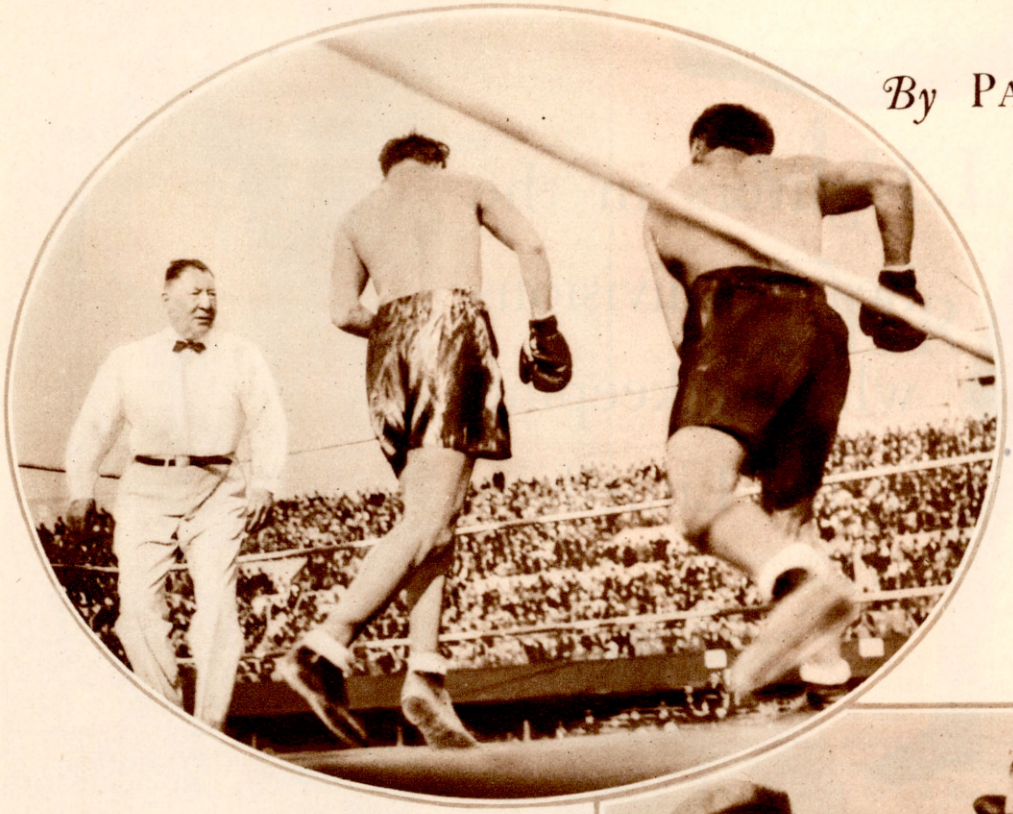
Jimmy Slattery, recognized as light heavyweight champion by N. Y. Boxing Board



Victorio Campolo, South American champ who is developing into a formidable heavy under Jimmy Hennessey's tutelage

An UPSETTER of DOPE

By PAT FRAYNE



Corbett sending Fields back with left to head. Corbett is shown on right.

Referee Jim Griffin raising Corbett's hand while Fields raises his own.

RING history repeats itself, but not always with the same name.

But it has with the name of Young Corbett—the name that seems to conjure upsets.

Ring history will show that there are three important Young Corbetts who have hied themselves into limelight by upsetting the dope, and the latest of these, Young Corbett III, has thrust himself forword with a victory over Jackie Fields, welterweight champion.

Young Corbett III on Washington's birthday, 1930, in Recreation baseball park, San Francisco, a despised short-ender on two-to-one betting, won six of ten rounds from Fields to startle welter circles. The Fields he beat was the best conditioned Fields ever seen in a San Francisco gymnasium before a fight—and Fields has been seen often in San Francisco gyms, for he got his welterweight start in the city by the Golden Gate.

* * *

THE hitch to the welterweight champion, however, was the reason he had steered clear of Corbett for nearly two years—that Corbett is a southpaw. Fields couldn't solve the style and was clearly beaten by the forkhander he faced. Corbett took his rounds early while Fields appeared bewildered and entirely at a loss to fathom him. The champion made one spurt in the sixth round that he didn't repeat until the ninth again. He swarmed all over Corbett in the tenth that nearly swept the southpaw from his feet. But his rally was too late and an old campaigner, Referee Jim Griffin, quickly raised Corbett's hand.

Fields' last effort was to raise his own hand alongside that of Corbett's but Griffin is too wary a ring fox to be caught by that and shoved the champion's mitt down.

* * *

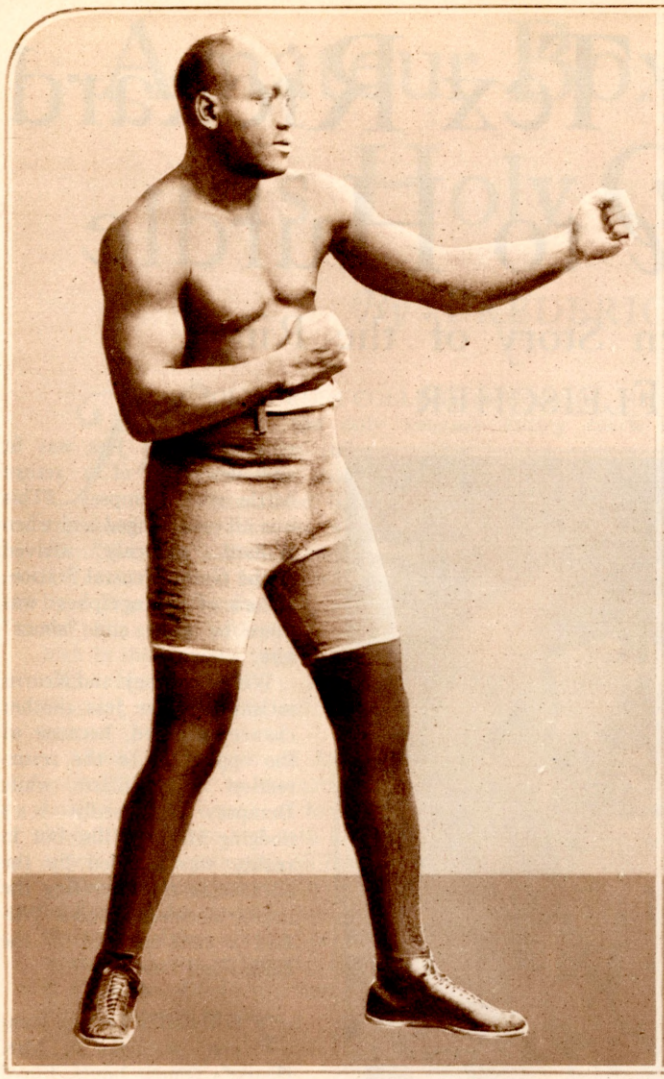
YOUNG CORBETT III is a native of Naples, Italy. At the age of three, he was brought to Pittsburgh, Pa., and a few years later, he was taken by his parents to Fresno, California, the raisin center, where he has remained since.

His legal name is Raffelo Giordano.

Fields has been boxing seven years. He is only twenty-four years of age, is married and is the father of two children. In his last six years of fighting, he has lost twice—once on January 10, 1925, to Dominick McCarthy in Fresno, and the second time to Sergeant Sammy Baker in Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, in September, 1928, while trying to clear himself of the stigma of an unsatisfactory win over Baker in Madison Square Garden.

But he may be showing New York a better pair of hands the next time he appears there.

Fields is living true to the tradition (*Continued on page 47*)



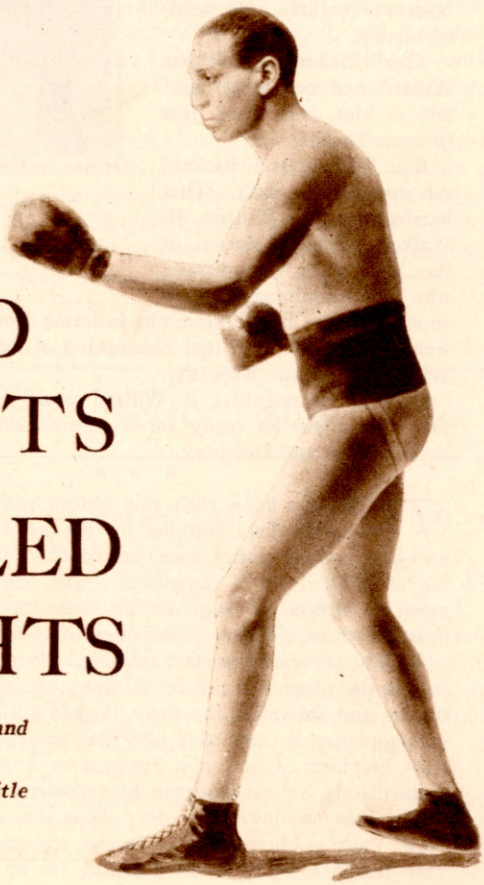
Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion

Joe Walcott, welterweight king

NEGRO PUGILISTS *who* SCALED *the* HEIGHTS

Left—George Dixon, bantam and featherweight champion

Right—Joe Gans, lightweight title holder



One Obstacle Tex Rickard Was *Unable* to Hurdle

A Hitherto Unwritten Story of the Ring

By NAT FLEISCHER

WHY wasn't Jess Willard permitted to fight Luis Firpo in New York? Why was the former champion's battle with the Bull of the Pampas taken over to New Jersey?

Here's one of the hitherto unwritten stories of the ring which now may be divulged, and it makes one of the most interesting tales in the history of modern boxing.

In 1923 Willard, who had quit after a terrific pummeling he got from Jack Dempsey at Toledo, announced that he was ready to return to the game.

Boxing did not need Willard at that time. It was moving along at its greatest momentum. But Willard happened to need boxing. He had gone into unprofitable business ventures. He needed money.

"Tex" Rickard figured that Willard had one more fight left in him, and urged Jess to come back.

But Willard and Rickard ran up against a snag. That barrier was Dr. William H. Walker, official physician of the New York Commission, who on examining Willard found that the big Kansan was suffering from fatty degeneration of the heart, and that resumption of fighting would place Willard in serious jeopardy.

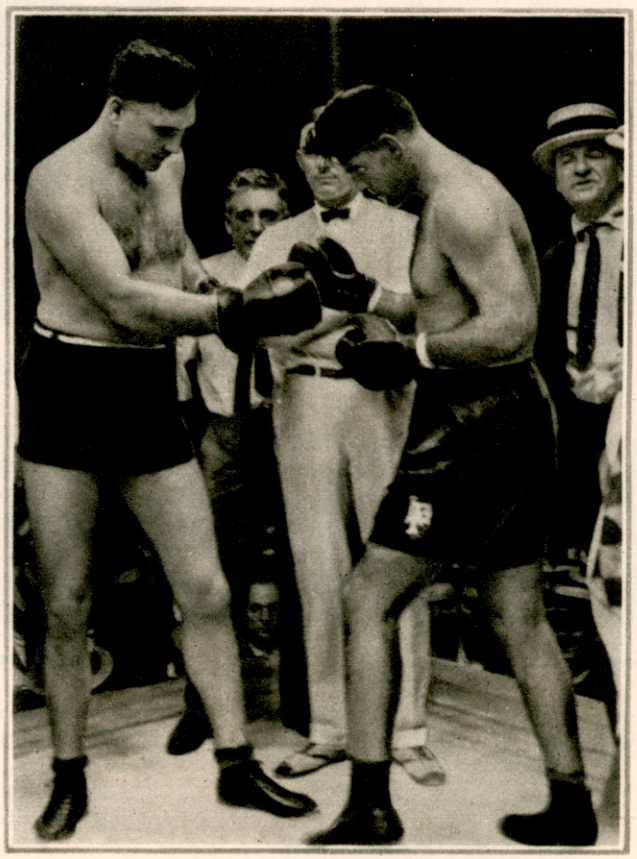
Rickard figured that if Willard could beat some second rater he would be ready for a return battle in New York between Jess and Dempsey.

* * *

THOSE who know their ring history will recollect how the wires were kept burning by Rickard's ballyhoo brigade and how several stories were flashed East of the secret training of Willard for a come-back. Tex had sent an advance agent to Kansas to map out his plans to Willard and hand Jess an advance fee as a guarantee of good faith.

Willard consented to start training. By degrees, exactly following the plans laid out by Rickard, the greatest of all promoters and showmen, the story "leaked out" that Willard was contemplating a come-back and that several men, chancing to pass his farm, found him engaged in a strenuous workout. Immediately he was besieged by reporters.

The East swallowed the story, hook, line and sinker. Tex's New York publicity bureau issued statements to the effect that Jess had wired Rickard asking for an interview to convince him that Jess was fit and deserving of a return battle with Dempsey. This was all prearranged and when Willard "suddenly" arrived at the Grand Central Station, a flock of photographers was there to greet and "shoot" him.



Firpo and Willard before their battle at Boyles' Thirty Acres

With Dempsey and Kearns satisfied to give Jess another chance, Rickard, because of the opposition to the resurrection of Willard while Dempsey supposedly was dodging Harry Wills, but in reality was stopped by the authorities from meeting the negro, decided to give Willard a tune-up fight in the Milk Fund bouts.

* * *

THROUGH Damon Runyon, promoter of Mrs. Hearst's benefit bouts, Floyd Johnson was selected as Willard's opponent and then it was agreed upon by Rickard that if Jess overcame that obstacle, he would be given a shot at Luis Firpo, and a victory over Firpo would bring him a return battle with Dempsey.

And after this long digression from our original yarn, we now come to the hidden story.

The place was up at Yonkers at Jack Skelly's. The time—one week before the Yankee Stadium bout.

Dr. Walker, head of the New York State Boxing Commission's physicians, appeared on the scene for an official examination of the giant who had been idle for more than four years and who had grown fat. A thorough examination proved to him that Willard could not get into condition. He was flabby. He had a large and irregular heart and the doctor so reported to the Boxing Board.

Immediately there was a furore. Rickard began to pull the political strings in an effort to hurdle Dr. Walker's report. The Milk Fund officials likewise pleaded for the sanction of the Johnson-Willard contest. The Commission, in order to protect the interests of itself and the sport, again sent Dr. Baldwin with Dr. Walker to Yonkers and there they met another physician selected by the opposition, to give Jess another test.

Again the Boxing Commission's physicians reported Willard as unfit and declared it would be dangerous for him to engage in an important fight. However, when the Board was convinced by Rickard that Johnson was only a third rater who had suffered many defeats, the bout went on as per schedule, this despite the fact that the records (*Continued on page 72*)

Amateur Boxing Champion Is Holy Cross Coach

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE of Worcester, Mass., boasts the only amateur boxing coach in American colleges. This leading eastern institution, long active in all branches of sport, has added boxing to its curriculum and has appointed as instructor the New England amateur heavyweight champion, Joe Lillich, a sophomore.

Years ago when boxing was looked upon as degrading sport by college professors, and those who participated in it found the path strewn with thorns, Eddie Eagan, a Yale student rose high in the amateur fields and carried off a National championship. He then went a step further. He competed in the Olympic tryouts, beat all his rivals and made the Olympic team.

Abroad, he carried off International honors and with that caused a change in the attitude of the opponents of college boxing to the extent of having himself named coach of the Yale boxing team and with it the distinction of being the first simon pure to gain such an honor.

The following year he received the Rhodes scholarship and in England he repeated his American triumphs. Later, upon his return from abroad, he became Gene Tunney's pal and when Gene was in training for his fights with Jack Dempsey, it was Eddie Eagan who furnished Tunney with many a thrilling workout in private.

Winning a championship is the aim of every amateur, but gaining that goal and with it the added prestige that goes with college coaching, is an honor that falls to the lot of but few simon pures. That is why Joe Lillich is one of the happiest and proudest boys on the Holy Cross campus.

A young, clean, fine chap and a regular fellow, who is about to leave his 'teens, he participates in boxing because he enjoys the benefits that he derives from it as a sport. A stellar all-around athlete, a swimmer of national repute, he is a keen student of everything he undertakes. In boxing, his favorite pastime, he has taken Gene Tunney and Tommy Loughran as his models.

In Tunney, he sees a man who embodies everything that is good in the field of sport. In Loughran, he sees a cool-headed smart ring general, a clean-cut fellow who typifies the best in boxing.

JOE, at the age of twelve, received his first instruction in the rudiments of the manly art of self defense from Richard Cummings, a cook at Roycrofters Inn. Cummings, who received his experience from Father Sweeney, a chaplain in the army, took Joe, who was his kitchen helper, in hand and soon found him an apt pupil. Sometimes they would don the gloves and sometimes they would box without them.

Joe learned rapidly and soon Cummings' protege was ready for his debut in the amateur ring. This came when he entered the preliminaries for a district title at Buffalo, but failed because of his youth and inexperience. Joe campaigned as a flyweight for about ten tilts at which time the officials got wind of his extreme youth and barred him from the ring for several years.

He developed rapidly, and then won over a hundred bouts before matriculating at Holy Cross. It was from here that he entered the amateur tourney at the Boston Arena early in 1929 and became New England heavyweight champion by virtue of his defeating Douglas McKinnon in the final of this tournament which was an elimination contest for the National title.

He advanced until he fought a bout with Clarence Doyle of California. After handing Doyle a severe drubbing for three rounds, Lillich found that the verdict was against him. It was this poor decision which caused a controversy between intercollegiate officials and the A. A. U. that threatened a break in relations.

It was soon after this that Lillich organized several of his classmates at Holy Cross into a boxing team and so apt were his pupils that Head Coach Cleo O'Donnell, who is largely responsible for the school's high standing in the athletic world, decided to add boxing to Holy Cross sports and appointed Lillich as the instructor.

An inter-class tournament has been arranged in order to create competition and to boil down the large number of prospects so that he may be able to concentrate his efforts on a squad for the intercollegiate championships. Lillich, amateur champion, is striving to be worthy of honor bestowed upon him by Holy Cross and, from present indications, he will make good. He is a capable mentor.

His Lordship Soon Learned Who the Better Man Was

LORD DRUMLANRIG, father of the late Marquis of Queensberry, was one of the most enthusiastic and liberal patrons the P. R. has ever had. He was himself a very powerful man and a formidable boxer. Nothing delighted him more than to indulge in an impromptu scrap, or an opportunity of displaying his athletic prowess. There was a certain Scottish farmer on the neighboring estate to Lord Drumlanrig's who had a great reputation as a wrestler and a fighter, and whose strength was said to be herculean.

"Drummy" (as his friends called him) was determined to test the powers of this athletic neighbor and so set off on horseback with that object in view. The farmer was working in an enclosure when the noble lord made his appearance. His lordship entered the enclosure, tied his horse to a tree, and thus addressed the farmer:

"My friend, I have heard a good deal of talk about you and I have come to see which of us is the better man."

Sandy, without a word of reply, simply seized Lord Drumlanrig by the middle of his body, pitched him clear over the hedge, and then resumed his work as though nothing had happened. When his lordship got on his feet, however, the farmer looked up and said: "Well, hae ye onything mair to say to me?"

"No," replied his lordship, "but perhaps you'll be so good as to throw me my horse!"

The PULLED PUNCH

By EDWIN A. GOEWEY

"COME on, 'Dynamite', snap out of it. You look about as cheerful as a guy with his meal ticket punched full of holes."

The man addressed, sitting slumped before the single window of their shabby hotel bedroom, frowned at his manager with, "Let me alone. If I want to look like a funeral director, that's my business."

Con Hawley, who had been through nearly thirty years of handling all grades of temperamental followers of the cauliflower industry, put down the small stack of bills he had been counting. "It may be your business," he snarled, "but I'm getting tired of the grouch you've been nursing for a week. Are you sick—or what?"

"Yes, I'm sick," bit off the other. "Sick and tired of knocking over set-ups night after night; raw kids and overweight dubs with no more science than dish washers. Why don't you pick out a decent fighter for me to tackle once in a while?"

"Yeah, and have one of them knock you cuckoo and spoil our graft." The fight manager seemed to be sneering.

"Not a chance. Wasn't I the welter champ once?"

"Correct," and Hawley's mouth twisted into a mirthless grin. "Once is okey—twelve years ago. But since then you've slipped plenty. You mustn't forget, brighteyes, that you're thirty-three and have been collecting wallops for fifteen years.

"You needn't rub it in," and the battler's brows corrugated into angry ridges. "And I'm your meal ticket, ain't I, same as I was when I was champ?"

* * *

HAWLEY bit viciously into the unlighted cigar beneath his grizzled mustache. Then, "My meal ticket, eh? Now you listen to me, James Magee, alias Dynamite. Considerin' what I'm doing for you, you're about as grateful as a Ritz waiter for a dime tip. When I ran into you in Frisco, after I'd dropped all my roll except the rubber band and less than a handful of dollars, what were you doing?"

"I was eating, wasn't I?"

"Occasionally—perhaps. Why you were so down and licked that a ham sandwich and a mug of Java looked like a banquet to you. You couldn't even get on in a prelim anymore and were glad to get an occasional handout for hanging around the gyms and telling the tired business men in training how to move around a ring without falling down."

"Well, that was better than going out with a gat wasn't——"

"Shut up and listen. Didn't you nearly bust out crying when you begged me to take you back to N'York with me?"

"Maybe." The veteran fighter's lids dropped and he swallowed hard.

"And did you make any squawk when I framed this scheme to take us both back home by way of the mail order belt and pick up some easy money for showing a lot of shine boxers a quick cure for insomnia?"

* * *

DYNAMITE stood up and plunged his hands deep into his pockets. "Aw, you can't understand. I'm tired of being played up as a one-time champ and then being sent against some poor kid and pounding him silly. Do you suppose I'd ever gotten to the top if some foxy old timer who knew all the ropes had beaten me helpless just as I was getting started in the game?

"Nix, wait a minute. Take that youngster I lammed in Muscatine night 'fore last. I'll bet he wasn't more'n seventeen. I was for letting him stay the ten rounds just to encourage him, but keeping enough points ahead to get the decision. But no, you said we had to catch a certain train. And to do that I had to put him out with my second punch."

"Well," and Con laughed, "that showed you're still there with the old——"

"It was rotten, I tell you."

"What do you intend to do—quit or throw me down and let some mutt trim you?"

"I never threw you down and I'm not going to now. But—well the bell hop who was up here while you were collecting the guarantee said this 'Young Wildcat' I'm to fight tonight is another ambitious kid. He's the local champ and has been promised a chance to go on at the biggest club in Chicago if he stays it out with me."

"And you're going to let him?"

"Oh, hell——"

"Just a second," interrupted the manager, "and get me straight. The only chance to keep this racket going is for you to clean up all comers. Why we're already two-thirds of the way home and each of us keeps putting more yellow notes around our rolls every week. I never was strong for charity. And we'd be suckers to—— Say, look at this. Three hundred smackers as a guarantee. And the way the local fish are buying tickets to cheer for their favorite we are certain to pocket a half a grand more. Your job is to leave the sentimental stuff to the movies and turn this Wildcat into a polecat—or somethin'."

"All right, you win. But—after one more walk down Broadway when the lights are on, I'm going to take my roll, buy a chicken farm out on Long Island and stay there. And the first bozo who talks fight to me after that, I'll make a candidate for a wooden kimono. Now I'm going for a long walk into the country—where I can't even hear anything about tonight. And don't get jumpy if I don't show up until nearly ring time." Snatching up his cap and pulling it down to his ears, Dynamite Magee left the room.

* * *

THE preliminary bouts were over. And most of the spectators—the greatest crowd that ever had assembled in Whitehall to witness a boxing program—were silent, apparently having shrieked themselves tired for the moment. Or else they were recouping their vocal energies preparatory to giving their hero, Young Wildcat, a suitable welcome.

Dynamite Magee, in a shoddy bathrobe, was the first to appear up the runway from the cellar dressing rooms and crawl through the ropes, followed by Hawley and one Carter, a local sports enthusiast, who had volunteered to help handle the veteran during the bout. The latter was given a perfunctory round of applause, to which he responded with a nod, then dropped upon his stool. Next, with but half interest, he looked out over the crowded house, while his manager massaged his gloves and Carter arranged the pail and towels.

But Dynamite was soon brought back to the business of the moment by a series of splitting yells. And, glancing across the ring, he saw his antagonist for the first time—a good looking, clean limbed youth of perhaps eighteen, who waved at his friends as his seconds assisted him to his corner.

However, something besides the set-up of his intended victim immediately claimed the attention of Dynamite. For above the thunder of applause he caught cries of, "Oh, you Terry," "We're with you Clancey" and "Show him the kind of fighters they turn out in Rockport."

His lids drooped to narrowed slits and again he gazed across the ring at the Wildcat, studying him carefully with questioning eyes. Then, noting Hawley leaning over the ropes shaking hands with some one, he beckoned Carter close.

"Does that kid come from Rockport?"

"Yep."

"What is his father's name?"

"It was Aloysius. He kept the general store down there. Died about a year ago and Terry came here and got a job in the iron works. You better watch out, for he's as tough as rawhide and a swell boxer."

Five minutes later the preliminaries had been completed, the gong clanged and the battlers were at it in the center of the ring. Dynamite spent the first round in feeling out the other and found him willing and a hard hitter, but with little defense. He knew he could finish the boy any time he chose.

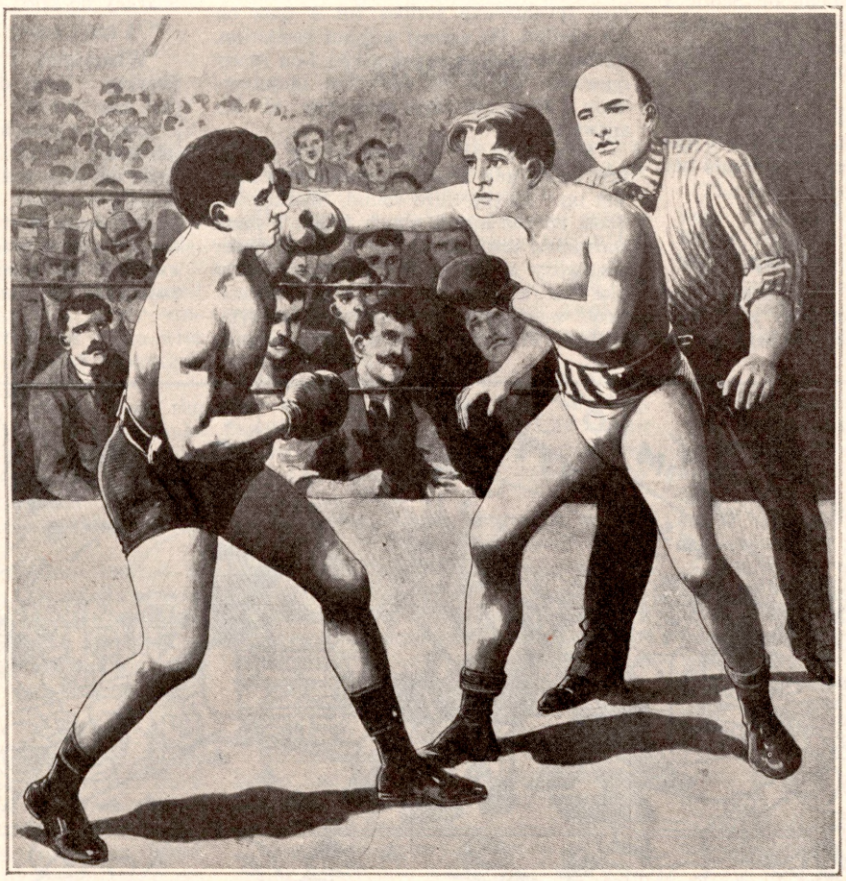
"Just pie, eh?" leered Hawley, as Dynamite returned to his corner.

"Don't know yet; he's strong and game."

* * *

IN the three rounds which followed, Dynamite put up the sorriest fight of his career. Time after time the Wildcat left himself wide open, but Magee either missed or the punches he landed lacked steam. And despite the fact that his manager swore at and abused him, accused him of lying down, he became worse.

The fifth started with a rush. Clancey, encouraged by the cheers of his friends, tore into the old champ. But most of his swings were wild and missed. It was within a half minute of the round's close when the unexpected happened—at least as far as Hawley was concerned. The Wildcat lost his head and left himself wide open. But, to the amazement of the onlookers, Magee's right swing missed its mark and only grazed his opponent's ear. And to cap that he stumbled, fairly fell into a vicious uppercut which Wildcat brought up from his hip.



Magee's right swing missed its mark and only grazed his opponent's ear

Down went Dynamite on all fours. He wasn't more than jarred, but he closed his eyes and acted; faked as he had seen others do, many times. "Eight," counted the referee. Magee pulled himself weakly to his knees. "Nine." He tried to regain his feet, then pitched forward on his face. "Ten." It was all over and the Wildcat had won.

Hawley and Carter dragged the veteran to his corner. The manager hadn't been fooled for a second. But he was too clever to show his hand. He placed the old bathrobe about Dynamite's shoulders, led him over to shake hands with the victor, then assisted him down the runway. But once in the dressing room he could restrain his fury no longer.

"You four-flushing mutt," he roared. "You lied and double crossed me. You didn't have to do that to bust up our partnership. I'm through with you. After we leave here you can go to N'York or the devil for all I care."

The next instant he found himself backed against the wall and held helpless, Dynamite's crimson face close to his own. "You say another word before we get to the hotel and I'll put you in the hospital," snarled Magee.

"Suits me," answered Hawley, releasing himself from the boxer's loosened grip. "But you go to the hotel alone. I'll collect what's coming to us and see you there."

* * *

A HALF hour later Dynamite entered the room where Hawley had just separated some bills into two piles and closed the door. "There's your share," said the manager hoarsely. "Good-by. I'm catching the midnight train."

Magee crossed to the table, put the bills together and held them toward the manager. "This is all yours, Con. I threw the bout tonight and won't cut in."

"Threw the bout, eh?" and Hawley's tone was agate hard. "I'd never suspected if you hadn't told me. Why that fake was so raw that if the gang hadn't wanted their boy to win any old way we'd have been lynched by now. Every tank town in the country will know you were licked by a ham."

"We've got three more scraps booked for this week. I'll win 'em all in the first rounds if I have to break my hands doing it. That will make people forget all about this mess. I just had to lose tonight."

"Why?"

"Because this Young Wildcat is—my brother."

Hawley's eyes opened wide for a moment, then he shot back. "Can the comedy. That kid didn't know you from the President."

* * *

"HE couldn't. I haven't seen him for fifteen years, when he was three. Wait! My right name is Jimmy Clancey. My father was a hard driver and tried to make me a grocery clerk. When my mother died I ran away from home, changed my name and—well, I never learned anything about my family from that time 'til tonight.

"When Carter told me who he was, I just couldn't put him away. By getting a decision over me he'll get a chance in Chicago. Maybe he'll make good, for at the start he'll be matched against raw ones like himself. Some day I'll see him again; tell him who I am. But not until he's found out whether he really can fight. Pick up your money. I'm going with you on the midnight train."

The Evidence Is in Phil Scott's Favor

(*Continued from page* 15)

Johnston or Magnolia, for, from an unbiased point of view, I condemn both for the fizzle which has again dragged down boxing. But I do feel, from a sense of justice, that Magnolia's side should receive the same airing as has Johnston's. Johnston and Magnolia are equally guilty of a faux-pas, but of the two, the blame rests more on the shoulders of Johnston.

That Scott was fouled was evident both at the ringside and in the dressing room, and that under the circumstances, he should have been awarded the verdict on a foul, was admitted by nine-tenths of the spectators and scribes.

Following the retirement of Scott, I was called to the ringside and asked by Magnolia, who was besieged by the newspapermen for a statement, to give his verdict as follows:

"Tell the boys that I saw no foul nor did the doctor see one. I awarded the bout to Sharkey because Scott would not continue."

* * *

Blood Clot on Hip

HAVING made the announcement at the ringside, in company with Norman Hurst of the *Allied Newspapers* of London, Wilbur Wood of the New York *Sun* and Bill Corum of the New York *Journal*, I went to Scott's dressing room where I found Phil stretched on a table in apparent agony. On the right hip bone there was a black-and-blue mark as big as a hen's egg, and a huge blood clot in the center.

There was the evidence that the punch which felled Scott in the third round was foul. A doctor, one other than the commission physician, was in the room and he explained that the blow landed on the Sciatic Notch, a nerve center which connects with the sciatic nerve, which in turn controls the power of locomotion.

Phil's foot was paralyzed. He couldn't move it nor did he have any feeling. The doctor proved this by sticking a needle into various parts. Though he drew blood, Phil never moved a muscle.

There was ample proof that Phil was fouled.

As an American, I naturally would like to see the heavyweight title retained in this country, but as an unbiased writer on things pugilistic, I can't condone such action as deprives a man of a fair chance to win according to the rules of the game.

With Scott it was the case of the boy crying wolf once too often. Had he been any other fighter, one especially who has seldom raised the cry of foul, Magnolia, in my opinion, would instantly have disqualified Sharkey. But with Scott, the one time when he really deserved the break, his record went against him.

* * *

Magnolia Explains

THE day following the fight, as press representative, I asked Magnolia to face seventy-one scribes for a quiz on his verdict. He agreed without hesitation. Acting as spokesman, I asked Lou many questions which he answered unquiveringly. Here is the substance of his answers:

"Scott was hit one low punch in the first round and I warned Sharkey to keep 'em up. In the third round, Sharkey hit Scott on the hip, a punch I didn't think warranted disqualification. I would never disqualify a fighter for striking a blow like that, at least not for his first offense. Scott went down and appealed for sympathy. Holding his thigh and making grimaces, he indicated to me that he was fouled.

"Having in mind the fact that his manager had insisted that his Philip must not win on a foul, and carrying out to the letter Johnston's agreement with the boxing commission, under whose jurisdiction I worked, I ordered Sharkey to his corner and likewise ordered Scott's seconds to get him back into his corner. There I warned Scott that I had no reason to disqualify Sharkey and that unless he, Scott, would continue, I would award the fight to Sharkey.

" 'Can you continue?' I asked Scott. 'I don't know. I shall try,' he answered.

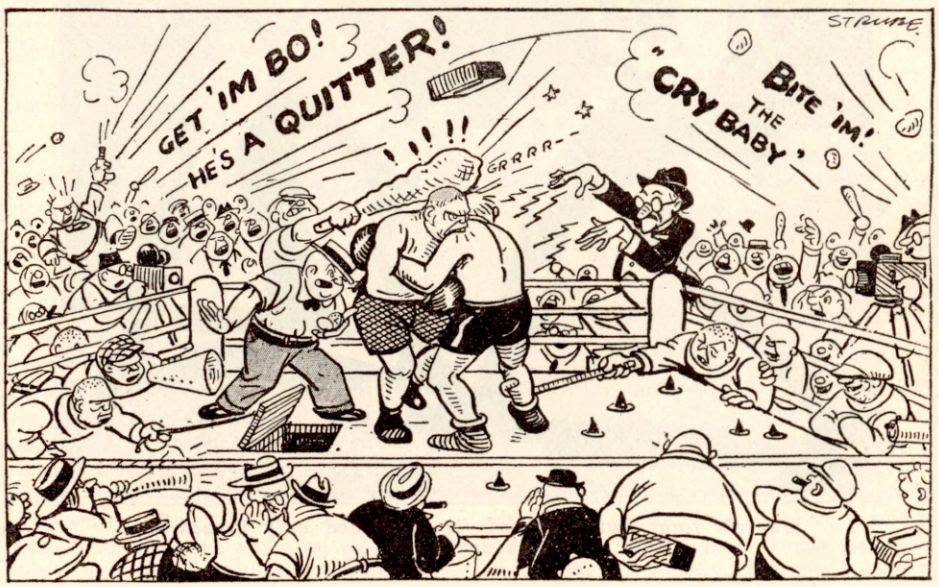
" 'Very well, I'll give you one minute's rest and then you'll continue if you can, or lose the fight.'

"When the minute was up, Scott arose, with the full consent of his manager, Jimmy Johnston, and was sent out to resume the fight. He walked firmly enough out of his corner, took the boxer's stance properly and lunged several left jabs at Sharkey. Sharkey then cornered him and let fly a terrific right that sank deep into Phil's stomach. He almost dropped, then grabbed the ropes, and sank half way down with his hands still holding the ropes. His face showed a look of agony and as I stepped between him and Sharkey he said:

" 'I can't continue.'

"Whereupon I awarded the fight to Sharkey. Scott did not claim a foul on that last punch. He couldn't for it was as pretty a punch as ever was landed in the belly. What he did, was to quit because of that wallop and what had happened previously. I justify my action in giving Scott a minute's rest wholly on the agreement made by his manager with me and the boxing commission not to award the fight on a foul."

* * *



A British cartoonist's conception of what took place at the Sharkey-Scott fight. Reproduced from the London Daily Express

Agreements Contrary to Rules

WHILE Magnolia justifies his action, as Editor of the world's greatest boxing magazine, I must take issue with his stand, if for no other reason, simply to protect boxing.

It is my opinion that no man is bigger than the sport. Jimmy Johnston had no more right to dictate the rules under which his Philip would fight than I could. Rules are rules and are made to be obeyed. They cannot and should not be altered to suit man or a purpose.

If Magnolia felt that Sharkey had fouled Scott, regardless of where the blow was landed, so long as Scott insisted the blow had incapacitated him, Philip should have been awarded the fight.

If Magnolia felt that Scott had not been fouled, he should have counted Scott out while the Englishman was on the canvas. Under no rules can Magnolia justify his minute's rest and the resumption of the battle.

A foul is a foul and, as I've often stated editorially and here reiterate, the fellow who lands a foul should be disqualified.

Hitting low is not boxing and the sooner referees take cognizance of such punches, the better for the game.

Lou Magnolia is a great referee. He has always had 100 percent support from THE RING and will continue to draw this support despite his weird decision. He is a man of absolute integrity and honesty and is a fearless, quick-thinking, courageous official.

* * *

An Unfortunate Windup

It was most unfortunate that he permitted the Sharkey-Scott affair to hark back to the days of the old London prize ring rules, rules which were in vogue when the Heenan-Sayers fiasco took place in 1860. Magnolia's faux-pas will not cause me to alter my opinion of him as a great referee. I feel that he acted as he did only to carry out the plans and agreement of the man who was handling the affair for the Englishman—Jimmy Johnston. If Johnston had not been so insistent, Magnolia, in my opinion, would not have acted as he did.

The fight is over, but, as in the Tunney-Dempsey mill, there will be no end to the disputes arising from Scott's disqualification. The Scott-Sharkey fight, if it accomplished nothing else, at least pointed to a blunder boxing commissions permit themselves to fall into in making private agreements with managers. The rules of boxing are on the books. Practically the same rules in vogue in one state, are in operation in every state where boxing is legalized.

Then why permit Jimmy Johnston or any other manager to force the alteration of such rules to meet his own interpretation or his own whim?

If this had not been permitted at Miami, there would have been no such turmoil as attended that bout with as weird a decision rendered as has graced a boxing bout since the old London prize ring days. It is unfair to the fight fan. It is unfair to the fighter. This practice should be stopped and we hope the Miami fiasco will put an end to such proceeding for all time.

And as for Scott, the sooner he retires, the better for boxing. He doesn't belong in the ring and any promoter who is foolish enough to exploit him cannot hope to obtain the support of the fight fan.

Conquest

(*Continued from page* 21)

tried to rush the Briton, but Lankashire picked off his left leads, and ducked inside his right swings.

Montague was determined. This fight meant a match in New York, the title, thousands, ease—maybe retirement.

He fought ferociously in the second round, but the Briton was clever—undeniably clever. And Breed was a wise old head. He had diagnosed Montague carefully and knew what to expect.

Third round, the fourth, then the fifth round. Lady Lankashire was making a double struggle. The old faint heartedness threatened him in the third, again in the fourth when Montague struck him right on the belt line with a terrific right.

Automatically, Lankashire started to put on the old act. But quickly he straightened. He smiled. He stood off, led a smart left for the nose, and went to his corner to see Beth's smiling eyes turned toward him from a seat nearby.

* * *

IT came in the tenth round. They rushed from their corners and Montague scored a knockdown with a sharp left to the temple. Lankashire took a count of nine and rose somewhat dazed.

He knew enough to remain in close, and Montague fought like a maniac to tear loose from his bulky encumbrance.

McFarland pulled them apart and by that time Ted was himself again.

He threw everything he had into a right. He found his mark on the button—flush on Montague's jaw.

The American's knees trembled. A vision of defeat made him panicky. New York, thousands, retirement—all possibly going.

Montague lashed out with both hands. His left was low. His right was low. Another left hurt Lankashire. It was an insane fury. Another right started low, and Lankashire tried to evade it by turning his body.

The punch struck him right on the hip bone. It was the punch of a desperate man, and it had tremendous power behind it.

Lankashire suddenly found his left leg paralyzed. It crumpled under him. Another claim of foul. No, this could not be. He tried to stand up and fight. But he collapsed, sharp, burning pains shooting up and down his leg.

He had been fouled, but there was to be no foul this time. He lifted himself painfully. The arena was a bedlam as he faced the American.

Near Lankashire's corner a girl was crying softly into a handkerchief.

Lankashire in that moment conquered all the timidity of a lifetime, all the fear of the third generation.

The blood lines of the quavering lady were impregnated with iron as the Briton conquered pain of body and wracking of soul.

He came toward the American. Practically helpless. Montague crossed his left to the jaw, and the fight was over!

* * *

"TEDDY boy, you were fouled. It was an outrage. Palpable, as clear as the stars overhead and the crescent moon. Why did you get up, Teddy boy? Why didn't you let Breed claim foul?" She sobbed as she sat near him in Lankashire's dressing quarters.

"Yes, it was a foul, a clear foul, Beth, but you know what I had promised," he said. The blow over the hip bone had burst a blood vessel and agony still was written all over his face.

"I know, Teddy boy, I know—you lost—but you have won, Teddy boy, you have won."

And she took Ted Lankashire in her arms, for the sweetest moment of his life.

And of all times—in the hour of crushing disappointment!

Each of us is the sum of his ancestors. But sometimes, look to the girl.

Rocky Roads to Royal Robes

(*Continued from page* 29)

greatest of them all—Jack Dempsey. Jack of the million-dollar gates. Jack of the ballyhoo. Jack, toast of the sporting world from Maine to the pool rooms on Telegraph hill. Jack, the story book hero of the kindergarten. And this black jowled champion will tell you frankly that once he rode the beams of a Santa Fe box car with fellow Weary Willies and felt the shoe of an irate brakie. From a bum to a millionaire—that measures the biggest jump of all.

There is a little Hebrew newsboy hawking newspapers on lower Broadway. He has a long straight nose, sleek black hair and shrewd little eyes. You stoop and ask him his name. "Benjamin Leinert, sir." And he dives angrily at a poacher on his corner. That is the Benny Leonard of later life, pride of the ghetto, the cloak and suit district, the Bronx and all New York, for the city is quick to acclaim a champion regardless of creed or color.

Another flashback. This time we are in Cleveland. John D. Rockefeller is living here. The city is spreading, factories spring up overnight. A young roller in the wire mills, stripped to the waist, wipes the perspiration from his forehead and resigns. The next day he is peddling raspberry, pumpkin and apple pies to matrons along Harvard avenue who walk out as a small gong announces the approach of his pie wagon. That is Johnny Kilbane.

Sailors, mechanics, roustabouts in oil fields, plumbers, butchers, bartenders—all of humble origin ended on the throne. Each is a story in itself. Look for it in the agate paragraph in your daily paper. It should be titled as fancifully as this piece. It is not. It bears the cold, cryptic, unseeing words "Fights Last Night."

The Battle in the Woodlands

(*Continued from page 27*)

previously that he would knock my block off just to show the lady how it was done.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a most pleasant autumn day when we were called to scratch. We faced the mansion where our audience of man and wife, a charming, beautiful woman, were watching our every move.

Instructions over, the referee called for time and the fight was on. The secretary held a little dinner bell in his right hand and its sounds started us on our way. Of course we missed the mob from the sporting rendezvous and in addition, we both kept turning from time to time towards the lady. We kept circling about and scarcely a blow had been landed in the first round.

The second round started with a rush with Jerry landing a powerful right to my mouth. The punch cut my lips and dazed me, but I came to quickly at the sound of a soprano voice that shouted:

"Oh, he's bleeding! Help him, dear, help him!" And then followed a strong basso voice:

"Good boy, Jerry! First blow for you!"

I was bleeding freely and with the sympathy of that charming woman to urge me on, I forgot all about the wound and rushed pell-mell into Jerry. From the start of the third round until the seventh I was all to the good. Though Jerry had the smile of the victor when he came forth for the third round, he soon lost that as I potted him with shots all over the face and body. Thank God it was a different kind of shot than we faced out there.

* * *

IN the eighth round I shot my left to his jaw with all my strength. Everything I had was in that punch and down went Jerry.

He pitched forward on his face and scarcely a muscle moved as he was counted out.

The woman rushed from the veranda with some salts and stooping over the victim, she moaned:

"Oh, poor boy. He's dead! He's dead! Why did I permit it!"

An assurance from her husband and the seconds that all was well failed to reassure her, but when Jerry came out of it, she seemed much relieved.

Then turning to her husband she asked:

"Is that all? When do they begin again?"

"They're through, my dear," he replied. "A clean knockout for Mr. Slavin."

With that, he took the 250 pounds, handed the purse over to me and remarked:

"It was well worth the sum to convince my wife that a fight is no place for a woman. She'll never want to see another after this. I think I've cured her.

"Well boys, it was a great go."

Then turning to Jerry, he said. "If you still think he's not your master, I'll arrange a third and deciding go whenever you give the word."

But that fight never came off. I convinced Jerry that I was too good for him and that battle gave me the confidence that enabled me in future years to meet the world's greatest fighters.

It really started me on my professional career.

* * *

And so goes on record Frank P. Slavin's own tale of a thrilling experience that started him in the fight game. A great fighter, both in the ring and on the battlefield, was Slavin.

Mysterious Billy Smith

(*Continued from page 17*)

get my satisfaction, before this night is over."

With that he dressed, and before his seconds or manager could calm him, he brushed them aside and went looking for trouble. When one seeks trouble, he usually gets what he is looking for and Billy's case proved no exception.

Turning the corner from the club house, his eyes lit upon a cafe where the sportsmen of the city congregated. In he walked to tell his troubles to whoever would listen to them.

Unfortunately for him, however, Siler and I had gone into this sportsmen's rendezvous for some refreshments and no sooner did Mysterious Billy enter and spy Siler than he saw blood. With a whoop and roar, Smith hurtled down toward the referee and pointing his finger at him, shouted:

"You robbing old horse thief. You're too old for me to lick, but I'm going to slap your face and rip your tie just to teach you a lesson. I won that fight and you said I lost it on a foul."

He was just about to raise his hand to carry out the threat, when someone standing behind him, let loose his fist and so forcibly did it strike that down went Mysterious Billy in a heap. Siler chatted with his friends a few minutes more while two waiters carried Billy to a side room, and then our party left leaving Smith to himself.

But that was not all.

When Smith revived, he went out in the open again, searching for Siler. A few blocks from the place he had just left, another sportsmen's cafe was situated and there hiked Billy seeking his prey. Instead of finding Siler, he came face to face with his ring opponent, Billy Stift. Stift, who could talk German fluently, was yodeling some Alpine songs with some German friends when up walked Smith.

"You big stiff," screeched Smith. "So you won on a foul, did you? Well we'll see now who's the better man, without a fake referee to help you."

With that, Mysterious Billy raised his left to let it fly, but while his intentions were good, his execution was extremely poor for before he could let the blow fly, Stift's right caught him behind the left ear and down went Smith.

Again he was dragged to a side room to recuperate and when he came to, he found himself in more of a rage than ever. "I'll get them both," he kept shouting. "I'll get satisfaction before the night's over."

* * *

OUT he went into the open for the third time to catch his prey and just as he emerged from the cafe, he saw a big, broad shouldered fellow entering. Thinking the new comer was laughing at him, he walked back in the room, and following the man, grabbed him by the coat-tail, whirled him about, and said:

"So you're laughing at me, are you? Pretty fresh guy, eh? Well, take that." And just as he let go his right, the man side stepped and hooked up a beautiful right as a counter. It caught Smith flush on the jaw and down he went.

The newcomer, stepping over the prostrate form, left the room and when Mysterious Billy revived, he learned that his latest knockout was landed by none other than Alderman McCarthy of the Chicago stock yards, reputed to be the strongest man in the Windy City. He was famed as able to lick anybody up to 400 pounds.

Mysterious Billy Smith concluded he had had enough for one night. He went back to his hotel and there he met one of his seconds.

"Did you get your revenge?" asked the second.

"No, not exactly," replied Smith, "but I got plenty of physical culture and it didn't cost a cent."

Thereafter Mysterious Billy Smith proved a much easier fellow to handle. He had learned his lesson and never molested people he thought he had a grievance against.

To-day, Billy is still in harness in the field of fisticuffs, not as a fighter, however, but as a manager, and trainer, and good at both.

All photographs which appear in each issue in this book may be purchased from the Ring, Inc., 11 West 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

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New York City

An Upsetter of Dope

(*Continued from page 38*)

of the battling name of Young Corbett.

The original Young Corbett, George Green of San Francisco, a welterweight, was a member of the Olympic Club of San Francisco. He took his ring monicker from the greatest product of the Olympic Club—Gentleman Jim Corbett, heavyweight champion—the man who shook the chin of John L. Sullivan.

When Jim Corbett fought Bob Fitzsimmons in Carson City and suffered a knockout from the solar plexus punch, Young Corbett I was on the card facing "Mysterious Billy" Smith. The Mysterious one was rated the best of the welterweights at the time and you could write your own ticket in betting on Corbett I. In fact he didn't have a chance. But the fight ended in the twelfth with "Mysterious Billy" on the floor after taking a complete veneering.

Young Corbett II was William Rothwell of Denver. He wandered into Hartford, Conn., in 1901 and was matched with "Terrible Terry" McGovern, then featherweight champion. It was a nontitular fight and McGovern was the top favorite. Young Corbett II planted McGovern in two rounds and McGovern and his followers just couldn't believe it, but it stood. The pair were rematched in San Francisco and Young Corbett II repeated. This time he knocked out McGovern in eleven rounds.

It was after that fight that McGovern, still peeved, bumping into Corbett on the street, remarked:

"Well, you won, but I'm still the champion."

"That's all right," replied Young Corbett II, "but when I walk down the street the folks will say: 'There goes the man that licked the champion'."

And when Young Corbett III goes down the street in San Francisco or Fresno, the same can be said of him. He didn't win by a knockout, but he fulfilled the tradition of his name by beating the best offensive welterweight in the country—the champion.

And true to tradition, all three upsets took place on holidays.

Young Corbett I beat "Mysterious Billy" Smith on St. Patrick's Day. Sure, isn't that a holiday?

Young Corbett II beat Terry McGovern on a Thanksgiving Day.

Young Corbett III beat Jackie Fields on Washington's Birthday.

Among Young Corbett III's achievements since losing to Sergeant Sammy Baker in New York are a nine round kayo of Eddie "K. O." Roberts; a seven round kayo of Nick Testo; a one round kayo of Bucky Lawless and decisions over Young Jack Thompson, the late Dummy Mahan, Clyde Chastain and a half dozen Pacific Coast welters.

Memories of a Promoter

(*Continued from page 8*)

The St. Charles Hotel was the headquarters of the celebrities who had gathered for the carnival—such men as Parson Davies, Col. John D. Hopkins, chain theatre magnate and manager of Dan Creedon; Jim Wakeley, Dan Stuart and Tom O'Rourke. It was in the bar of the St. Charles on the day following Bowen's death that Ryan and Dempsey met. Dempsey, usually urbane of manner, had begun to grow fretful—a sign, no doubt, of the ravages of the disease that was to shorten his life—and he flew into a rage as he approached Ryan, at whose side I stood.

"What's this I hear about you bragging I was lucky our fight was called off?" he demanded. "I've got a good mind to punch you on the nose right here and now!"

Those were rugged days in pugilism and it was not uncommon for fighters to attack each other under circumstances even less provocative than those created by Dempsey.

But Ryan, who was one of the first of the game's shrewd business men, merely smiled.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Jack," he said, calmly. "There's no reason why we can't fight somewhere else and get paid for it. And if it will make you feel any better to know it, I didn't say anything of the kind."

Dempsey continued to bluster and threaten, but Ryan, to the disappointment of those who had hoped to see a free exhibition by two of the best ringmen of the day, walked away. It was inevitable that they should meet in the ring and they were matched to fight on Long Island on January 18, 1895.

From New Orleans I returned to Chicago but soon left for Syracuse, where I helped Ryan train for the fight and I was with him when he went to New York. On our arrival, Ryan was summoned by the promoter and, on coming back to our hotel I knew from his manner he had heard something that had upset him.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" I asked.

After a moment's hesitation, he said: "Dempsey, they tell me, is pretty far gone with tuberculosis. He is trying to hide the fact and will not listen to a plea to postpone the fight or call it off entirely, so I have given my word to go as easy with him as I can. He doesn't know that, of course, and care will be taken that he doesn't find it out."

Ryan was in what we would call to-day a tough spot, for Dempsey still was a dangerous puncher and if Tommy were not careful, he might be knocked out, which would be a severe blow to him. True to his word, however, he simply toyed with Dempsey but poor Jack was in such bad shape that he literally collapsed in the third round. This was Dempsey's last fight and on November 1 of that year he died in Portland, Oregon.

(*To be continued*)

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Songs of An Alibi Artist

The Cauliflower Ear

I SHOULDN'T have got it,
but look at it now.
(Cricky, that baby could hit.)
As thick as an ulster and slow as
a cow;
His left might have hurt, but he
didn't know how;
His right had a kick, and that
much I'll allow,
Seeing the place where it lit.

It ain't as an alibi, I'll tell you
this.
His right raised a wind so I'd
sneeze at each miss;
That's one little glove I had no
wish to kiss;
Its rush through the air had the
sound of a hiss,
Freighting its coming with fear.

He missed me eight times with
the right in the first,
Every time that he tried.
Each round passing by saw his
markmanship worse,
But I sneezed extra hearty and
quick as a curse
I went off my balance. 'Twas later
the nurse
Told me the story—and sighed.

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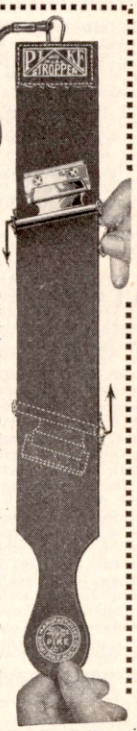

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE only unusual pugilistic excitement recorded during the month of March was that of Sammy Mandell's second defeat at the hands of Jimmy McLarnin. It's a shame that Sammy Mandell does not remain in his own class and defend his title more often Midget Wolgast was crowned the flyweight champion on the strength of his victory over Black Bill. Johnny Risko's tainted victory over Victorio Campolo; Tony Canzoneri's easy victory over Stanislaus Loayza and Kid Chocolate's two-round knockout over Al Ridgeway were the outstanding news items.

George Godfrey, who is making a determined effort for recognition in the heavyweight ranks, stopped Jack Gross in five rounds and Ace Clark in seven. Tuffy Griffiths was extended to win from Al Friedman. Friedman followed up by winning from Emmett Rocco, but he lost to Marty Gallagher. Rocco stopped Ed Keeley in three rounds. Risko gained the official decision over Campolo and Tommy Loughran whipped Jack Renault.

Primo Carnera is still knocking 'em over in the smaller towns. During the month he kayoed Ace Clark in six rounds, Sully Montgomery, two rounds, George Trafton in one round and Chuck Wiggins in two. George Hoffman is having a successful reign in the middle west. He whipped Joe Packo and stopped him in seven rounds in their return bout.

Babe Hunt stopped Knute Hanson in the second round. Hanson also lost to George Neron on a foul in seven rounds. Joe Monte stopped Moise Bouquillon in eight rounds and licked Harry Allen. Add Warren scored over Big Sid Terris. Charley Retzlaff stopped Man Mountain Erickson and Frankie Lennon.

George Cook whipped K. O. Christner. Larry Gaines defeated Roberto Roberti. Paul Pantaleo earned some prestige by fighting a draw with Ernie Schaaf. Gene Stanton whipped Frankie Wine. Mike Mandell disposed of Duke Horn in eight rounds and Pug Firpo in two. Buddy Howard whipped Frankie Moore.

Bob Olin defeated Italian Jack Herman. Vijo Doman knocked out Tony Fuente in the second. Jack De Mave scored over Mike Maurer. Jimmy Mendies stopped Tut Jackson in the sixth. Nisse Ramm defeated Art Malay and won on a foul from Blondie Davis.

In the light-heavyweight division, Maxey Rosenbloom was declared the winner on a foul over Larry Johnson in the sixth round of a torrid battle. Lew Scozza defeated Rosy Rosales. Rosales won on a foul from Joe Sekyra in the first round. Charley Belanger scored over Joe Banovic and fought a draw with Harry Smith. Banovic won on a foul from Henry Lamar in the first round.

Tiger Jack Payne whipped Lew Barba. Roy Wallace scored over Yale Okun. Jack Kelly whipped Primo Ubaldo. Sam Weiss outpointed Jimmy Mahoney. Paul Swiderski scored over King Levinsky and Ted Ross bested Edgar Norman.

MICKEY WALKER is returning to life as the middleweight champion. He turned in knockouts over Charley Arthurs in four rounds and Jimmy Mahoney in two. Rene De Vos turned back the aspirations of Clyde Chastain in Chicago. Gorilla Jones stopped Meyer Grace in the fourth and defeated Jock Malone. Malone outpointed Johnny Cline.

Vincent Forgione was unexpectedly knocked out by Ricardo Alis in three rounds and Forgione, himself, came through with an astonishing knockout victory over Doc Conrad in the fourth round. Harry Smith knocked out Osk Till in the second round. Abie Bain scored over Babe McGorgary.

Vince Dundee scored over Alf Ros. Len Harvey kayoed Franz Stevens in three rounds in London. Ben Jeby whipped Floyd Hybert and kayoed him in one round. Vittorio Livan whipped Joe Smallwood. Buster Mallini bested Bobby Brown. Ralph Kid Wagner defeated Willie Oster. Johnny Pepe triumphed over Danny Devlin. Bert Colima kayoed Johnny Grilla in one round and whipped Willie Feldman. Marcel Thil defeated Al Pegazzino for the French middleweight championship. Nick Palmer whipped Izzy Grove.

JOHNNY INDRISANO scored over Vince Dundee in the welterweight class. Indrisano is coming around nicely and looks like one of the best prospects in that division. Young Jack Thompson whipped Freddy Fitzgerald. My Sullivan won from Al Van Ryan. Bucky Lawless defeated Sammy Baker.

Andy DiVodi kayoed Louis Nemis in seven rounds. Harry Mason scored a real upset when he whipped Jack Hood for the British welter title. Joe Dundee defeated Joe Trippe but was knocked out in two rounds by Ted Goodrich. Vincent Sereci won from Charley Rosen. Jack Britton bested Alf Schell.

Alf Mancini kayoed Andre Beghin in three rounds. Farmer Joe Cooper kayoed Sammy Buchanan. Joey Harrison won over Mike Sarko. Joe Coffman licked Jackie Shupack. Jackie Horner scored over Ivan Laffineur and Bobby O'Hara defeated Louis Gonzales.

King Tut has about outgrown the 135-pound class and will be boxing in the junior welterweight ranks. During the month he kayoed Lope Tenorio in four rounds and Wildcat Monte in the third. Manuel Quintero scored over Harry Wallach. Madison Dix whipped Jimmy Goodrich and Eddie Murdock. Murdock outpointed Matty Mario. Joe Glick won from Billy McMahon, Buster Brown and Georgie Balduc.

Billy Petrolle knocked out Jack Kane in nine rounds. Pinky Kaufman won over Billy Alger. Joey Goodman defeated Herman Perlick and kayoed Eddie Brannon in the tenth. Gaston Le Cadre whipped Mickey Blake. Murray Elkins won over Mike Sarko.

Ray Van Hook defeated Jimmy Lundy who scored over Johnny Mellow. Frankie Hayes also won from Lundy. Johnny Melton kayoed Frank La Fay in five rounds. Mexican Joe Rivers won over Spug Myers. Phil Richards defeated Young Nadeau.

Eddie Shea won the decision over Steve Smith in the junior-lightweight class and Smith drew with Jimmy Batchelor. Roger Bernard kayoed Pete Zivic in six rounds and Al De Rose in three.

Billy Kowalik whipped Freddy Dawson. Jimmy Slavin outpointed Herman Wallace and Chico Cisneros kayoed Buster Brown in the third.

BUD TAYLOR turned in a victory over Battling Battalino over the featherweight limit. Kid Chocolate besides the Ridgway kayo whipped Benny Hall. Earl Mastro kayoed Spark Plug Russell in four rounds. Lew Massey outpointed Lew Alter.

Fidel La Barba outpointed Santiago Zorilla. Johnny Datto knocked out Ernie Mandell in four rounds. Lew Feldman whipped Andy Saviola Phil Zwick won over Johnny Helstein and Johnny whipped Mickey Dunn. Tony Leto outpointed Harry Forbes. Henry Lenard kayoed Eddie O'Dowd in the first round and Frankie Klick bested Ward Sparks.

In the bantam class Al Brown battled to a draw with Tommy Paul. Vidal Gregario whipped Harry Fierra in Chicago. Kid Francis kayoed

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

The following are my ratings for the month ending March 27:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
Title Vacant	Title Vacant	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Jackie Fields	World's Champion Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	Maxey Rosenbloom	Dave Shade	Jimmy McLarnin	Baby Joe Gans
2—Max Schmeling	Jimmy Slattery	Rene De Vos	Young Corbett	King Tut
3—George Godfrey	Larry Johnson	Harry Smith	Johnny Indrisano	Manuel Quintero
4—Tuffy Griffiths	Pete Latzo	Gorilla Jones	Tommy Freeman	Joe Glick
5—Johnny Risko	Lew Scozza	Jack McVey	Paul Pirrone	Billy Petrolle
6—Victorio Campolo	George Courtney	Len Harvey	Bucky Lawless	Madison Dix
7—Young Stribling	Ace Hudkins	Ricardo Alis	Young Jack Thompson	Stanislaus Loayza
8—Paulino Uzcudun	Charley Belangre	Vincent Forgione	Paulie Walker	Eddie Murdock
9—Tommy Loughran	Fred Lenhart	Vince Dundee	My Sullivan	Joey Goodman
10—Primo Carnera	Rosy Rosales	Abie Bain	Sammy Baker	Pinky Kaufman

Lightweights	Junior Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Sammy Mandell	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Eddie Shea	Bud Taylor	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Al Singer	Sammy Fuller	Kid Chocolate	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Tony Herrera	Johnny Farr	Earl Mastro	Vidal Gregario	Black Bill
4—Louis Kid Kaplan	Steve Smith	Lew Massey	Teddy Baldock	Willie Davies
5—Johnny Jadick	Sammy Dorfman	Fidel La Barba	Archie Bell	Happy Atherton
6—Eddie Anderson	Pete Nebo	Freddy Miller	Joe Scalfaro	Pablo Dano
7—Billy Wallace	Roger Bernard	Bushy Graham	Dick Corbett	Johnny McCoy
8—Bruce Flowers	Goldie Hess	Johnny Datto	Pete Sanstol	Victor Ferrand
9—Eddie Mack	Maurice Holtzer	Tommy Paul	Harry Fierra	Phil Tobias
10—Tommy Grogan	Al Ridgway	Nel Tarleton	Domencio Bernasconi	Steve Rocco

MANDELL met defeat again at the hands of McLarnin in a bout over the lightweight limit. Tony Canzoneri kayoed Solly Ritz in one round and recovered strongly to defeat Stanislaus Loayza. Ritz won from Joey Abrams. Al Singer stopped Eddie Kid Wagner in three rounds. Tony Herrera whipped Tommy Grogan and Jimmy Reed. Jimmy Dugan beat Terry who drew with Marty Fields.

Louis Kid Kaplan won from Johnny Farr. Farr drew with Eddie Anderson who won over Tommy Grogan and drew with Billy Wallace. Harry Carlton was beaten by Bruce Flowers and Armando Schackles. Eddie Mack scored over Goldie Hess. Harry Corbett knocked out Alf Howard, European lightweight champion, in eleven rounds.

Joe Marcus scored two victories over Mickey Cohen. Sammy Dorfman defeated Jackie Pilkington. Harry Dublinsky whipped Emory Cabano and Henry Perlick. Lew Paluso drew with Jose Diaz. Benny Valger drew with Turiello in Italy. Sammy Harris kayoed Al Rowe in the first round. Willie Siegel drew with Phil Rafferty and won on a foul from Emil Ross in the second round.

Nat Arno scored over Young Zazzerino. Joe Acetti whipped Jake Zeramby. Eddie Elkins defeated Tony Caragliano. Al Linzi won from Johnny Gonzales, Eddie Kid Wolfe defeated Ray Kiser. Danny Delmont kayoed Joe Kid Peck. Ralph Lenny whipped Jackie Simpson and Danny Fitzgerald. Steve Haliako whipped California Joe Gans.

Hubert Gillis bested Sammy White. Herman Follins won from Sid Lampe. Mike Dundee defeated Mickey Genaro and Joey Costa kayoed Lew Moscovitz in the fifth round.

Terence Morgan in eight rounds. Teddy Baldock stopped Charlie Rowbotham in eleven rounds.

Joe Scalfaro whipped Domencio Bernasconi. Frankie Kid Anslem won over Fred Monte. Frankie Bauman defeated Willie La Morte. K. O. Morgan won from Pee Wee Wilson. Charley Von Reeden defeated Blas Rodriquez. Ollie Bartlett scored over Ray McIntyre. Willie Gannon whipped Peter Jackson. Midget Lavigne kayoed Hugh Devine in nine rounds. Al Beauregard whipped Johnny Vacca and Johnny Brennan outpointed Frisco Grande.

Midget Wolgast gave a wonderful exhibition in defeating Black Bill for the flyweight title. Wolgast also licked Pinky Silverberg. Bill defeated Manuel Gonzales in Cuba prior to the Wolgast bout. Pablo Dano defeated Johnny Sili. Happy Atherton drew with Willie Davies. Art Giroux defeated Harry Roberts and Gene Bianco.

Bert Kirby captured the English Flyweight championship by kayoing Jackie Brown in three rounds. Kirby was knocked out by Rene Chalange, the Frenchman, in five rounds. Victor Ferrand won on a foul from Phil Tobias in two rounds and drew with Joey Ross.

The ten best prospects of the month:

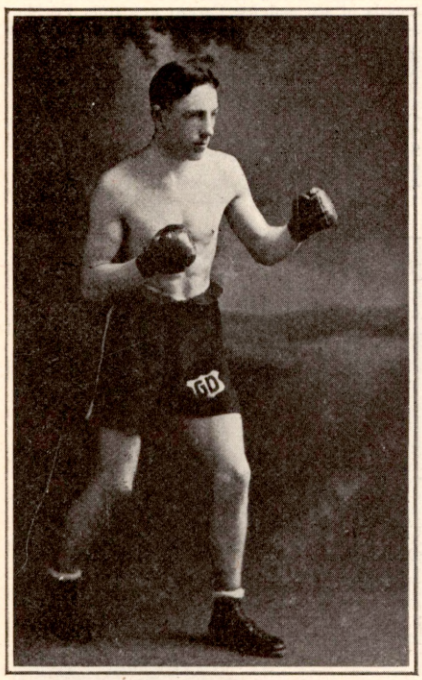
Flyweight—George Paulin, Bridgeport, Conn.
Bantamweight—Lew Farber, New York City.
Featherweight—Marty Stone, Detroit, Mich.
Junior-lightweight—Sammy Delson, New York City.
Lightweight—Herman Waters, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Junior-welterweight—Al Koziol, Norwich, Conn.
Welterweight—Tony Stetz, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Middleweight—Jack Haines, Australia.
Light-heavyweight—Tony Cancela, Tampa, Fla.
Heavyweight—Mateo Osa, Spain.

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP
By JACK JARVIS

THE 1930 boxing season promises many new sensations in the Canadian pugilistic world. Some very promising material has been developed in different parts of the Dominion. This means that the fans in almost every province are due for some red-hot battles when the local champions throw their hats into the ring demanding recognition from the leaders in the respective classes.

In Winnipeg, they have a middleweight sensation, a boy who has been packing 'em in to capacity houses all winter—Peppin—an appropriate name for a fighter, Laurie Peppin, a rugged, hard-punching young stalwart who in his last four starts has beaten and drawn with Bermondsey Billy Wells, Billy Light, My Sullivan, and Al Van Ryan. He weighs only 154 pounds. This brilliant prospect should be battling with the leaders before many months are over.

"Hi thar stranger!" here comes a heavyweight prospect from the wild and woolly west, Steve Trojack, a former rugby star, who has won his first six bouts since turning pro. Steve's supporters are very enthusiastic about his chances. Jack Peppin, Winnipeg "savant of sockology," is guiding the young giant.



Gerald Donovan, claimant to the Eastern Canadian featherweight championship

Toronto boasts of two real good prospects in Sammy Hackett, a featherweight, and Malcolm Mathisen, a flyweight. Hackett has scored 21 consecutive victories to date, and has yet to taste defeat since leaving the amateur ranks 12 months ago. He is an industrious young fellow. Sammy will box Leo Kid Roy for the Canadian crown and will likely bring in the laurels.

The other Toronto boy is Malcolm Mathisen, a flyweight. This kid is also a former amateur champion. Since turning pro, he has scored many creditable victories in Detroit, Buffalo and Toronto.

Montreal apparently has a good prospect in Johnny Rosseau, a light heavyweight, but according to advices he is still a little shy on experience, and Charlie Bellanger's crown is pretty safe. However, Rosseau is not to be regarded lightly. A summer campaign will possibly be all that is needed to prepare the boy for a crack at the crown.

Sherbrooke, Que., has a likely looking bantamweight in Young Lebrun. Lebrun has been a consistent winner. He dropped a decision recently to Pete Lucci in Portland, but that only evens up the score as the Sherbrooke boy won over the Italian previously. Just a mere youth, Lebrun may develop into a great little fighter. He certainly has all the earmarks now.

The Maritime Provinces have Johnny Nemis, a welterweight. Nemis has beaten all the eastern contenders. He wants to have a shot at Jackie Phillips, the crown bearer.

Lou Aptaher, former manager of Tommy "Red" Bragan, is now running shows in Hamilton. Lou has some dandy programs lined up that should get him well out in front from a financial standpoint. Steve Rocco vs. Franklyn Young, and Kid Chocolate vs. Bobby Eber, are two bouts he expects to clinch.

George Chabot, Montreal lightweight, beat Johnny Casper, of Lansing, Mich., at Portland.

Ivan Michaloff, the wrestling promoter, is certainly putting over the "rasslin' racket" in Toronto. He came here 12 months ago and lost plenty of coin, but now he is packing them in.

The Shamrock club of Toronto had a tentative arrangement with Charlie Bellanger, the Canadian light heavyweight champion, to box James Braddock. Abe Matin, Bellanger's pilot, phoned later that he had a chance to box Mickey Walker in Detroit for $10,000, and asked for a postponement. Matchmaker Brown yielded, and the two will meet at a later date. This should draw big in Toronto.

Willie Morrissey, who directs the destinies of "Stuffy" Steve Rocco, has taken over the management of Vince Gilenna. This young Italian is a great little featherweight battler.

George Fifield, former Canadian welterweight champion, who recently stopped Hughie Kid Lees, is eager to tune up with the leaders in his class.

Larry Gaines, the colored Canadian heavyweight champion, is doing mighty well over in Europe. His latest victory was over Roberto Roberti.

Lou Savien, who owns a nifty little magazine and smoke shop, corner Bay and Adelaide Streets, Toronto, reports a growing monthly sale of THE RING. Lou, a very obliging fellow, and an ardent wrestling and boxing fan again wishes to remind readers of the "world's best magazine," as he terms it, to be sure and get their current issues not later than the 18th of each month. He had requests to keep aside a few copies, but the boys must be right on time or he will be forced to let them go, as the demand for THE RING is high here.

Winnipeg boxers were kept busy during the month of March. Angus Synder, heavyweight, outpointed Duke Horn, at Minneapolis; Harry Dillon, a light-heavy, won over Tony Fuete at Los Angeles, and at Portland, Ore., Del Fontaine lost to Young Burke.

Queens University boxers annexed the boxing honors at the recent Assault-at-Arms in Montreal, when they competed in the annual Intercollegiate competition. Queens took four of the events; McGill took two, and Toronto Varsity took two.

Queens has a great prospect in Merve Peever, a classy, clever hard punching young lightweight. Peever is without a doubt the best prospect in the amateur ranks in Canada. The youthful Med scored two easy wins by the knockout route and the collegians are very enthusiastic about him.

The amateurs in Toronto are grooming themselves for the British Empire Olympic games at Hamilton, Ontario, scheduled for August. Toronto clubs are running off the preliminaries and many good prospects are reported uncovered. The finals will be held in London during May.

WESTERN CANADA JOLTS
By LOUIS KIVICZAK

BOXING has been in the side lines for sometime in Alberta, but it will pick up during the summer months.

At Calgary, Mel Cowil regained his western featherweight title by out-punching Elmer Rathwell in 12 rounds.

Phil Befus outpointed Gus Wahl in the 6-round semi-windup.

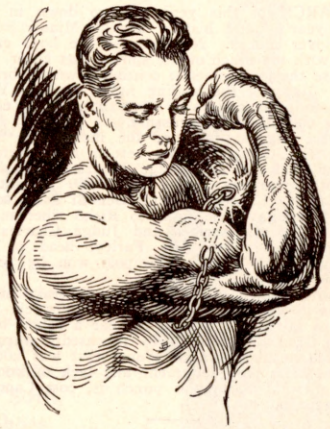
Silver Gore beat Jack Butler in 6 rounds.

Louis Kiviczak, of Drumheller, out-slugged Ronie Daines and Clar Kramer recently in 6-round bouts in Calgary and is out to fight any lightweight in western Canada.

Kid Holland, Nacmine puncher, kayoed Jack Marsh in 3 at Newcastle. Jack McIsaacs slapped Bouncing McNiel to the land of nod in the second.

Louis Kiviczak lost to Curley McDonald in four rounds. Opinion was divided on the verdict.

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



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New York Gossip

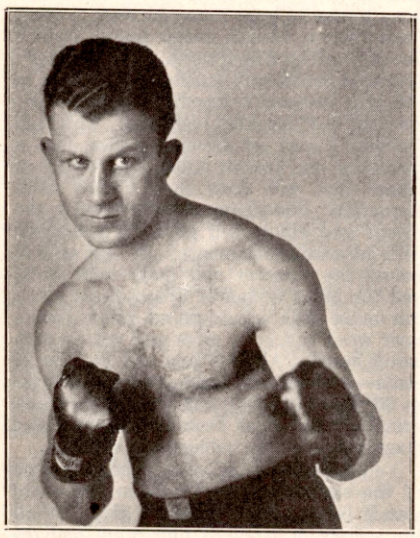
By MARTY BERG

MARCH of this year will go down in the year's fistic history as the Miami hangover month. Not because the boys came back with too much of the spirits that cheer, but because the foul epidemic continued with a briskness. Many of the leading fights in New York ended in fouls and even the rabbit punch came up for considerable discussion.

In the biggest fight of the month for New York, the Campolo-Risko return mill, Referee Arthur Donovan and Judge Partrick saw what few other persons among the 10,000 present at the Calvary Cancer Hospital Benefit show could see. They gave the fight to Risko whereas all but two of the scribes and Judge Charles F. Mathison, and even Jim Farley, head of the Boxing Board, thought Campolo won by seven rounds to three.

Donovan acted like one who could take many lessons in what constitutes the rabbit punch. He called a fair punch behind the ear a rabbit blow and marred the fighting by repeatedly warning Campolo unjustly for an offense that was not an offense. His poor judgment and lack of knowledge of what the rabbit punch is, cost Campolo the decision.

It seems strange that the gallery gods, the boys who know a good fighter when they see one, should hiss a fellow like Campolo. While other big "hams" come to this country to milk the fans dry by pushing over set-ups, Campolo has taken on the best in the country to get in trim for a big shot, and yet he is hissed while the "hicks" who go through the sticks and trim the public, receive wild ovations. Come, boys, let's give Campolo his just due. He deserves your hand. Next time he appears, show him that you appreciate his efforts.



Pinky Kaufman, hard punching 140-pounder, the only boy to ever knock out King Tut

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The semi-final on the hospital card was another upset. Doc Conrad, the highly touted Newark, N. J., middleweight, was knocked out in the fourth by Vincent Forgione, rugged Philadelphian. Plenty of four to one money went to the short enders on this one.

A bout that created as much disturbance as the main event, was the first ten, in which it was ruled that Harry Smith, colored Harlem middleweight, and Charley Belanger, French Canadian light heavyweight, had fought a draw. Smith was clearly deserving of the decision.

George Pavlick, Risko's young stablemate, won from Willie "Kid" Henry, colored light heavyweight, in the six, and Tommy Lown, three-time amateur champion and captain of the last Olympic boxing team romped off with a four-round victory over Jack Graham.

Kid Chocolate, the amazing colored Cuban featherweight, who rates the best in the class, made short work of Al Ridgeway. 17,556 persons paid $56,592.56 to see Al stopped in the second round in the Garden Arena.

The semi-final to the Chocolate-Ridgeway duel was the world's flyweight championship affair between Midget Wolgast, Pennsylvanian, and Black Bill, colored Cuban. Wolgast won the crown. He gave a sterling exhibition in fifteen rounds. He displayed a rare left hand. With Willie La Morte recognized in New Jersey, and Frankie Genaro recognized by the National Boxing Association, Wolgast will find some opposition in his title claim. A match with these boys is now in order.

Joe Scalfaro, hard right hand hitting Harlem Italian bantam, won from Dominico Bernasconi, Italian making his American debut. It was a close tilt. Buck Oliva and Armando Aguilar drew in the opening six.

Tony Canzoneri, former world's featherweight champion, stepped back into the Gotham spotlight, after his loss to Jack "Kid" Berg, when he romped off with an easy victory over Stanislaus Loayza, the rugged Chilean, in the Garden's mid-month program. 9,511 persons paid $30,197.57 to see the tilt.

Vincent Sereci, Bob Levy's Yorkville welterweight, won from Charley Rosen, the East Side dentist, in their return affair at the Garden, and Sammy Dorfman, capable East Side lightweight, beat Jackie Pilkington in the semi-windup. Eddie Dempsey made his pro debut in the sixth, winning from Jack Fiala, and Lew Farber won from Paris Apice.

One of the most amazing evenings in the history of New York fisticuffing was the night Maxie Rosenbloom won from Larry Johnson, the colored Chicago light-heavyweight belter, in the sixth round—on a foul.

The crowd of 14,000 who paid $48,820 net had plenty of warming up for the main event in the bouts that preceded. Lou Scozza, Buffaloan, won from Rosy Rosales, Cleveland light-heavyweight, and Joe Banovic, Binghamton's light-heavyweight pride, won from Henry La Mar, Washington, in the very opening round on a foul.

One of the shortest knockouts to be seen at the Garden was the six-rounder on the above card in which Al Keegan, Johnson's stablemate, landed one flush on Gene McCue's chin, and laid him out flat in exactly 18 seconds of the first round, including the count. Frank Giovanni won from Teddy Martin in four.

Small club activity continued in a fairly desultory fashion through the month. The fans didn't turn out as they were wont to do in the old days, remaining content to wait for a big bout at the Garden. Naturally, there was the usual discontent. There was much talk about the shortage of local talent, and the apparent inability to develop any. Imported fighters seem to get all the breaks in making up the major fistic programs in Gotham. The fans would rather enthuse about a local boy.

Jose Diaz and Lew Paluso went ten rounds to a draw at the Olympia. Herman Singer and Eddie McKenna drew in the semi-final six.

In another six on the same card, Eddie Proveo stopped Pat Gillen, in the fourth, and Jimmy Finklea won from Cliff Gardner in four, while Johnny Hinds knocked out Joe Frazzetti in the fourth. Tom Walsh stopped Bill Harris in the first, and Pasquale Buonfiglio halted Benny Salaco.

In order not to conflict with the House of Calvary Cancer Hospital show at the Garden, Johnny Attell staged a talent card at the St. Nicholas Rink two days later. Tommy McAleer and Lee Sala drew in the windup. Joe Paradise, young lightweight, knocked out Buddy Wallace in two, and Jerry Johnson scored his ninth straight kayo win, halting Eddie Johnson in two.

The hit of the night was scored by little Sammy Fertel, young 122 pounder, who showed plenty of class winning from Sammy Karmissar. Willie Oliveri won from Charley Gordon, Benny Bruno and Benny Kunkes drew.

Al Stampler knocked out Max Kavintinitz in three, and Danny London outpointed Ernest Wellington in the other four.

Joey Glick scored his fifth straight win within the space of a few weeks, when he outpointed George Balduc, Maine lightweight, in a sizzling tussle at the Broadway B. C., Brooklyn. This club, as with Jesse McMahon's Olympia, came out of the red side of the ledger when it reduced prices to $2 top.

Solly Ritz won from Joey Abrams in the ten-round semi-final, and Lew Feldman, young featherweight, scored over Andy Saviola in a six. Joe Dugan and Joe Diefenback drew in six, while Izzy Cohen, a young junior lightweight of parts, stopped Jimmy Ryan in the second round.

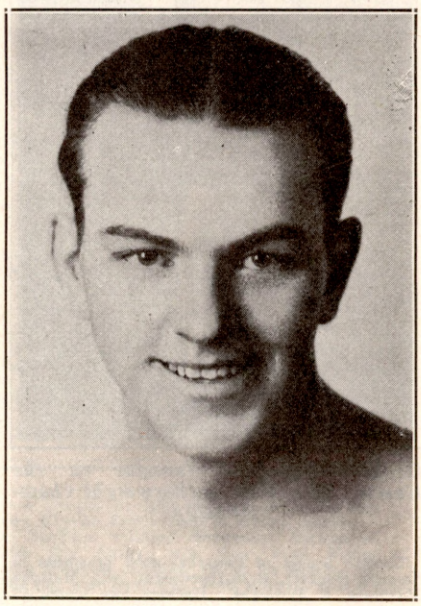
Joe McKenna stepped back into the spotlight as the matchmaker at the New Lenox. He put over winning shows weekly at the famous old Harlem arena. He features short tilts among local boys. While he didn't draw great houses, he showed a profit, which counts.

Murray Elkins, left-handed his way to victory over Mike Sarko at Joe's last show of the month, while Vic Morosco was extended to win from Al Rockman in the semi-final. Pete Cataldo halted Paul Delaney in the third round. Si Garten won from Jack Terranova, who was disqualified for not trying, in the second round, and Sammy Brown won from Mack David in four. Charley Bedi flattened Joe Coglitore in one.

Al Singer, Bronx idol in the lightweight division, stopped Eddie "Kid" Wagner, the Philadelphia veteran, at the St. Nicholas Rink. Wagner went out of the picture in the third round. Wagner was scared stiff.

The fight of the night was the semi-final ten, in which Willie Siegel, East Side lightweight, and Phil Rafferty, West Sider, went ten sizzling rounds to a draw. Sammy Binder won from Pat Mooney in six, Charley Nelson shaded Juan Cepeda in six, and Joe Caruso won from Freddie Jaeger in four.

Petey Mack won from Ray Cummings in their six-round wind-up before a $1,540 crowd at the New Lenox. Vic Morosco stopped Sammy Brown in the second round. Sammy Fisher won from Benny Salaco in six. The fours had Charley Bedi winning from Sammy Siegel, Jack Winakur defeating Tony Alexander, Charley Schecht drawing with Joe Samperi, Fred Gallegher winning from Johnny Elko, and Abe Auslander winning from Charley Gewirtz.



Jack Kelly, rugged 175-pounder, who has come through with some fine victories

---

Martin Oroz, Spanish welter, and Murray Elkins went six rounds to a draw at the Olympia's first show at the new top of $2, with a good crowd on hand. Herman Singer won from Tony Berlin in the semi-final six. Joe La Fauci outpointed Tommy McMullen in six, and Tom Colbert halted George Hoffmire in the first.

Jimmy Slavin, young featherweight, romped off with the nod over Herman Wallace at the Broadway. Ralph Ficucello halted Yussel Pearlstein in the semi-final, and Marty Roth knocked out Dick Elia in the second round.

It was with much regret that the Gotham fistic world learned of the death of Bartley Madden, following a fall in Baltimore, Md. Madden has trained Campolo for his meeting with Risko in Miami. Madden's family was left fairly destitute, a committee composed of Dan Morgan, Vince Treanor, Owney Madden, Harry Grayson, and Damon Runyon forming to secure financial aid for the family. Albert L. Scott, 11 Wall Street, New York City, is the committee's treasurer, and assistance will still be welcomed.

Eddie Munson, veteran timekeeper, whose interesting story appeared in THE RING several months ago, suffered a nervous breakdown during the month, and died on March 27. His death is mourned by a host of friends.

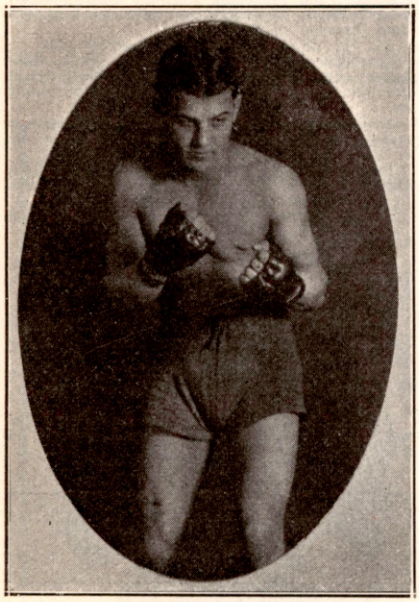
Al Palladino, young Gotham welterweight of parts, kept himself busy in out of town rings when he scored his tenth victory in eleven battles by copping over Harry Blaine in Chicopee Falls, Mass.

For enthusiasm, check up Ray Arcel, the trainer. He's all het up over Phil Rosen, feather; Frankie Lazzarro, junior lightweight, and Juan Cepeda, Chilean 130-pounder, while Walter Ryan will give you an earful of Johnny Pena, bantam, any time you happen to get your ear in his way.

From the Belgian Congo comes Hugh "K. O." Brown, angular colored bantam, who has placed himself under Dave Brown's management. He fought largely in Mexico, where he scored a Kayo over Eddie O'Dowd, among others.

Bob Olin, Wall Street light heavyweight, returned to the fistic wars in the windup at the first of the new shows at the New Lenox and won from the veteran, "Italian" Jack Herman.

"Tiger" Jack Payne had little trouble winning from Lou Barba in their Olympia windup. Hale "K. O." Brown stopped Georgie Deschner in the second round. Leo "One Punch" Williams defeated Joe Oliver in six, and Frankie Goosby won from Ivan Horrelou in a four.



Young Lebrun, French-Canadian bantam now fighting in New York

Joey Glick proved too smart for Billy McMahon when they collided in the St. Nicholas Rink's main event. Joe Harrison, Jersey welter, won from Mike Sarko, Bostonian, in the semi-final, and Emil Rossi lost on a foul to Willie Siegel in the second round.

Jack "Kid" Berg, the pleasing British lightweight, returned from his homeland visit, where he managed to pound his way to a repeat win over Mushy Callahan in a bout for the junior welterweight crown.

The Boxing Commission went after the "bootleg" boxing shows in the upper part of the State and put a flock of managers and fighters on the suspended list.

In a tune-up tilt for his meeting with Loayza at the Garden, Tony Canzoneri knocked out Solly Ritz in less than a minute at the Broadway Club.

Harry Smith, the colored Harlem middleweight, put the rollers under Osk Till in the second round at the Olympia.

Nick Palmer, veteran Brooklyn middleweight, was awarded an unpopular eight-round win over Izzy Grove in their windup at the Jamaica Arena.

In another Jamaica feature, Hubert Gillis, Belgian lightweight, was awarded a ten-round win over Sammy White. Al Peters won from Joe Simonetti in the semi-final.

K. O. Phil Kaplan and George Courtney, one time bitter rivals in the middleweight class, removed plaster casts from broken maulers at just about the same time during the month.

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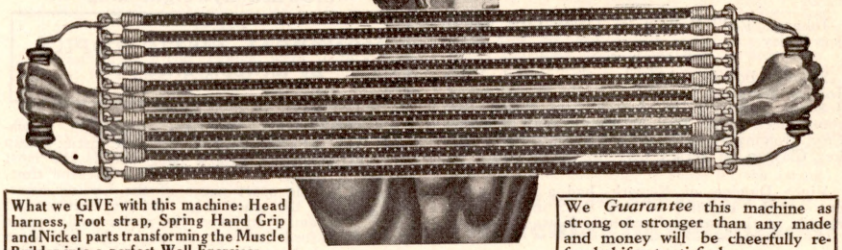

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HUDSON CO. AND VICINITY
By EDWARD ZANFRINI

EDDIE Elkins, of New York, pounded out a ten round decision over Tony Caragliano also of New York, at the Oakland Arena.

Abie Bain, of Newark, held Jack McVey, of New York, to a ten round draw at the Laurel Garden in Newark.

Tony Lambert, of Newark, beat Matty Kraft, of Wilkes-Barre.

Anthony Petronzio, of Newark, cuffed Nate Cohen, of Paterson, for eight rounds at the Lakewood A. C.

Jimmy Phillips, of Bernardsville, won from Al Gaffner, of Vineland.

Johnny Zawacki, of Paterson, scored a knockout over Mike Toronto, of Bridgeport, in the third at the Paterson A. C.

Nick Williams, of Jersey City, knocked out Al Rogers, of Princeton, in the first.

Young Zazzarino, of Jersey City, avenged his defeat at the hands of Tommy Crowley of Pittsburgh, when he scored a victory in their ten round bout at the Oakland Arena.

Al Palladino, of New York, battered Harry Burrone, of Jersey City, for eight rounds.

Johnny Toye, of Bayonne, scored over Benny Hall at the Bayonne S. C.

Harry Martone, of Jersey City, drew with Harold (Red) Bush, of New York, in six rounds, after scoring two knockdowns.

Johnnie Zawacki, of Paterson, outroughed Charlie Klause, of Garfield, at the Hackensack Armory.

Pete Rivero, of New York, beat Artie Weisnot, of Hackensack, in six.

In the best fight of the night, Tony Polcari, of Union City, fought a slashing draw with Charlie Blood, of Garfield, and Whitey Leonard, of Hackensack, beat Battling Baturro, of Lodi.

Johnny Nelson, of Silver Lake, beat Jim McWilliams, of Elizabeth, at the Belleville Elks.

Ernie Ratner, of Silver Lake, beat Lou Napoli, of Brooklyn.

Vic Patterson, of Newark, won from Young Bob Fitzsimmons, of Montclair, at the Plainfield Academy.

Abie Bain, of Newark beat Babe McCorgary, of Oklahoma, at the Newark Armory.

Frank Willis, of Newark, knocked out Willie Bertram, of Orange, in the first, while Jackie O'Keefe, of Paterson, outpointed Matty Kraft, of Wilkes-Barre, and Mike Sullivan, of Atlantic City, drew with Tommy West, of Trenton.

Joey Costa, of Jersey City, beat Tommy Crowley, of Pittsburgh, at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City.

Johnny "Red" DeRosa, of Jersey City, lost to Joe Haley.

Stanley Poreda, of Jersey City, knocked out Johnny Marto, of New York, in the second round. Johnny McKenna, of Jersey City, lost a six round decision to Buckley Keyes, also of Jersey City. Johnny Leopold, of Brooklyn, stopped Pinkey Clayton, of Jersey City, in the second.

Vince Dundee, of Newark, had a good workout at the expense of Alf Ros, in ten tame rounds at the Laurel Garden in Newark.

In a thrilling semi-final, Jay Mecadon, of Newark, fought a draw with Gene Geffner, of Vineland.

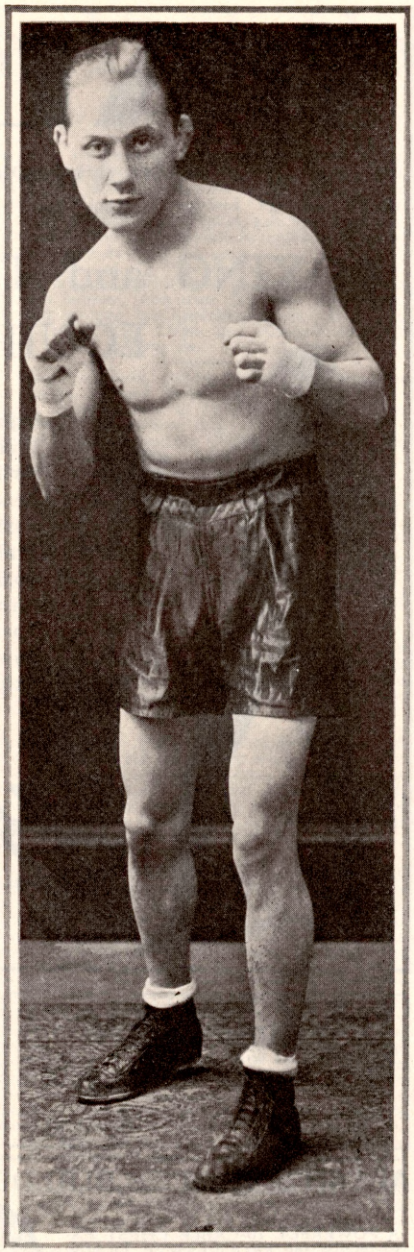
Steve Hamas, of Passaic, stopped Tex Hammer, of Pennsylvania, in the second by cutting his eye.

Teddy Watson, defeated Young Pancho, both of Jersey City at the Oakland Arena.

Lou Lombardi, of Jersey City, got the nod over Jimmy Nolan in the six round semi-final.

Leo Boarse, of Brooklyn, fought a vicious six round draw with Johnny Ciffareli of Jersey City, while Charley Casper of Bayonne, won a hairline decision from Billy Bilyk of Jersey City in a four.

Harry Martone, veteran slugger from Jersey City, scored an eight round victory over Harold Bush, of New York, at the Bayonne S. C.



Midget Wolgast of Philadelphia, newly crowned flyweight king

MONTREAL FISTIC TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN, Montreal lightweight punching dynamo, crashed into the fistic gossip of Piccadilly with a bang and is the most talked of fighter in Europe at the present time, judging by the sport pages of the leading newspapers from the other side. At the Premierland A. C., Foreman stiffened the clever and rugged Jack Beresford in four rounds. At the same club a week later Foreman knocked out Douglas Parker, Nottingham, in the second round. This quick kayo over the popular Doug marked the 63rd knockout victory scored by Al in the 122 fights he has engaged in to date.

Harry Foreman, his popular brother and capable manager, is authority for the statement that Al is signed up for seven more bouts and will engage several titleholders in the near future. Fred Webster, English lightweight champ, and Johnny Cuthbert, the British featherweight king, are both signed to meet Foreman.

Art Giroux, Montreal flyweight star, who holds a decision over Frankie Genaro and other noted ringsters, is going great guns in Portland where he is a tremendous hit. Artie recently triumphed over Gene Bianco, Harry Goldstein, and Harry Roberts. Gene Brosseau is Giroux's capable manager.

Henri Legros, ex-amateur lightweight, celebrated his pro debut by outsmarting "Red" Laniel and followed up with a win over Danny O'Connell in four rounds.

Barney O'Connell headlined the two shows promoted by McKimmie and Delisle. He drew with Jimmy Britt, clever local veteran, and Tony Dilullo, local Italian featherweight. Dilullo beat Rene Taillefer, ex-amateur star and Rene later beat "Red" Laniel. Ray Lirzin outpointed the tough Chicago featherweight, Dan McGuire, and later won from Johnny Sullivan, of Utica.

Harry Leibovitz, a fine local flyweight prospect, displayed classy form to punch out a clean-cut win over Young Desrosiers, of Quebec, in four rounds. Johnny Morris, tricky local Negro welter, dropped a six spot to Eddie Morgan, and Leo Lafontaine was knocked out by George Harrington in one round.

OREGON FLASHES
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

HARRY DILLON, Winnipeg, Canada, beat Pete Cerkan, Pe Ell, Washington, at Promotor Gruman's show. It was Dillon's eighteenth fight in Portland.

At Harry Hansen's show, Matt Calo, California, won a popular decision over Joe Marcus, Portland lightweight.

Jimmy Anderson and Frankie Monroe drew in six.

Eddie Volk, promising Portland featherweight, kayoed Chief McCarney, a full-blooded Indian from Tacoma, in the first.

Tom Morgan, Dublin, and Jack Silver, California heavyweight and ex-light-heavyweight champion of the navy, fought a slashing ten-round draw.

Mickey Dolan, Portland slugger, won a decision over Jimmy Anderson, Astoria lightweight, in ten.

At Eugene, Bob Mariels, Portland heavyweight, drew with Dick Reed, Klamath Falls, in ten.

At Salem, Eddie Graham, 135, Portland, won a decision from Art Akers, 137, Salem, in ten.

At Marshfield, Bud Bryant, North Bend light-heavyweight, knocked out Young Peter Jackson, Portland Negro, in the first.

At Hubbard Springs, Pat Murphy, Hubbard Springs, stopped Terry Kileen, Independence, in the seventh.

At Salem, Jimmy Anderson, 128, Astoria, won from Frankie Monroe, 130, Portland, in ten.

At Astoria, Jimmy Dolan, Los Angeles middleweight, knocked out George Ingersoll, Astoria, in the fifth.

HOOSIER FISTIC NEWS
By "KID" CHISSELL

Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis heavyweight and George Cook, of Australia, boxed ten rounds to a draw at the Cadle Tabernacle in Indianapolis. Rosy Kid Baker, middleweight, defeated Jackie Rosen of Chicago, in six rounds. Tommy O'Brien, Los Angeles middleweight, and Louie Lavelle of Anderson, drew in six rounds.

Georgie Kerwin, Chicago welterweight, drew with Jackie Purvis, of Kokomo, at the Armory. "Kid" Woods of Indianapolis drew with Jimmy Sayres, Lafayette bantam.

Nate Farbe is back in the fight racket, as matchmaker with the Washington A. C.

Soldier Goolsby outpointed Fay Boarman at the Capitol City Athletic Club in six rounds. Both are middleweights. Lou Spencer, Indianapolis lightweight, stopped Jimmy Merten in one round. Kid Crady, featherweight stopped Bud Wiley in two and Chigger Bunton, kayoed Kid Mohawk in two.

Pat Freeman, Louisville heavyweight, and Joe Brian, of Jamestown, Indiana, boxed ten rounds to a draw at Louisville, Kentucky. Rip Wilson, Jeffersonville, Ind., lightweight, lost by a slight margin to Artie McCann, of Philadelphia, Pa.

About the best prospect in the state at present is Jay E. Gardner's heavyweight, Joe Brian, of Jamestown, Ind. He is a comer.

Tracy Cox, Indianapolis featherweight, stopped Windy Meyers, of Cincinnati, in the second, at Tomlinson Hall. Merle Alte, Indianapolis featherweight and Manuel Castro, of Mexico drew. Walter Pickerd, Sandusky, Ohio, heavyweight, scored his fourth consecutive knockout by stopping "Big Matt" Burman, of Indianapolis, in three rounds. Reamer Roberts and Royal Cox, Indianapolis lightweights, boxed six fast rounds to a draw. Soldier Goolsby, Ft. Harrison middleweight, stopped Kid Baker, of Indianapolis, in one round, Tommy Green defeated Ray Leach in four rounds.

FLORIDA STATE NOTES
By PAUL A. SEEGER

I HAVE seen some great fights in five years' residence in Florida, but it remained for a lad from the mountains of Tennessee to provide the best evening's entertainment I can remember—one Pee Wee Jarrell by name, who fought young Manuel Quintero in a corking bout.

It is reported that the Garden will run weekly shows in Miami next winter, with Lon Brix as matchmaker and Norman St. Denis, son of the Garden publicity head, as press agent.

Pop Taylor at Coral Gables has the ability to pick fighters unerringly. He has given Miami fans the best bouts ever put on here.

Jackie Mason fought Jim Spivey to a draw and then came back to beat the Georgia boy in a 15-rounder. They are lightweights. Jackie then struck heavy going when they threw him in with Joe Barbera. It was a very unpleasant evening for Mr. Mason.

Elwood Rigby put on two wrestling shows here this month but Miami sports fans failed to get excited. In the first show Gus Sonnenberg toppled Joe Stecher and in the second affair Dick Shikat tossed Jim McMillan from the ring for a win after the college boy had taken the first fall.

Earl Hudscn is back at it again and going right well with five straight victories to his credit. Earl knocked out Billy Edwards, won from Jimmy Jackson and then beat Jimmy in a return match.

They tell me interest in the game has dropped off greatly in Tampa, due to poor matchmaking, and both clubs have changed matchmakers.

Henry Judo is hailed as the flyweight champion of Hawaii

Adolphe Font now is mating them at the Cuban club and George Kennedy is out in favor of Nixon Jones at Benjamin Field. Jones has been doing right well with a small club in Lakeland and is expected to make good in his new job.

Up in Jacksonville, Gilbert Castille, Havana feather, stopped "Mutt" Griffin, Macon, Ga., in the sixth, and Eddie Wilson won from Patent Leather Kid. Another good bout was a 10-rounder between Eddie Burl, Jax feather, and Harry Forbes, Chicago.

In West Palm Beach, Eddie Smith, New York, dropped a tough one to Luis Gonzales, fast stepping welter.

The death of Bartley Madden in Washington brought real sorrow to many friends the old timer had made during his stay in Miami this Winter.

Gene Tunney and his wife have been at Miami Beach the last month, but Gene never goes near a boxing show. He is walking with a cane as the result of a recent operation.

Alex Simms and Neil Graham, of Canton, Ohio, read this column even if they don't read letters. This is a friendly tip for them to write immediately if they expect to return here next year.

Babe Hunt, Ponca City, Okla., heavy, made short work of Knute Hansen in the Miami Coliseum. Hansen hurt Hunt with a couple of low ones in the first and in the second Hunt went out and slapped the Doleful Dane down in short order. In the semi-final, Earl Hudson kicked Jimmy Jackson all over the lot and Sammy Leonard and Red Yeomans gave us a real slugging match in another eight.

Another sweet bout here this month was between Lester Quillan, stablemate of Pee Wee Jarrell, and Young Fernandez, of Key West. Quillan's superior experience earned him the decision.

Tampa fans had a chance to see Kid Chocolate, the Cuban negro, in action when he took on Benny Hall, of St. Louis, for ten rounds.

Address "Tiny" Gasthoff at P. O. Box 3104, Tampa, Fla., and the writer's address is 1537 N. W. 36th Street, Miami, Fla.

Primo Carnera, the Italian giant, knocked out his 11th straight victim when he stopped Frank Zavita, of Newark, N. J., in the first round of their bout in Jacksonville. Carnera and Young Strib are booked to battle in Jax in April, according to Pa Stribling.

WEST COAST NOTES
By JOHN "TINY" GASTHOFF

SARASOTA—Spike Kelly, Lakeland, and Ray Perez, middles, went 10 rounds to a draw; Charlie Webber, "The Fighting Clown," kayoed Carlo Redriguez, Tampa, in the second; Ernie Sagues, Chile, put Ollie Joyner away in the fourth, middles; Young Manuel barely nosed out a decision over Cliff Greenwood in a pouring rain; Vernon Seeley knocked out Baby Lincoln in the second, bantams.

Plant Field, Tampa—Relampago Saguero, Cuba, had no trouble in putting Ben Spivey, Columbus, Ga., away in the fourth—welters.

Orlando—Gordon Fortenberry, Merritt Island, and Billy Shell, Jacksonville, went 10 rounds to a draw.

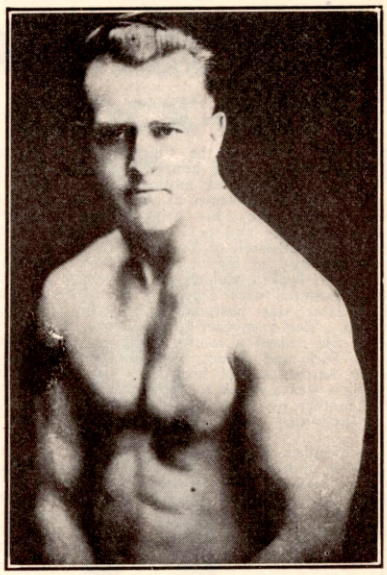
St. Petersburg—Young Scarney, Youngstown, Ohio, and Mike Firpo, Tampa, went 10 to a draw, heavies; in a great bout Big Jeff Carroll, Biloxi, Miss., won the nod over Battling Finch, St. Pete, fireman. Babe Ruth, Edward Guggenheim, copper magnate, and Billy DeBeck, originator of Barney Google, were the judges; Brady O'Hara, Tampa middle, kayoed Frankie Martell, West Palm Beach, in the third frame: Farmer Joe Cooper won from Relampago Saguero; Jimmy Muche, Youngstown, Ohio, drew with Marie Paula, Tampa; Farmer Joe Cooper won from Ray Mitchell in 10; Tony Dominguez, Tampa welter, won from Jimmy Decapua.

Ocala—Mario Paula, Tampa junior welter, won from the Polk County Wonder, whoever he is.

Benjamin Field, Tampa—Chino Alvarez, Tampa's best feather, knocked out Timmy Burns, Bangor, Me., in the fifth; Jimmy Muche and Ray Perez banged away to a draw; Jackie Powers, Youngstown, Ohio, bantam, beat the Patent Leather Kid, Tampa; Pietro Corri, Austrian heavy, dropped a 10-round decision to "Young" W. L. Stribling. In the ninth Corri dropped Stribling; Tommy Jones, Macon welter, won without trouble from Jimmy Muche; Jack Kirten, Tampa veteran, won from Bull Smith, Bradenton heavies; Kid Armandito dropped the decision to Jackie Powers.

Gale Stinson, Tampa heavy, outpointed Jack Kirten. Stinson looks like a comer.

Tampa—Adelpho Font, well known Cuban newspaperman, has taken over the reins at the Cuban club.



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A DOCTOR WHO TAKES HIS OWN MEDICINE

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In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

EARL MASTRO, the Chicago featherweight contender, proved himself a game ringster. Knowing that his mother was near death he engaged in a scrap at Peoria, Ill., on the night of the day his beloved parent passed away. He won and he lost. Earl knocked out Spark Plug Russell of Trenton, N. J., and then received word of his mother's death. The lad was heart-broken and as a consequence his important match with Fidel La Barba here eight days later was postponed until the following month. Earl's mother's creed was to "carry on." She raised a family of seven youngsters, Earl, Dick and Frank, and four girls, despite many hardships and her death at the age of 43 years was a shock to both family and friends. The mother was a close follower of little Earl's ring activities.

Jim Mullen, the maker of champions, is about the best matchmaker in the whole world. At a time when most promoters and matchmakers were chanting that decent matches were few and far between, the veteran Illinois promoter was staging popular matches at his White City punch bowl every Monday night—and packing 'em in.

Jackquotte Elverrillo, San Blas Indian lightweight of Chicago, decisively defeated Mickey O'Hara of Cincinnati, at Evansville, Ind., in a ten-round bout. Elverrillo, under the management of Duke Barry of Davenport, is one of the busiest battlers fighting out of Chicago. Bert Viscioni, the East Moline, Ill., featherweight and a stable mate of the "Phantom Panamanian," knocked out Johnny Kubeck of Covington, Ky., on the same card in six heats.

Genaro Pino, Cuba's flyweight and bantamweight champion, now here, is training for a return to the ring wars. Pino wants to mingle with the best at 116 pounds.

Francisco Moreno, a Honduran junior welterweight who makes his home in this town, where he graduated recently from the amateurs, is after the best at 143 pounds. Moreno is a fast and aggressive battler and looks like a potential champion.

The new club at Moline, Ill., is arranging its third show. Although showing but twice, the Elks promoters have had success attend their efforts by arranging attractive cards and showing a good profit on both ventures.

Eddie Stanton, popular veteran in this town, believes his search is ended for a topnotch ringster to take the place of his former featherweight star, Willie Green. His name is Patsy Pollock, Canadian welterweight.

Stanton is a real veteran of the ring. He started his fight career in 1902 when he was only fifteen years of age, and battled for twelve years. Since then Eddie has been boxing instructor, matchmaker, promoter and manager of ringsters.

Commissioners John V. Clinnin and Fred Gardner attended the Earl Mastro-Spark Plug Russell ten-rounder at Peoria, Ill. The commissioners were guests of the Peoria Fans' Association, the promotorial organization at the downstate town.

"My" Sullivan, the St. Paul sharpshooter, who has shown in this locality many times, made a fresh start opposite Larry Cappo of Kansas City at Des Moines. Previous to the Cappo engagement Sullivan made a poor fight against Vince Dundee. He is confident that he will get going good once more.

Kid Howard, who is the proprietor of the gymnasium in Madison St., took the long end of a 2-to-1 wager, that Paul Pantaleo defeated Ernie Schaff, the Boston heavyweight. Howard couldn't see where Pantaleo was in the least bit overmatched. Most of the ring fans in this vicinity thought Matchmaker Nate Lewis of the Chicago Stadium threw in the local puncher against Schaff for a build-up opposite Otto Von Porat.

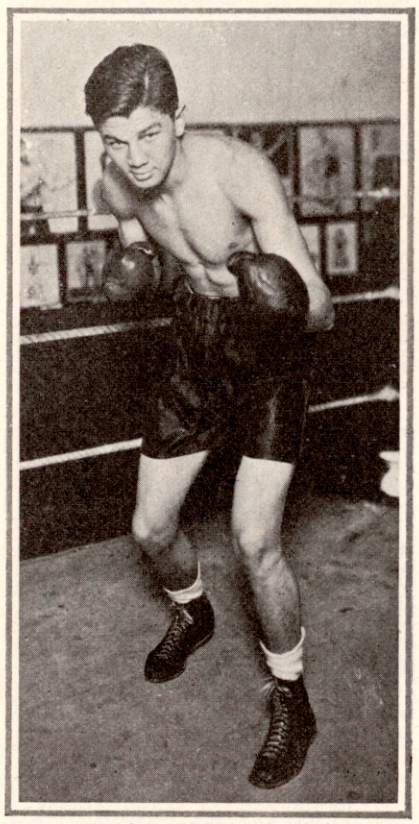
Larry Johnson, south side colored 175-pounder, will have a chance to erase the unfortunate result of his Maxie Rosenbloom tilt, in which he fouled the New Yorker. Tom McArdle, Madison Square garden matchmaker, has made Johnson an offer for a rematch, according to Manager Jack O'Keefe.

Jimmy Murphy, Logan Square welterweight, is back in action after being on the shelf with bruised hands for some days. Following his kayo of Biff Lunzell at the Congress-Arcade arena, Jimmy answered the gong opposite Jackie Moore at the Eagles club on the west side.

Don Friend, light heavyweight youngster, is Don Curley's latest local importation. Friend hails from Arkansas and has a good record, says Curley.

Mullen, clever Chicago promoter, has his eye set on a Mandell-Berg title bout here following Sammy's defense of his championship crown opposite Al Singer, according to Clair Kelly, crack local fight scribbler. Mullen has started negotiations with Sol Gold, Berg's pilot. The new junior-welterweight kingpin was to box at White City for Mullen previous to the tentative Mandell encounter.

Chuck Heffner, Hershie Wilson and Walter Madey were among the Chicagoans who participated in Mique Malloy's second St. Louis production. Heffner, the well-liked blond welterweight was booked to go against Jackie Horner of the Mound Town. Wilson and Madey, Tom Ford's welter and heavy, respectively, were to toe the mark with Ray Alfano and Dave Knost.



Harry Dubinsky, Chicago lightweight who is aiming high

Jack Eile is after bouts with the topnotchers following defeat of Emery Cabana, Philadelphia lightweight, by Harry Dublinsky, Chicago "stringbean." Eile, who manages Dublinsky says Harry has made rapid strides since he graduated from the "simon pure" ranks and is about ripe for bigger game.

Although Charley White's comeback effort against Henry Perlick was futile, veterans of the cauliflower industry are returning to the ring in this locality with a vengeance. Among the leaders of the roped square comebacks are Ever Hammer, the bristling blond who gave Benny Leonard his toughest fight; "Big Bill" Tate, the colored giant, and Jimmy Gory, Chicago middleweight.

Al Keegan, west side light heavyweight, made a sensational Madison Square Garden debut. He knocked out Gene McCue of New York in the first round. Jack O'Keefe, manager of Tuffy Griffiths, pilots Keegan.

Battling Levinsky, young namesake of the ex-light-heavyweight champion, made himself solid as a "card" in Milwaukee when he chilled Leon Lucas of Philly. Milwaukee now wants to see more of the Chicago 175-pounder and Cream City promoters are endeavoring to close a match with Dave Maier or Paul Pantaleo.

Russell Beulick, the light heavyweight who Robert L. Ripley credited with having taken part in eighty-five boxing bouts in five weeks, was to toe the mark with Nick Taft of the north side in the feature attraction on a Tuesday Congress-Arcade A. C. card. The Congress-Arcade stages fistic productions every Tuesday, according to Matchmakers Fred Seifert and Frank Spangler.

Ralph Mendoza, south side puncher who defeated Irish Jack Kennedy in his initial go as a welterweight, will join the 11th Ward Political club. Johnny Lord, who was to run for representative of the third Senatorial District of the State of Illinois, is president of the club.

Sam Summerfield, ex-pilot of fighters, died at his home, 5322 Drexel Ave., at the age of 71. He refereed many fights at Tattersall's, and promoted the Kid McCoy-Tommy Ryan encounter.

Ed Stevenson, importer of Otto Von Porat, Haakon Hansen and Edgar Norman, comes to bat with the announcement that his latest importation, Nissie Ramm of Sweden holds a win over Ernie Schaff of Boston. Ramm, who Stevenson reports is also of the same hard-punching school as his Norwegian mates, made his American debut here.

Capt. Dan Gilbert, who is on the job every hour of the day and night, gave up a few minutes of his time trying to buy Charley Retzlaff for a friend. Retzlaff, the heavyweight puncher who has a record of twelve knockouts in thirteen professional encounters, is one of the hardest hitters the boxing game has ever known, according to local ring experts. Andre Castano of Mexico was to face Charley in one of his most recent contests at White City.

Both Earl Mastro and Fidel LaBarba, principals in Jack Dempsey's Coliseum show recently, engaged in tune-up bouts prior to their third battle. Mastro toed the mark with Paul Wangley at Minneapolis ten days before the LaBarba match and Fidel answered the gong against Tommy Paul at Buffalo one week earlier. Each boy has won a bout in their two previous mixups, Earl losing the first and the former flyweight title-holder losing the second scrap.

Bud Taylor, Terre Haute (Ind.) featherweight, showed he was far from through as a star performer when he defeated Bat Battalino at Detroit in a non-title combat. Battalino holds the 126-pound championship of the world. Before annexing the pro feather title, Bat held the National A. A. U. championship.

Following Chicago's defeat of New York 10 to 6 in the third annual inter-city golden gloves championships, the 32 gladiators and a score of substitutes were seated around a big horseshoe shaped table in the Medinah A. C., dining together as though they were pals for years. It looked like a fraternity banquet.

Murray McLean and Mike Ferrozzo bulletin from 1742 Margaret St., Saint Paul, Minn., that they are pointing their lightweight protege, Wildcat Mason toward Sammy Mandell's championship. After much schooling M. & F. claim Mason is ready for the best of 'em in the 135-pound division and prove their claim by their lightweight protege's record, which lists 100 victories. They mean to show Mason all over the country and as a starter would like a "shot" in Chicago.

Otto Von Porat, local heavyweight, is a big card in Minneapolis, but when he didn't appear for a tilt in the Twin Cities some days ago, Mike Collins, the promoter had a sixty-day suspension slapped on him, say the boys along the Chicago fight rialto. Von Porat's hands were in bad shape at the time and he made up for the disappointment to Collins by showing for Mike later.

Harry Berz, who is one of the dynamos that keep amateur boxing humming, has been an active figure in every branch of "simon pure" sports. He sponsored boxing, wrestling, track, swimming and other sports for A. A. F., filling in his spare moments as president of the Chicago Indoor Baseball League. Later he joined the A. A. U., and since then hardly a meet of any kind has been staged without the name of Berz being prominently displayed among the list of active officials.

George Trafton, local footballer and the only man who has the distinction of boasting a victory over Arthur (The Great) Shires, was to be Primo Carnera's twelfth knockout victim. If the loquacious Trafton had his way, the victim was to be Carnera.

News from Detroit and Vicinity

By RAY BOUSLOG, Sports Editor, Detroit *Daily Illustrated*

THE highlight of boxing for the month of March in Michigan was the upsetting of Bat Battalino, featherweight champion of the world, by Bud Taylor, the blond terror of Terre Haute when they clashed at Olympia.

Battalino charged out in the second round to run into a left hook to the chin. He was knocked flat but was up at seven, more surprised than hurt. From this point on the two boys fought like $25 preliminary boxers, standing toe-to-toe and throwing punches. The knockdown was the only edge Taylor could claim and it earned him referee Elmer "Slim" McClelland's decision. It was the first showing for both boys in Detroit but they made good with a smash.

Other results at the Olympia were as follows: Joe Ingles, 125 1-2, won over Ray McVeigh, 126, Toronto; Ollie Bartlett, 118 1-2, defeated Ray McIntyre, Los Angeles, 119 3-4; Ray Van Hook, Detroit, 139, won from Jimmy Lundy, Chicago, 137; Ralph Lenny, New York, outpointed Jackie Simpson. Pavlo Dano, Filipino flyweight, defeated Johnny Sili, six rounds; Carlo Mazzola and Marty Stone, Detroit feathers, drew. It was their third meeting and Mazzola scored two knockdowns but couldn't convince Referee Jack Asperry that he was the winner.

The Olympia has discontinued its policy of weekly shows at $1 to $3 prices and instead has decided to put on only bouts featuring the bigger names of the game. If the dates can be filled with these better attractions, then Dick Dunn, general manager, and Scotty Montieth, matchmaker, plan to run weekly. Otherwise the big plant will remain idle.

Only one other club is running locally, the West Side A. C. The National Sporting Club, with Norm Andries at the helm, has closed shop for the winter. Andries will not promote again until next winter. With Olympia not running weekly and the West Side taking its semi-monthly shows on the Wednesdays that will not conflict with Olympia, the game should stage a comeback at the box office.

Tom Sayers, who was the Michigan heavyweight champion, took on what was considered a trial horse, Kid Hans, of Mt. Clemens, for his warm-up bout before meeting his outstanding challenger, Whitey Gorsline, Brown City southpaw, and lost the headpiece. Sayers knocked Hans down twice but Hans outgamed him and came on strong in the late rounds to win going away. Sayers is now matched with Carnera.

Hans will defend his title just one month after winning it by facing Gorsline. They have fought five times with Hans winning the first battle and dropping the next four, the last one by a knockout in seven rounds. Other results on the March 12 card follow: Johnny Urban clouted out Jack Stanley, of Texas, three rounds; Joe Palazzola, former state amateur featherweight champion, knocked out Jimmy Peters; Carlo Mazzola kayoed Frankie Ferro in four, and Six Second Allen beat Willie Heston, six.

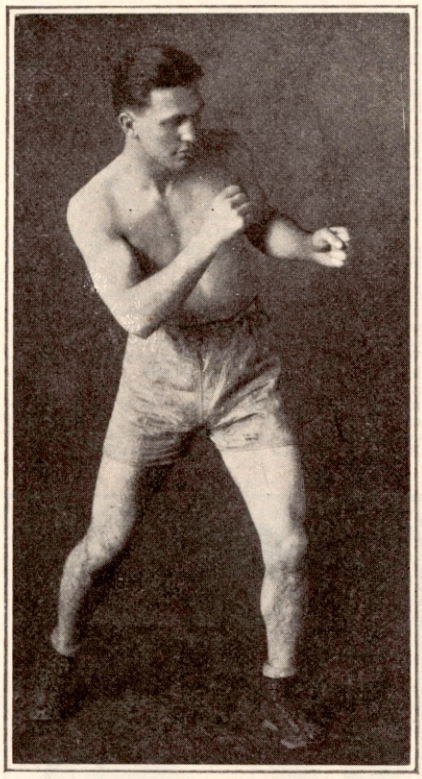
Boxing staged a comeback at Flint when Roger Bernard and the ageing Pete Zivic attracted $5,000, the best crowd of the winter. Bernard knocked out Zivic in the seventh round. The youngster looks good and may go a long ways.

Steve Smith, the Bridgeport Bombardier, lost to Eddie Shea here on his first appearance at Olympia. Other results on the card: Billy Shaw won over Prince Saunders, Chicago featherweight; Johnny Chido beat Don McLeod; Frankie Bataglio lost to Joe Rugguzzoni, Italian welterweight champion, in six; Johnny Mellow was unable to turn back the more youthful Jimmy Lundy, of Chicago, in six.

The famed Perlick twins, Henry and Herman, Kalamazoo's best known contribution to the prize ring, came, saw and failed to conquer Detroit. Appearing at Olympia against Harry Dublinsky, Chicago lightweight, and Joey Goodman, Cleveland lightweight, they both went down to defeat. Dublinsky handed Henry, the conquerer of Charley White only a week before, a lacing, flooring him once. Goodman, who holds a knockout victory over Herman, could not duplicate the effort although he won by a mile. Manny Schupan, their manager, has grabbed the twins some lucrative shows although their winning streaks have been cut short since they hit the big time.

Johnny Roberts, Huntington middleweight, and Haakon Hansen, stablemate of Otto Von Porat, clashed in a 10-round bout on the same bill and Roberts won the duke.

Morrie Sherman, Michigan welterweight champion, lost his second bout of his career when he was beaten on points by Joe Rugguzzoni, the Italian importation. Ruggy has yet to be beaten in an American ring. He is a rough, whirling dervish and may upset some of the better boys.



Al Wolgast, brother of the famous Ad, and a good rough copy of the original

On the same card George Trafton showed his gameness when he got up off the floor three times to knock out big Harvey Starr, a six-foot-eight-inch Negro who weighed around 240 The bout was full of action and laughs.

Whitey Gorsline, hard punching Brown City heavyweight, added another knockout to his string when he defeated Duane Duncan, Kalamazoo youth, on a knockout in the eighth round. Duncan took a terrific body beating before going out. He was down quite a few times.

Duncan came back three weeks later in his home town, Kalamazoo, to whip Baltimore Eddie Anderson over the 10-round route. On the same card Harry Robertson, Port Huron colored lightweight, and Clair Morgan, Kalamazoo's "copper-kid," drew.

Jack Dempsey refereed two more bouts in the state and as usual packed them in. He is the attraction. In his first appearance at Jackson he counted out Criss. Chuck Dorain administered the big punch. The next night at Muskegon he again had a short night, Tony Cancela, Tampa light-heavy, K. O'd a Chicago unknown.

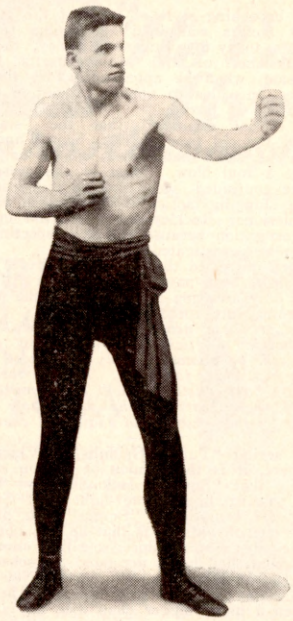
Boxing crowds are improving all over the state although the clubs are still reporting red figures for the winter. Summer plans are very vague at present and no one but Floyd Fitzsimmons has announced anything special.

Fitzsimmons will present the Vast Venetian, Primo Carnera, at his Fairgrounds Arena on May 31. His opponent will be one of five men. Johnny Risko, Johnny Maloney, Otto Von Porat, George Godfrey and Kayo Christner have been offered Bill Duffy as opponents. He must make a selection from that group. Von Porat is favored to get the call if Carnera's managers will okay him.

Battling Criss has won one fight and lost a lot of others since being pushed up into the limelight by Shires. Trafton knocked him out in Chicago and other boys have turned the trick.

One of the most thriving small city boxing centers of the state, Mt. Clemens, is reviving from a bad winter. The boy promoters, Johnny Sierens and Joe Dowling, have stuck by their guns and still expect to get out in the profit column before the outdoor season starts. They feature Detroit semi-final boys and get good houses with purely local talent.

OVER 500 KNOCK-OUTS



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Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

THE crouching style of most of the present-day boxers was held responsible for foul blows today by Eugene Buckley, the most active member of the Massachusetts Boxing Commission, when he appeared before the joint committee on rules to oppose legislation for an investigation of boxing.

This official explained that the "stand-up" stance of the old time British, Scotch and Irish fighters was such that it was almost impossible to strike a foul blow. Most of the present-day fouls, he continued, were due to the crouching, weaving, slugging tactics of the modern boxer.

Commissioner Buckley said: "I am opposing this investigation because no self-respecting man wants to be investigated."

He then described the new boxing rules which, he said, have been passed by Governor Allen and are now only awaiting a return from the printers before going into force.

"Under these new rules," he said, "persons holding $3 tickets at 'no contest' main bouts will be allowed to buy their seat back at the next show for $1.50. In case there is no main bout, customers will be permitted to occupy their seats at the next show conducted by that club at no additional charge."

After seeing "Tuffy" Griffiths, of Chicago, in action here, it is the opinion of Boston students of boxing that "Squire" Jack Sharkey "booted" one in passing him up to fight Phil Scott at Miami. Of course the "Squire" had his own reasons—one of which was that he was not bound to participate in any more so-called elimination contests—but, had he so arranged his schedule as to have met Griffiths in Chicago or New York, prior to taking on the British champion, he would have been a much bigger chap than he is at the present time, also, a good many dollars the richer.

Griffiths, in the eyes of Bostonians, is made to order for Sharkey and, in all probability, would have difficulty in going the full route with him. The "Squire," now back in Boston from Florida, is not saying much about the subject himself but realizes he let one get past him. However, he may make amends.

Griffiths, third man in the rating of world heavies, made his debut in Boston with Al Friedman, of Roslindale, Al Lippe's traveling heavy, in the 10-round feature at the Boston Garden. "Tuffy" made many friends and won plenty of admirers while training here and he went into the ring a big favorite. Friedman, game and tough as they make 'em, having fought Griffiths before in Chicago, knew his man.

Though Al had several bad rounds, he had none so bad as that experienced by Griffiths in the seventh when a right to the stomach took a lot of fight out of the Chicagoan, also folded him up like a hinge. Friedman's over-anxiety helped "Tuffy" get through to the bell, but it was a close shave. The referee, the writer and several other scribes gave Friedman the award, but the judges voted for "Tuffy".

Joe Monte, the Brockton, Mass., heavy of the "Admiral" Cass stable, now back in the limelight in Boston, was among the spectators at the Griffiths-Friedman ringside and expressed the opinion that he could whip either one of the contestants. Having beaten Jimmy Braddock, who has a kayo over Griffiths, Monte has become very cocky.

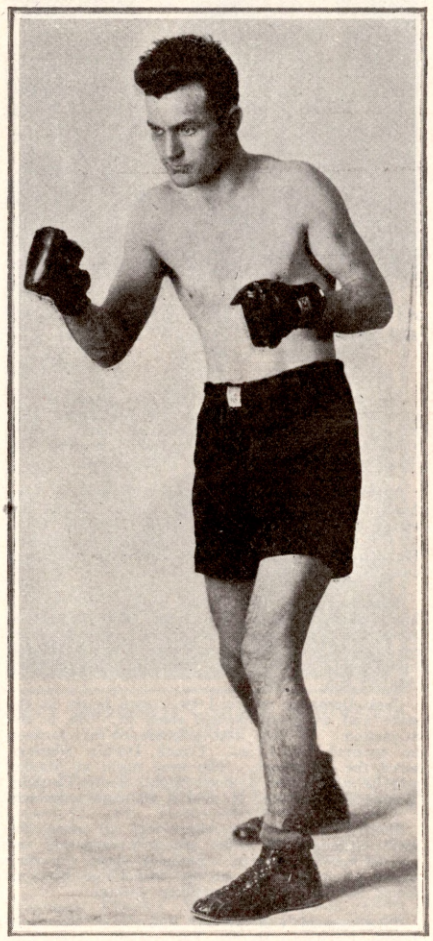
Monte, as stated, has been much in Greater Boston fight talk of late. Last month he turned in two victories over Harry Allen, the former amateur 175-pound champion, who knows how to box and is a terrific hitter. He took on Allen again the night of March 10th, at the Boston Arena—this particular scrap always being a good one—and again won.

The Brockton heavy looked so good in this scrap that he was immediately matched with Moise Bouquillon, the French heavy, who lost to Jim Maloney at Miami. They met at the Arena and the referee stopped the bout in the eighth because of Bouquillon's badly cut eye.

Johnny Indrisano, of East Boston, the boy who had to tie up with Billy Duffy's New York stable before he could get a real bout in Boston, opened the month with a 10-round victory over Clyde Hull, of Fort Worth, Texas, at the Boston Garden.

We had not thought this way about it—it had seemed to us that Indrisano had a great chance and big future until we saw him mingling with Vince Dundee, of Baltimore, at the Garden on March 21. Against the Oriole, Johnny didn't look so good. In view of the fact that Indrisano had clearly defeated Joe Dundee while the latter was champion, while Al Mello had little trouble handling Vince, the Noddle Islander had been picked to swarm all over the chap from Baltimore. But he didn't swarm. The contest went the 10-round distance—was very fast and full of action—and Indrisano got away with the decision. His margin was very thin.

Gentleman Jim Corbett was in Boston the week of March 16, doing his stage stuff at the Old Howard in the once-famous street of that name. James J. is always a big card here and attracted a capacity house at every appearance. The Old Howard is not Boston's leading theater, though it is the oldest. Every celebrity known to the ring in the last 50 years has appeared on its stage. We well recall Corbett's initial showing there—it was shortly after his victory over Sullivan in 1892—and the reception he received was none too cordial. Jim was a wonderful piece of physical work in those days and his very presence compelled admiration despite the "soreness" of Bostonians because of the Sullivan upset.



Hugh Devine, one of Charley Rose's imported champions. Hugh claims the bantam title of Scotland

We had our usual talk with Corbett—the Sharkey vs. Scott affair was the theme. He did not see the Miami muss but had seen the films and photographs, also talked with the sports writers. He expressed the opinion that a blow to the hip was not a foul.

"I took plenty there in my day," he said, "as it was a trick of the game to catch a blow there rather than on the ribs. I never heard any of the old-time fighters making any squawk concerning such, in fact, never heard very much about fouls anyhow."

Corbett holds to the view that with the protective cups now worn—something practically unknown in his active ring days—that very few boxers, even though hit low and in forbidden territory, are seriously hurt.

"They are merely seeking an easy way out," was his comment. "A game man would continue to fight." A return to the old-time form of definite battle purses, the same to be split winner-loser, would, in the opinion of the ex-champion, be of big benefit to the sport. We agree with him.

While in Boston, Corbett was the guest of Dennis Kelliher, a friend of years, at the latter's home in Brookline, Mass. Kelliher is one of the old-timers—a member of the old guard of fistiana. In his prime he battled with such chaps as Joe Goss, Harry Allen, Pete McCoy and other rough boys of that day. One of his notable fights—New Yorkers may recall it—was with Ike Williams, at Flushing, L. I., Dec. 22, 1885, the Bostonian winning in a round. After retiring from the active ring, Kelliher was the proprietor of the Newport House, Nantasket Beach, Mass., a famous old-time sporting resort for several years.

Turning to the wrestlers, who are going strong here again under the direction of Paul Bowser, Ed Lewis, the former champion, had a tough time of it the night of March 6, going the 45-minute time limit with Bob "Bibber" McCoy, former Holy Cross football player, who has been coming along very fast.

The biggest bout of the season thus far brought together Gus Sonnenberg and Henri DeGlane, the French champion, March 20, at the Boston Arena. It attracted 12,000 fans. After each had scored a fall, they pitched out of the ring to the cement floor. DeGlane was unable to resume and the award went to Sonnenberg. DeGlane was carted to the Boston City Hospital where four stitches were taken to close a cut under the chin, while bent ribs and a badly torn ear also required treatment. He is out of the sport for awhile.

The numerous bantams about New England will soon have a chance to settle their various title claims in the ring of the Boston Garden. Matchmaker MacLean is arranging a series of tourneys, the idea being to bring to the front the best boys of the brigade. Prominent in the list are Johnny Vacca, Bright, Mass.; Armand Midget Lavigne, of Burlington, Vt.; Al Beauregard, of Connecticut; Jimmy Picardi, East Boston; Art Giroux, of Portland, and Harry Goldstein and Harry Roberts, both of Boston.

An event during the month was the opening by Arthur Bloom of his new gymnasium at 107 Cambridge Street, Boston, one of the largest and finest establishments of the kind in the country. It is complete to the last word—a wonder spot for the boxers and wrestlers.

The near-absence of fouls in Greater Boston rings since the State Boxing Commission, prodded into activity by the Boston Garden management and the writer, adopted its new code of penalties, rules since annexed by the New York Commission, continued to cause remarks. Since the Massachusetts Commission came out with its new code on February 16, only two called fouls have occurred in close to 300 amateur and professional bouts. The offenders, unhappily, in both cases were prelim boys, each of whom drew a suspension of three months.

Hector McInnis, known for many years as a referee and close follower of boxing, was gathered unto his fathers on March 3, his death occurring at his home in South Boston. He had been in poor health for months.

Back on May 6, 1920, at the Mechanics Building, Boston, McInnis came in for a lot of publicity when he handed Mike O'Dowd's world's middleweight title to Johnny Wilson, of New York and Charlestown, Mass., at the end of 12 rounds of hard fighting. The decision appeared to many as absolutely correct, but Paddy Mullins, of Brooklyn, didn't think so and never has. That decision ended a friendship of 20 years between him and McInnis.

The annual New England amateur championships were staged here the nights of March 3 and 4, a total of 82 bouts being put in the ring. There was plenty of willing, hard-fighting, but not very much class shown. The best-looking boy of the entire lot was George Ostrow, of Revere, Mass., who won the 112-pound class title. He is being handled by George Carter, a Boston business man, who also cared for Fidel LaBarba when the Californian first came here as an amateur. Seemingly, Ostrow has a future. The winners of New England crowns follow:

112, George Ostrow, Revere; 118, Jackie Collins, Haverhill; 126, Alfonso Venezia, Revere; 135, Francis Carter, Worcester; 147, Charles Kelly, Newton; 160, Ring Larsen, Quincy; 175, Link Merloni, Framingham; heavy, Al Dean, Boston.

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ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

FRANKIE KRALL, colorful Mound City welterweight, kayoed Jack Stanley in the sixth round at Hannibal, and broke his right hand doing it.

Ray Palmer, hard punching local featherweight, showed twice in the main event at Hannibal, scoring ten-round victories over Joe Stanton and Freddie Perry. Palmer has won 14 straight fights since December, 1929.

Ray Alfano, former National Amateur featherweight champion, beat Tommy Bambrough in ten at East St. Louis and stopped Johnny Lucas and Carl Schmedel, both at Hannibal.

Lou Terry, the T. N. T. puncher of the 130-pounders, tangled with Johnny Kaiser in the top ten for Tommy Sullivan. The show drew $7,000, being Sullivan's second largest house of the season. Three papers called the battle a draw, one gave it to Terry and one to Kaiser.

Jackie Horner beat Kurt Prenzel, Chico Cisneros got a draw with Billy DeFoe, Jackie Davis kayoed Bill Rothermell, and Ralph Long won from George Williams in other bouts.

Marty Fields, clever Chicago lightweight, fought a thrilling draw with Terry at the Coliseum.

On the same card Al Stillman won easily from Fred Cullen; John Schwake won on a foul from Tiny Roebuck; Joe Ghnouly drew with Paul Steadman and Ray Palmer won from Joe Stanton.

Primo Carnera, giant Italian, sold his bout with Chuck Wiggins to St. Louis fans for $49,000. Carnera dazed Wiggins in the second round, knocking him through the ropes, and Chuck could not get back in the ring in time to beat Walter Heisner's ten count.

On the supporting card Chuck Heffner won from Tiger Johnny Cline; Jackie Horner trounced Ivan Laffinuer; Jackie Purvis boxed a thrilling draw with Hershie Wilson; John Schwake won from Dave Knost; Walter Madey knocked out Jack Adams and Barney Ross beat Jack Davis. Mique Malloy staged the show.

Tom Packs is promoting the Shea vs. Bass championship battle at the Arena.

St. Louis certainly looks like the real "McCoy" as a boxing town. Gates of $20,000 are no longer unusual and fighters who are working in Eastern rings for hundreds, are getting thousands out here in the "sticks". Local boxing fans have proved that they will support good fights between nationally known fighters.

Seneca C. Taylor, who is the Missouri Athletic Commissioner in St. Louis, is a shrewd administrator of the boxing regulations. That's why boxing is going well here.

George Wilsman's light heavyweight puncher, Al Stillman, seems unbeatable. Fred Cullen was badly beaten by Stillman. Eddie Goldberg, who has two wins over Pete Nebo, is now a welterweight and going very good. Jack Callahan is his pilot. Callahan also has beaten Johnny Kaiser and Jackie Horner.

Lou Terry claims that popularity and success have their drawbacks. Terry is besieged by promoters all over the middle west with attractive offers and the strain of counting up the proceeds is getting the better of him.

Frank Paccassi, who is Bill Duffy's representative on the Carnera tour, is sold solidly on Lou Terry. Paccassi claims that Terry can lick all the junior lightweights in New York.

A word about local referees is in order. St. Louis has as efficient a group of first class ring officials as are to be found anywhere in the country. Harry Cook, Walter Heisner, Harry Sharpe, Bob Parkinson, Harry Kessler and Al Neist get the best there is out of a fighter when they officiate.

Arol Atherton, genial Indianapolis fight manager, was here with Jackie Purvis. Purvis is as classy a welterweight as anyone would want to see.

Ray Alfano, whose best weight is 135, is a busy boy.

Eddie Barth's flyweight, Johnnie Emmerick, copped the golden gloves championship at Chicago and wound up by whipping the New York golden gloves champion at 112 pounds.

Russell Gross, Quincy, Ill., middleweight, and Pun Jameson, Hannibal, Mo., light heavyweight, are going to the post on a winner take all basis late in April. This is a real grudge fight and will settle once and for all the question of superiority.

IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
By J. A. ADEA

BOXING in Manila was much enlivened with the arrival of Sampson and his stable of Pacific Coast boxers, including Young Nacionalista. My ratings of boxers performing in the Philippines up to and including the first quarter of this year follow:

Flyweight—Little Moro, Young Tommy, Little Pancho, Joe Mendiola, Cris Pineda, Little Abayan.

Bantamweight—Little Moro, Young Firpo, Young Gildo, Jack Silva.

Featherweight—Young Nacionalista, Varias Miling, Max Tarley, Joe Mate, Rough Guilas, Kid Duarte.

Junior Lightweight—Kid Johnson, Willie Gordon, Kid Arca, Al Cunan, Kid Along.

Lightweight—Teddy Fox, Mariano Adriano, Frankie Aragon, Elino Flores, Ant Stone, Kid Bulldog.

Welterweight—Jimmy Hill, Joe Hall, Irineo Flores, Young Harry Wills, Kid Malinao.

Young Nacionalista stopped Willie Gordon in the second round in Manila. Gordon was floored five times. Eight thousand persons saw the bout.

At the Lyric Stadium, Iloilo, Jack Silva beat Joe Mendiola in a ten-rounder and at the Cabanatuan Stadium, Nueva Ecija, F. Sardual stopped Speed Arenas.

Frankie Aragon, stablemate of Young Nacionalista, in his first appearance in Manila, was outpointed by Mariano Adriano, former lightweight champion. Kid Gabo beat Sammy Webb.

At the Cebu Stadium, Kid Bulldog, a promising lightweight, handed Kid Jamora a beating in ten rounds.

Kid Johnson recovered some of his prestige when he stopped Willy Gordon in the ninth round. Gordon was dropped seven times.

An all-star boxing show is being organized for the benefit of Rufe Turner, an old time idol of the prize ring and a contemporary of the inimitable Joe Gans.

Kid Arca of Cavite won an unpopular decision over Trench King.

Rush Medina and F. Sardual fought a draw at the Cabanatuan Stadium.

As an aftermatch of the unfavorable Nacionalista-Little Moro contest, a new agitation arose for the creation of a boxing commission to supervise the game locally.

A hearing was conducted by the Manila Municipal board on the Herrera ordinance creating a boxing commission. L. de Prida, manager of the Olympia Stadium, Goldner and Eddie Tait spoke against the proposed ordinance, while Chief of Police Piatt, P. Villanueva, T. Garcia and the writer, RING correspondent in Manila, spoke in favor.

HAWAII NEWS
By HARRY M. STUART

HERMO VILLA and Frank Torres are at present Hawaii's outstanding featherweights. Torres has a string of wins to his credit. Villa's decision over Kid Ansen made him an overnight favorite.

Young Bolo came back after a long lay-off to kayo Pepper Martin in the fifth.

Frank Torres added another kayo to his record when he stretched Alvarado on the mat.

It will be some time before another soldier featherweight fights in Honolulu. To date, Al Davis, Pep Martin and Alvarado have lost in such a way as to indicate a far superior brand of fighting among the civilians in their class.

Spud Murphy finished a shade ahead of Lefty Lapinid. Murphy was floored twice but came back gamely and outboxed the Molokai champ.

Penton took Sam Warren into camp after a slugging bee that left the crowd in an uproar.

Tiger Connell kayoed Dicty in the first.

Chick Delaney battered Naulty from pillar to post to win by a knockout in the third. Delaney then left for the mainland where he intends to fight as a flyweight.

Stock in the featherweight class is booming here and anyone in that weight who wishes to fight in the Islands is certain of work. All correspondence should be addressed to Mr. William Lederer, care Honolulu Stadium, Honolulu, T. H.

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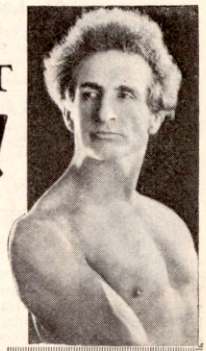

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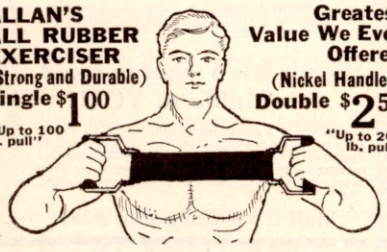

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CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

AL ZILL lost his first fight with Emmett Rocco, to Frankie Simms, Charley O'Connell's heavy-hitting heavyweight, at the Public auditorium in a slam bang ten-rounder.

There was not much to choose between them up to the 7th heat, when Simms started jabbing a straight left, following with a short right under the heart and left hook, which brought him home a winner.

It was a good fight to look at, and the boys will probably be re-matched—at Youngstown, or Cleveland.

Tom McMahon, old-time heavyweight, refereed the bout—his first start before a Cleveland audience and did a good job of it.

Gene Stanton, local Cleveland heavyweight, scored a quick knockout over Ralph Heiss at Columbus, and a week later won the duke over Frankie Wine, of Barberton, Ohio, at the North Wing of the Public auditorium.

Stanton should make a good fighter—but needs a lot of work. He is fast for a big fellow, and quite a boxer. Gene bears watching.

Mose Donnelly has cut away from Joe Lewis, and is now working with Eddie Meade.

Donnelly is gunning after a title shot for his Filipino wonder, Johnny Datto. Mose has Datto booked for three shots, one at Providence, R. I., Milwaukee and Chicago. He also expects to get Lou Massey again at Philadelphia.

Jack Steele, who is piloting the Indian Mike Payan, is anxious to get Mike in the East. He is a good showman, and gave Lope Tenerio a very good fight at the Taylor Bowl. He also gave Jimmy Evans a red hot fight at the Public auditorium.

Gorilla Jones knocked out Meyer Grace at Akron in the third round. He had him practically out in the second, but the bell saved the Chicago boy. In the third he nailed him and Meyer was carried to his corner. It was a good fight while it lasted, and drew the largest crowd that has appeared in the Akron Armory since Joe Burke fought Bob Martin several years ago. The balance of the card was very good all the way.

Jack Dempsey was here acting as Master of Ceremonies and was the busiest guy in several states.

Mique Malloy was here from Chicago and tells me he offered Jack one million bucks. And Mique will dig it up, too. That fight will be held at Chicago this summer.

Tommy McGinty is getting to be quite a traveler. He has made two trips into the Madison Square Garden with his Indian light heavyweight, Rosy Rosales, fighting Fred Lenhart and Lew Scozza. He jumped to Detroit where the Indian beat Jimmy Mahoney and at Buffalo where he won on a foul from Joe Sekyra.

McGinty also had his title contending featherweight, Phil Zwick, on the same card, whipping Johnny Helstein.

Tommy jumped over to Chicago and signed Jackie Fields to box Tommy Freeman at the Public auditorium on April 8th. He is also trying to get King Tut and Billy Wallace on the same card, and line up Earl Mastro with Phil Zwick. That will be a whopper if he can put it across and he generally gets what he is after.

Cleveland has gone wild over the Golden Gloves tournament and the Hall was a sell-out every night. They have installed two 24-foot rings, and ran over a hundred bouts each night.

Sam Otis, of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* and Jimmy Doyle his side kick, are looking very weary and tired out, but their show went over with a bang.

Phil Zwick feels like a new man since Bonesetter Reese fixed up his maulers, and is trying hard to get one of the big stars to fight him. Phil is anxious to get Mr. Lew Massey at Philadelphia or Chocolate at the Garden.

Tommy Freeman is knocking them over around Hot Springs and Memphis. He has scored three straight kayoes since leaving Cleveland, but will be back here to tune up for Jackie Fields, April 8th.

Paul Pirrone is after all the leading welters, for Joe Lewis now claims that Punch 'em Paulie is ready for them all.

Eddie Meade is waiting for a Pirrone shot for his welterweight, Freddie Fitzgerald, and what a mob these two will draw. It's a toss-up who will win.

Meade has Davy Abad and Johnny Farr and Fitzgerald fighting every week. The big boy also has the great Chuck Wiggins, who went to the post against Primo Carnera, but did not fare so well.

Roger Brooks, 140, and Heavy Andrews, of Erie, put up a whirlwind ten-rounder at Conneaut last week which was called a draw and Erie promoters are after them to box again.

Charley O'Connell is in for a big week at the Golden Gloves tournament with a list of 49 boys going to the front.

Jimmy Avon has at least 37, while Manny Robbins, the little southpaw messenger boy, has 59 entered, and already has won three state titles with his kids.

Dick Stosh has a dozen, while Johnny Papke has Jack Pallat as his big ace in the heavyweights, besides twenty others.

Chuck Sotax has split with the fighting Swede, Michaels, and has engaged Johnny Rini to tutor them. He has made a good move, and now his gang will get some place.

Jackie Powers, of Youngstown, the Parson's flyweight, is back from the Pacific Coast, and is anxious to take on Willie Davies.

Powers had several fights in the West and will be matched with Happy Atherton and Louie Carpentero next month.

Walter Taylor is keeping Jimmy Evans busy at Canton, Niles, Dover, and Chicago. Evans is a good club fighter. He ought to be matched with Gorilla Jones.

Stony Ritz is prompting shows at Wheeling and turning them away. He was a visitor at Akron and Cleveland in search of a good lightweight and featherweight for his next show. Russell Bradford and Phil Zwick, or Joe Boychan will probably get the call from Stony.

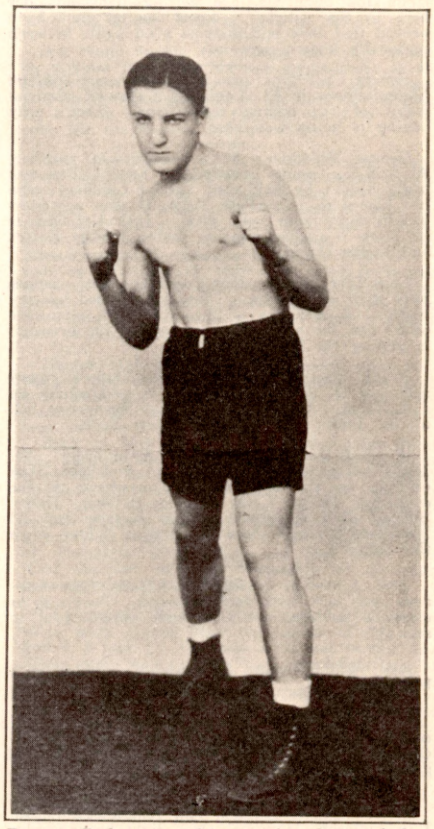
George Cook, Australian heavyweight, defeated K. O. Christner, of Akron, at Youngstown, Ohio, in ten rounds. There were no knockdowns.

Patsy Pirrone, Canton light heavyweight, knocked out Augie Carlson of Jamestown, N. Y., in the third round.

Joe Lohman, Toledo, stopped Jack Barcovack, Detroit, in 8 rounds, and a week later before the same club at Kenton, Ohio, fouled out to Joe Burke in the second round.

Don Gonzales, Manny Robbins' featherweight champion of Cleveland, knocked out Joey Parks at the Cincinnati Golden Gloves tournament last week.

Jimmy Avon's Joe Svoboda, Golden Gloves title contender, has won 17 of his 19 starts.



Press Johnson, Akron featherweight, who is kept fighting around his locality frequently

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

THE Kid Berg and Mushy Callahan classic takes precedence in the boxing news of England the past month. It was the fastest fight seen in Great Britain in many moons. The bout was devoid of a single illegality. This was a bit of a surprise to the majority of the fans who had rolled up expecting a sort of a "rough-house scrap." The man in the street here has the idea that boxers are allowed to do as they please in American rings, but those who are keen followers of the sport, know otherwise. The manner in which Berg and Callahan fought was an example of clean American fighting.

If only the Berg-Callahan contest had been "tossed in" for the consumption of the Miami crowd, everybody would have been good pals with his neighbor instead of being roused to passions and hatred by the reports that have cluttered the sports pages of our papers.

Dick Corbett put up a wonderful performance when he defeated Spider Pladner. Dick had the French Bulldog guessing throughout the whole contest and won by a comfortable margin. Sol Goldie, the respected manager of Kid Berg, assisted in Dick's corner from the fifth round and Sol's advice did not help Pladner, who appeared to be very ill-pleased at a "stepney" being brought into use.

Mushy Callahan and Joey Greenberg made a bull's-eye hit here with everyone who came in contact with them. Sensible fellows like this pair do more good than many an Ambassador and if only we could see more of their kind over here, an improvement in the understanding between two huge British speaking nations would soon be apparent.

A genuine surprise was furnished at Jeff Dickson's show in Albert Hall when Harry Mason, considered past his peak, gained the official decision over Jack Hood in a fifteen-round contest, thereby winning the welterweight championship of Great Britain.

Mason fought with uncanny skill and baffled Hood with his boxing display. Jack appeared uncertain of his movements and fought considerably below par.

Dom Volante, who made such a big hit in New York, is back in England for a few weeks to enable him to undergo an operation to his nasal organ. He intends returning to America where he received much encouragement and met good fellowship on every hand. Dom says that in the States it is customary to call a "spade a spade" and they have no time for the beg pardon brand of scrapper. Fight or "get out" is the order. Dom disagrees with those of our people who condemn American sportsmanship because of the Scott affair. "They are splendid sports," says Dom, "especially the newspapermen. They always offer encouragement to a fighter, and a British boy is just as welcome as a home lad." Dom also says that British boxers have a great friend in THE RING and its editor, Nat Fleischer.

The pick of the four eliminating lightweight bouts, that between Harry Corbett, ex-feather champion, and Alf Howard, Liverpool's K. O. kid, and the holder of the European lightweight championship, was decided at the Stadium, Liverpool, on March 6. It proved to be the sensation of the year, ending in a glorious victory for Corbett, who now becomes lightweight champion of Europe by stopping Howard in the twelfth after Howard took three counts.

Harry Corbett gave probably the greatest exhibition of what boxing can be at its best for he made the famous K. O. specialist look a novice. After the first round it was a case of tutor and pupil.

BRITISH BOXING RESULTS

At Premierland—Teddy Lewis narrowly defeated Harry Paulding on points over 12 rounds. Sid Raiteri beat Ernie Bicknell over a like distance and Harry Barber boxed a 10-round draw with Foxhall's Nipper.

Young Johnny Brown stopped Jack Jaspers (Belgium) in the fifth. Roy Beresford stopped another Belgian in Auguste Demeulier, in three and Jim Wheeler outpointed Jack Boston in twelve.

At Premierland—Bill Softley gained the decision over Sonny Doke, a southpaw boxer, in 12 rounds. Harry Mason fooled about with a raw French boy in Julius de Kessler for four rounds and then applied the closure to the Frenchman. Sam Steward, ex-lightweight champion, K. O.'d Gaston Deveaux in round eight. Lew Pinkus won a brainy 12-round bout against the Frenchman, Leo Hermac. Tommy Kirk got a clear-cut decision over the Bethnal Green boxer, Teddy Lewis, and Micky Clarke readily stopped Jack Richards in the seventh.

At Paddington Baths—Clarence Barton defeated Alec Thake over 15 rounds. Kid Farlo won over Jack Fileford in 12. Dod Oldfield and Sandy McEwan met for the third time and at the end of 15 rounds of sparkling boxing, Oldfield was awarded the decision.

The Ring—Young Siki got a points decision over Kid Rich. George Mackie stopped Johnny Smith in six. Alby Kestrell stopped Jim Hocking in the 12th and George Aziz (Egypt) stopped George Appleton in the tenth.

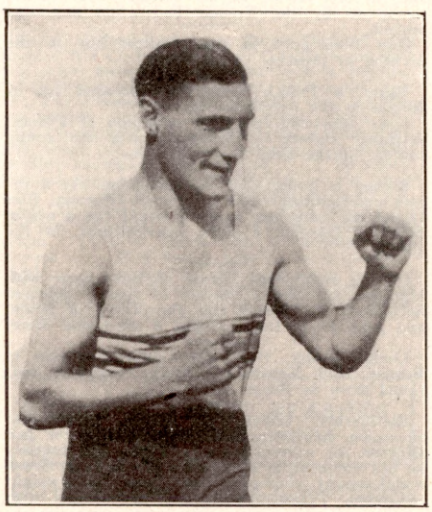
At The Vale Hall, Kilburn—Phineas John beat Jack Connell. Young Joey Socks easily outpointed Billy Lowe. Nipper Pat Daly clearly outpointed his stable companion, Charlie Mack over 15 rounds.

At Shepherd's Bush—Tommy Little outpointed George Peck and Gipsy Daniels beat Billy Adair by a very narrow margin.

At The Embassy Hall, Catford—Charlie Green stopped Ted Johnson in the seventh and George Davis caused George Nolan to retire in round ten.

At The Holborn Stadium—(National Sporting Club)—Billy Lewis beat Danny Dando in a fast bout. The fight for the flyweight championship and Lonsdale Belt between Bert Kirby of Birmingham and Champion Jackie Brown of Manchester, ended in round three with Brown being K. O.'d. Brown, last November, when he gained the championship honors, won by a K. O.

At Fulham Baths—Seaman Watson beat Johnny Quill. Johnny Gibson stopped Young Dusty in the eighth round. Fred Green and Fred Bullions drew over 15 rounds, and Billy Barnham boxed a 15-round draw with Jim Wheeler.



Harry Brooks, British lightweight, has impressive record

At Edmonton—Boyo Rees gained the decision over Jimmy Thornton in 15 rounds. Sid Raiteri stopped Kid Kelly in the third. Harry Jennings stopped George Booker in the eighth. Haydn Williams, ex-Welsh lightweight champion, beat Ernie Mason in 15 rounds, and George Porter K. O.'d Albert Johnson, brother of Len, in the ninth.

At Kingston-on-Thames—Billy Kelly beat Jerry Sands. Ginger Williams outpointed Wally Nelson and Albert Holmes defeated Dave Danahar.

At Greenwich Baths—Tom Berry, the ex-cruiserweight champion, stopped Albert Nokin (Belgium) in 11 rounds. Jim Briley cleverly outpointed Billy Reynolds in a dozen rounds.

At Premierland—Kid Pattenden was disqualified in his bout with Jimmy Rowbotham in round seven. Nipper Pat Daly walloped Pat Briley so severely for six rounds that the referee intervened. Douglas Parker beat Joseph Martinez in round one. Alf Simmons stopped Francois Henricks in round eight.

At The Ring—Johnny Curley outpointed Pierre Godart over 15 rounds.

At Shepherds Bush—Alf Mancini sprung another quick one when he caused the referee to stop his bout in the third round with Andre Beghin to save the latter from further punishment.

At The Holborn Stadium—Ernie Jarvis K. O.'d Van Daele in the third.

At Fulham Baths—Jim Brooks got a points decision over Phil Green and Jimmy Lindsay beat Wyndham Blake on points over 15 rounds.

At Edmonton—Harry Jennings stopped Billy Green in the sixth.

At Kingston-on-Thames—Arthur Boddington beat Kid Rich in 15 rounds.

PROVINCIAL NEWS

At The Stadium, Liverpool—Benny Sharkey boxed a terrific 15-round draw with Bob Rimmer. Percy Dexter outpointed Dick Burke in 15 rounds. Ashton Jones, of Wales, clearly outpointed Benny Valger, the "French Flash", in 15 rounds. Jerry O'Neil, from Jimmy Wilde's country, boxed a 12-round draw with Dick Inkles. Johnny Summers, the old champion, refereed this last bout.

At The Free Trade Hall, Manchester—Johnny Britton beat Raymond Desnoulet (France). Joe Lowther gained a decision over Mileke Libert (Belgium), and Arthur Rees, (Welsh) beat Jack Harbin.

At The N. S. C., Leeds—Billy Roberts K .O.'d Wattie Wilde in round eight. Nipper Cooper beat Young Dick Lawton.

At The Town Hall, Leeds—Steve McCall gained a decision over Fred Shaw.

At The Coliseum, Southampton—Two middleweights, Stan Douglas and Jock Thoms, stood toe-to-toe and punched each other for 15 rounds to a draw. Ben Drake battered Harry Vine.

At Granby Halls, Leicester—Harry Crossley, the cruiser-weight champion, gained Jimmy Wilde's decision over Reggie Meen. Harry Leech and Pop Newman boxed a 10-round draw. Fred Oldfield scored a narrow win over Harry Lem, and Kelly Wilson boxed a ten-round draw with Al Holman.

At Kent St. Baths, Birmingham—Nobby Baker beat Tiger Smith. Peter Nolan outpointed Jim Clamp. Jack Haynes K. O'd Joe Woodruffe in the eleventh.

At the Belgrave Club, Leicester—Billy Carter defeated Billy Nutts and Len Wickwar stopped Jack Bradshaw in round three.

At The Rink, West Bromwich—Packy McFarland gained a points decision over Kid Socks in 15-rounds, and Billy James narrowly gained a points decision over Tommy Brown in another 15-round dispute.

At The Palais de Danse, West Bromwich—Jack Haynes stopped Joe Lynch of Glasgow, in round four.

At The Palais de Danse, Hanley—Tom Cartwright won a points decision over George White. Ernie Plant won over Ralph Morris in 15 rounds, and Tom Shaw won over K. O. Woolams in the fourth.

At The Victoria Baths, Nottingham—Archie Sexton defeated Jimmy Cox on points over a journey of 15 rounds and Alf Butter beat Johnny Hicks.

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Gossip from European Rings

By SPARROW ROBINSON

WITH the passing of the Cirque de Paris, which has been demolished to make way for a new street, promoter Jeff Dickson is now staging his shows at his Salle Wagram arena. He still holds all rights to stage boxing at the Velodrome d'Hiver, but unless the attraction is International, the expense to stage there is too great to take a chance.

Some excellent boxing has been witnessed at the Salle Wagram. Guy Bonaugura, the brother of Kid Francis, fought a hot draw with Belgium champion featherweight, Verbist.

Another bout between Kid Francis and Terance Morgan, of Wales, attracted a capacity house. Although Morgan was outfought all through the eight rounds and lost, he put forth a game battle.

The middleweight champions of France and Europe also fought at the Salle Wagram arena, between Marcel Thil and Alfred Pegazzano and Thil won the European crown.

In a bout fought at Florence, Italy, for the heavyweight championship, between Roberto Roberti and Buffi, the latter was knocked out in the fourth round.

George Aziz, an Egyptian flyweight, stopped George Appleton, of England, in the eleventh round.

The French bantamweight class at present is a very classy one. There is Kid Francis, "Spidner" Pladner, Eugene Huat, and Andre Regis. Regis is listed as the official champion, but Kid Francis is a superior boxer and a much harder hitter than Regis.

Jeff Dickson has been trying to get Al Brown to come to France and meet Kid Francis, but manager Lumiansky has held out for such a price that Dickson could not do business with him.

The French featherweight class is not especially good. There is no champion. Bobby Tassin, the last holder did not defend when ordered to do so by the French Federation and was ousted.

Guy Bonaugura is the classiest boy in the division at present.

Egrel, a French boxer, was knocked out by Alonzo in the fourth session.

Felix Sportiello, military champion of France, defeated Liebert of Belgium in a ten round contest at the Salle Wagram arena.

Boxing is going well at Barcelone. At a recent entertainment held at Cirque Olympia, Luis Logan, an American boxer, knocked out a negro, William Thomas, a light heavyweight, in the eighth.

On the same card Oldani of Italy drew with Martinez of Spain. Bartos of Spain, defeated Sebastlani of France, and Jim Terry of Spain, and Jean Joup, Italy, fought a ten-round draw.

Louis Kessler, the welterweight champion of France, and Venturi of Italy fought a ten-round draw in Rome.

Eleftherias Miliarakis, Greek lightweight champion, has been signed up by promoter Jeff Dickson for several bouts. In his own country he has victories to his credit over Kontos, Greek middleweight champion, and light heavyweight champion, Tzannetopoulos. He is credited with winning all of his sixty ring bouts, with the exception of five, by knockouts.

The revised list of European champions is as follows: Flyweight, Kid Oliva (France); bantamweight, Carlos Flix (Spain); featherweight, vacant; lightweight, Francois Sybille (Belgium); welterweight, Gustave Roth (Belgium); middleweight, Marcel Thil (France); light-heavyweight, Michele Bonaglia (Belgium).

Aime Raphael was defeated for the French lightweight championship by a newcomer named Vuillamy, in the village of Troyes, and on the same night and place Young Gardebois stopped Marcel Nilles in the sixth round.

Aime Raphael is clever, hard hitting and a game fellow.

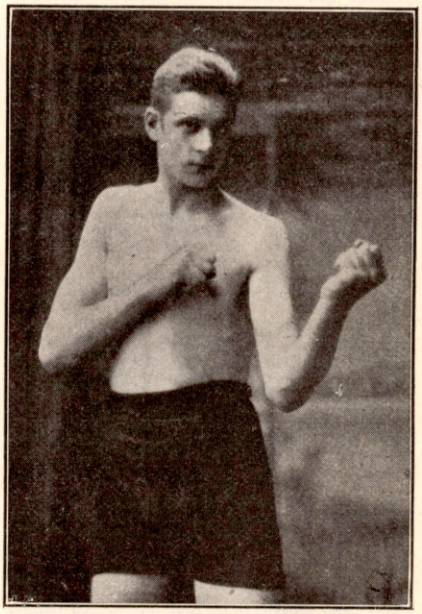
Marcel Thil, the French and European champion middleweight, defended his title successfully against Alfred Pegazzano, of France, at the Salle Wagram.

In the supporting card Romerio lost to Lengagne. They are middleweights. In another bout Zimdorf, German lightweight, knocked out Poidevin of France in two rounds.

Jack Root made a special trip to Europe to take to America Frank Nekolny, who hails from Prague. Root considers that in the "Battling Czech" as the young man is known, he has the coming champion of the world. Nekolny certainly has a fine ring record. Before leaving for America with his battler, Root will show him at two or three of Jeff Dickson's entertainments in Paris and London.

Sandjack, an Egyptian boxer, defeated Kid Johns of France at the Stade-Fronton. At the same entertainment Branca of Italy defeated Oscar Meyer of Germany. Frankie Genaro was one of the officials at the entertainment.

Roberto Roberti has challenged Pierre Charles, the European champion heavyweight, for the title and the International Boxing Union has sanctioned the match. Charles will have to defend in April or forfeit the title.



Young Charlie Hickman, of the famous Hickman troupe of English fighters

Carlos Flix, the bantamweight champion of Spain and Europe, defeated Merlo of France in a ten round bout held at Barcelone.

The official champions of Denmark are: Flyweight, Chr. Christensen; bantam, Tigil Christensen; Feather, Sigurd Myken; light, Carl F. Jenson; welter, Arne Sande; middle, Armand Christensen; light-heavy, Fhygo Petersen; heavy, Jacob Michaelsen.

Perrelet of Switzerland defeated Simbach of France in a ten round bout held at the Central Sporting Club, Paris. Both weighed over the lightweight poundage.

Leon Jacovacci, (Jack Walker) the champion middleweight of Italy fought a draw with challenger Dobreze at Triest.

At Lille, France, M. Dewanker defeated the clever bantamweight, Praxile Gyde, in a twelve-round bout.

At Milan, Italy, clever Benny Valger and Turienne went ten fast rounds to a draw. At the same entertainment Larry Gains, American negro, defeated Roberti on points.

George Aziz, an Egyptian flyweight who has been doing considerable boxing in Europe, is a very likely youngster. His latest victory was against Jerry O'Neil, of England, whom he stopped in ten rounds.

A new heavyweight boxer has been discovered in France. He is built on about the same proportions as Primo Carnera. He is an Algerian and has been named Samson.

Jeff Dickson, the young American promoter, will make a trip to the States early in June. He hopes to be in attendance at the Sharkey-Schmeling contest. And while in America he may sign up some battlers for his fall and winter season in Paris and London.

MAINE BOXING GOSSIP
By FRANKIE BREARD

VINCENT FORGIONE, Philadelphia, knocked out Joe Zelinsky, of Binghamton, N. Y., in the third round at Portland. Joey Mack, of Manchester, N. H., won from Harry Slabine, of Boston.

Art Giroux, Maine's flyweight king, defeated Ruby Dark Cloud Bradley, of Holyoke, Mass., at Salem, Mass.

Farmer Elvin, of Readfield, won the light-heavyweight championship of Eastern and Central Maine by kayoing Johnny Bouchard, of Old Town, in 23 seconds of fighting in the first round, at Bangor. Cyclone Violette, Old Town, ko'ed Jack Young, Augusta, in six; Wildman Quenon, Waterville, won over Kid Yuck, Bangor; Pat Cormier, Old Town, shaded Les Kid King, Augusta, and Baby Dempsey, Bangor, went to a draw with Cold Chocolate, of Augusta.

Dan Lucas, Portland heavyweight, lost to Steve Gorman, of Boston, in the main go at Portland. Bobby Jones, Portland, won on a foul from Lewis Nemis, of Halifax, Canada, in the semi-final. Bluenose Parent, Rumford, shaded Red George, Portland, and Herbie Beck, Portland, won over Johnny Murphy, of Boston.

K. O. Ketchell, Bangor, put Jack Young, of Augusta, to sleep in the third round at Bangor. Just David, Bangor Hebrew, won over K. O. Dennie, of Waterville; Kid Yuck, Bangor, outpointed Cecil Grant, Waterville, and Young Fourtier, of Bangor, fought a draw with Al Bouchard, of Waterville.

Ash Wing, youthful promoter, gave the fans of Eastern Maine a fine program on which Cyclone Violette, of Old Town, beat Kid Yuck, Bangor; Johnny Bouchard, Old Town, kayoed Big Boy Silva, Manchester, N. H., in one; Peanut Duby, Old Town, put Kid Parker, Winslow, to sleep in three, and Pat Cormier, Old Town, drew with Young Villa, Waterville.

Kayo Beal, 140 pounds, sent Shires Lovell, of Brewer, to the canvas in the second at Harrington.

Harry Martone, New York middleweight, defeated Willie Oster, of New London, Conn., at Portland.

Art Giroux, of Portland, outpointed Harry Roberts, Boston flyweight, at Lewiston. In the semi-final, Cannonball Cote, the Lewiston Pig Man, won over Tommy Clayton, Boston, Mass.

Herbie Beck, of Portland, invaded Portsmouth, N. H., to win from Wally Theroux, of that city.

Art Giroux won his eleventh straight victory by taking the verdict over Gene Bianco, of Boston. At Portland, Louis Nemis, of Halifax, Canada, kayoed Frankie Herlihy, of Lynn, Mass., in the fourth round of the semi-final.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. NOTES
By ROCKY CONTI

BUCKY LAWLESS, of Syracuse, N. Y., has taken Rochester boxing fans by storm since his defeat of Young Jack Thompson and Sergeant Sammy Baker.

Hector Quamina, colored lightweight, went over big when he boxed a draw with Johnny Burba, the tough Polish boy.

Meyer Lichenstien, Joe Lotto's welterweight, has won eight bouts. Among his opponents were Dory Shimar, of Williamsport, and Freddie Mueller, of Buffalo.

Steve Haliako keeps on his winning. His last victim was none other than Johnny Shepard, of Boston.

Honey Boy Shimar, of Williamsport, Pa., would like to meet Meyer Lichenstien.

Jock O'Rielly, the fighting Scotchman, defeated Charley Pinto here and four days later hopped to Buffalo and defeated Matty Gifford.

Ernie Rosini, a good little bantamweight, is now making his home here. He has met such stars as Sammy Dorfman, Johnny McCoy, Jackie Cohen and many other good boys.

My Lathron got off to a good start as a pro when he boxed a draw with Tony Grieco, of Buffalo.

Managers and boxers who are looking for work in this part of the state would do good by getting in touch with the writer at the Rochester Boxing Bureau, 300 Ward Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE most important fight in March here was the Al Brown-Tommy Paul set-to. The official verdict was a draw. Young Paul made a most remarkable showing against his tall, awkward opponent. Brown is a real champion, one of the hardest to fight. He is clever and knows how to deliver a punch. Newspaper writers at the ringside were inclined to give the edge to Brown.

Over 7,000 fans paid almost $9,000 to see the show. The match was staged at popular prices and 5700 went through the turnstiles at $1 general admission. Had the prices ranged from $1.50 to $5 the gate would have totaled well over $15,000.

Before leaving town, Manager Dave Lumiansky promised Promoter Hugh Shannon that he would bring Brown back here in the summer to fight Paul in a title match, fifteen rounds at 118 pounds for the Crescent A. C.

The recent Slattery and Scozza show drew a gate of $68,800 and an outdoor Paul-Brown match should draw $40,000.

Although rumors have been flying thick and fast that Jimmy Slattery will defend the title he gained in his match here with Lou Scozza nothing as yet has developed that looks like a certainty. Maxie Rosenbloom is named by the New York state athletic commission as the man Slattery must fight.

Rosenbloom, recognized by the National Boxing Association as light-heavyweight champion, believes he is entitled to 25 per cent of the receipts. Slattery, champion in New York state only, insists that he get 37½ per cent—the champion's end.

Since the Slattery fight, Scozza's fame has spread. He had Jimmy punch-drunk and all but "out" in the thirteenth round of their championship battle. Locally the Italian student-boxer is well liked. His stock has gone up 1,000 per cent since he proved his worth against Slattery.

Since the New York State commission has helped the smaller clubs by cutting the overhead expenses as to officials and preliminary boxers, there will be half a dozen new clubs in upper New York State. Syracuse will soon be going again. Elmira, Utica, Jamestown and Binghamton will also have clubs.

Gossip of the boxers. . . . Jimmy Duffy, Curley Supples, Kid Curley and Hymie Goldstein, old time ring stars, have applied for licenses as referees. . . . Three of the boys will likely be disappointed. . . . The commission will probably only appoint one arbiter to take Dick Nugent's place. . . . With the coming of Daylight Savings time, April 27th, there will be few matches staged here until the open air season begins in July. . . . Two good prospects are being developed here in the amateurs. . . . George Parker, lightweight, and Anthony Di Carlo, bantam. . . . Both expect to turn pro. this Fall. . . . Anse Carroll is taking on weight. . . . Bert Finch has a healthy bank account. . . . Bert knows how to hang onto the dough. . . . Frankie Schoell is getting in good shape again. . . . There's many a fight left in the game Dutchman. . . . But he should stick to the middleweights in the future.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

AFTER a lay-off for over a year, Tommy West Mahan, Trenton light-heavy, returned to the ring at the Newark Armory and boxed a furious ten round draw with Mike Sullivan, of Atlantic City.

Danny Cooney, Roebling welter, stopped Jimmy Abbott of New York. Abbott had a nasty cut over the eye.

Young Terry, Trenton welter, is back in training after an operation on his nose.

Jackie Baldwin, former navy battler, scored a knockout over Al Melody in the third.

Jesse Goss, Trenton lightweight, knocked out Georges Amblard, of Philadelphia, in the first.

Manus Hartmann, of Trenton, knocked out Gus Mortz, of Newark, in the first round. Both are light-heavies.

Bobby Zimmermann, of Camden and Sammy Tucker, of Newark, boxed a fast six round draw.

Savarrio Piccariello, who attends Rider College, boxed a draw with George Sacco, of Trenton. The Rider student looks very good.

Dick Bishop scored a K. O. over Charles Grup in the first round. Both are of Trenton.

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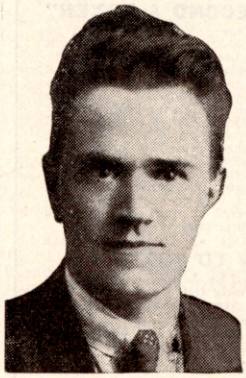

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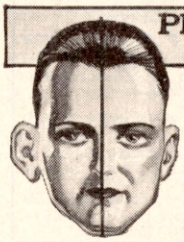

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By SAM HART

JACK HAINES lived up to all the good things I said about him when he won on a T.K. from Ted Monson, for the middleweight championship of Australia in the 13th round. If Haines takes a trip to America he will certainly be boxing for the world's title before being there long.

Paddy Waltier lost to Jimmy Kelso (Australian), and Bert Malcom. Each fight could have been a draw. Waltier has made many friends in this country.

Jack Haines K.O.'d Tiger Andy Anderson of Chicago, in 5 rounds. 10,000 fans saw the fight.

Jack Haines, K.O.'d Tiger Anderson, of Chicago, in a return fight in 6 rounds. Another big crowd witnessed the bout. Tiger Anderson K.O.'d Frank Van in 15 rounds.

Jack Carrol, Australia, K. O.'d Tiger Anderson, Chicago, in 11 rounds.

Good middleweights and other fighters wishing to make the trip to Australia can write me, care Stadium, Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, Australia; Lichhardt Stadium or 340 Pitt Street, Sydney.

George Thompson successfully defended his heavyweight title by knocking out Fred Young, of England, in the fifth round.

Norm. Gillespie, lightweight champion, defended his title against Jack Roberts, also of this city, in one of the greatest and most sensational fights seen at the famous Rushcutters Bay Stadium. Gillespie won by a knock out in the seventh round. In all there were 11 knockdowns, Gillespie hitting the canvas five times. Both these boys are terrific punchers.

Pete Sarron and Lou Bloom are in New Zealand. They are both boxing very successfully.

Dealer Wells, (Aust.), won on points over Alby Roberts (Aust.), 15 rounds.

Norm. Gillespie again beat Jack Roberts, points, 15 rounds.

Frankie Jackson (Aust.), K. O.'d Boy Whalley (San Francisco), two rounds.

Amblard and Pardy French, middleweight boxers, are now here. Boy Peters, of England, is with them.

Sid North, one of our best bantams, K. O.'d Fred Hallam—two rounds.

Billy McAllister, bantam champion, defended his title against Vic. White, flyweight champion. McAllister won on points—15 rounds.

Pat Redmond, Australia's Carnera (Redmond weighs 17 stone 7 lbs.), K. O.'d Ted Dargin in 9 rounds.

Filipino fighters are arriving for the New Leichhardt Stadium, which when completed will be one of the finest in the world.

Jack Dunleavy will make a trip to America with his great fighter, Jack Haines. A funny thing, the two greatest fighters we have had in the last 15 years were middleweights, Les Darcy and Jack Haines. Haines is not a Darcy yet—(there was only one Darcy and it will be many moons before we get another), but he will go near to being one. This boy is the fastest thing for a middleweight I have ever seen. He will make good in America. I would give him an equal chance against Walker. This Boy Haines is THE GOODS.

My Ratings for Australia

Heavyweights— George Thompson (champion), Fred Young, Pat Redmond, Ted Dargin, Yank Hannaberry.

Middleweights—Jack Haines, Billy Edwards, Ted Monson, Frank Van, Billy Harms, Merve Williams, Norm Johnson, Ted Palmer.

Welterweights—Jack Carroll, Wally Hancock (champion), Tommy Fairhall, Dealer Wells, Bluey Jones, Billy Richards, Jack Paul.

Lightweights—Norm. Gillespie (champion), Jack Roberts, Billy Grime, Bobby Delaney, Jimmy Kelso.

Featherweights—Tommy Crowle (champion), Len Edwards, Al Gallagher, Archie Hughes, Jack Bray, Tommy Barber.

Bantams—Billy McAllister (champion), Les Waters, Sid North, Billy Tyson, Al Singleton.

Flyweights—Vic White (Fly & Paper Champion. Ted Green.

WEST VIRGINIA NEWS
By IRWIN FLUHARTY

THE feature bout of the month, the Civitan Club Christmas Basket Charity Show, brought out one of the biggest turnouts of the season at Wheeling. In the main bout Sammy Harris, Akron's Negro lightweight sensation, won on a technical knockout over Cuban Jack Hernandez, of Atlantic City. The fight was stopped in the fifth, when Hernandez, his eye cut and sagging on the ropes, was helped to his corner.

The semi-final saw Micky Hart, New Kensington, Pa., take a neat lacing from Pres Johnston, Akron.

Maxie Strub, Erie, Pa., lightweight, knocked out Ray Collins, booked out of Philadelphia, in the fifth round at the Market Auditorium, Wheeling.

Harry Harris, Bellaire, Ohio, broke his hand in the second round of a six-round semi-final, but continued to a draw with Lonnie Bowden, Huntington, W. Va. They are middleweights.

Ted Yarosz, Monaco, Pa., outpointed Johnny Popicg, Wheeling, 155, in six rounds.

Battling Gizzy, of Pittsburgh, the Smoky City successor to Harry Greb's unorthodox style of boxing, scored his third kayo when he stopped Eddie O'Dowd, veteran campaigner from Columbus, in the third round at the Market Auditorium, Wheeling.

In the semi-final, Paul Oger, of Akron, was outpointed by Jimmy McGraw, Martins Ferry. They are welterweights.

Charlie Baxter, Columbus, won over Young Nanci, Pittsburgh, in six rounds.

Ross Fields, Weirton southpaw bantamweight, outpointed Young Sapenza in a main bout of ten rounds at Weirton. In the semi-final, Freddie Edwards, Chester, won over Cowboy Joe Cannell, Youngstown. They are welters.

Frenchy Costin, veteran trainer of fighters in Wheeling, has opened a modern gymnasium and is training a string of amateur and professional fighters. Costin some years ago trained Bernie Hahn and Goo Stewart.

Jack Wells, heavyweight, who formerly fought under Mickey McManus, Wellsburg, but who is now with Red Mason, Pittsburgh, has been in training in the Metro gymnasium, Wheeling, for some time.

Amateur fights hold the stage at the Wheeling Y. M. C. A. and the Blue Ribbon gym, Benwood, W. Va.

Bob Brinkman, Wheeling amateur welter, is undefeated in three years, and Paul Billelo, bantamweight, of Benwood, has yet to lose a fight.

Rumors of amateur tournaments in Fairmont, Huntington and Sistersville are causing the simon pures to prick up their ears.

Nick Popicg, middleweight, who campaigned in Plainfield and Jersey City last summer and fall, is back in training under Herman Wise, of Wheeling.

NORTHERN INDIANA TID-BITS
By R W. WARNER

BATTLING REDMAN, colored heavyweight of South Bend, won the newspaper decision over Frankie Wine, of Montana in 10 rounds.

K. O. Kelly, of Akron, Ohio, claimant of the colored middleweight championship, won from Red Dugan, of Laporte, on technical knockout, at South Bend, in the second round.

Red Dugan, Laporte welterweight, journeyed to Bass Lake to stop Vic Clemmens in the sixth round.

Russ Crispin knocked out Indian Kid Merkes, of Kokomo, in the tenth round. Crispin floored Merkes several times during the bout with lefts and rights to the chin but the Indian would not stay down until the final round.

K. O. Johnson, of Minneapolis, substituted for Russ Crispin and was unable to withstand the short hard punches to the midsection and succumed to Red Dugan in one minute and ten seconds of the fourth round.

Young Beaver, 140, Winamac, won by technical knockout from Kid Spears, of Stillwell. Five rounds.

Among the boys who work daily at the East End A. C. are Red Dugan, Leo Bennis, Abe Welch, Kid Jackson, Young Jones, Dom Bennis, Tony Lambertson

NEWS FROM IOWA
By PINKY GEORGE

Tony Legouri, Iowa's premier lightweight who lost his one and only fight to Tommy Grogan recently, is back in training. Dave Fidler, Des Moines promoter, plans a Tony Legouri-Billy Patrole meeting.

Iowa Joe Rivers beat Spug Myers in a exciting bout at Cedar Rapids. Eddie Denson and Young Battling Nelson boxed an eight-round draw in the semi. Nelson a few days later journeyed to Marshalltown where he won from Herman Bernstein in ten rounds.

Johnny D'Juro, former Gob, won from Jack Duffy of St. Paul at Mason City. Emil Morrow and Leonard Johnson drew in six.

Davenport drew a capacity house when Haakon Hanson beat Tiger Johnny Cline in ten rounds. Billy Hoon beat Jack Decker in ten while Mike Dundee won from Spud Friend in the third ten-rounder.

Henry Falegano, Des Moines Filipino, won from Johnny Simonese at Omaha recently but dropped the duke to Glen Kid Lear at Burlington two nights later.

Atlantic has a coming junior welterweight in Nach Manriquez who is winning with regularity.

Vale Falegano, Filipino flyweight, won from Jackie Evans at Ottumwa while Jake Hunzinger beat Frank Kinney.

Spencer, Iowa, just big enough to be found on the map, has a comer in Wyman Kid Swezey. In his bout with Vale Falegano at Des Moines recently, he surprised the "wise ones" by winning a clean cut decision.

The Joe Kelly-Bert Kavnaugh boxing Club of Des Moines will soon resume operations.

Riverview Park of Des Moines, which runs only in Summer, has obtained Dave Fidler as its matchmaker, to take the place of Bob Wagner who plans to move to Tulsa, Oklahoma.

There are no referee disputes in Iowa. All bouts are handled by Alex and Nate Fidler who are the best referees in this section.

Raymond Bunch, 19-year-old heavyweight of Des Moines, is one of the best prospects of recent years. Bunch is 6 ft., 2 ins., and weights 195 pounds. Bunch is a rugged glove slinging type of fighter.

Pep Jennings, Iowa flyweight champion is out of the running for six weeks as the result of a shoulder injury in his last appearance in Chicago, where he defeated Barlino Martin in eight rounds.

Promoter C. J. Henaghen, at Davenport is playing his high class fistic productions to packed houses.

The New Marshalltown, Iowa, Coliseum is featuring some dandy shows for the American Legion through their capable matchmaker Clarence Edsall. Battling Nelson shaded Herman Bernstein in ten rounds of a great scrap on their last card.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

THE need of a local or state boxing commission was never more fully demonstrated than the fiasco that attended the last boxing show staged by F. J. Smith at the Auditorium. Louie Zack was scheduled to face Herb Mullenhoff in the feature event but at the last moment, without the proper notification to the press or public, they substituted Dick Krone, a young, strong, strapping fellow, without any qualifications of a well-trained athlete. The bout was stopped early. Krone was game enough but proved no match for the rugged Mullenhoff.

J. A. "Fred" Griffith, Daddy of Sioux City's Tuff One, has added Sammy Martin, Sioux City Negro lightweight, to his stable.

Lloyd Hagan, well-known sports editor of the Sioux City Tribune, is back from the west coast where he spent a six-weeks' vacation with his folks.

Walt Pritchard will promote out-door shows at the Stock Yards baseball park once a week with the coming of the warmer months. Pritchard always gives the fans a good show.

Nate Dax, the pioneer boxing promoter of these parts, comes forth with the announcement that he has taken over the management of the Business Men's gymnasium. Bobby Paul has been engaged as trainer.

To prove his faith in the fight game here, Harry Jones, owner of Riverview amusement park, is financing the construction of an out-door boxing arena, at an approximate cost of $7,500 at his part. When completed, the arena will have a seating capacity of 3,400 persons.

Connie Curry, former bantamweight boxer, informs the writer that he will enter the boxing promoters' field. Connie intends to put on his first show at Kingsley, Iowa, in the very near future.

Nate Dax put on a dandy card at the Rialto theater, where he will stage all his future boxing cards. Every bout was full of action and the fair cards. Every bout was full of action. The results produced some unexpected up-sets for the home-town boys.

The eight-round main event saw Billie Jackson, Sioux City welterweight, take the count at the hands of Haskell Lee, Negro lad from Omaha, in the first round.

WRESTLING—SIOUX CITY AND VICINITY
By BILL HAWKINS

The wrestling game here under the guiding hand of "Square Deal" Charley Loch, is coming along in fine shape. Loch is a great showman and his shows never fail to please the many fans of the "rasslin" sport.

On Loch's last show we see the following results—Wykoff, of Kansas City, put Tommy Thompson, of Clinton, Ia., down in his record for two straight falls.

Joe Hasson, young brother of Omaha Ernie, provided the fans with plenty of action when he put Roy Gillis, tough Sioux City policeman, to the floor in 29 seconds in the opener on the card. Roy was not a bit worried over this fall, and came right back in the second and third falls to defeat the Omaha youngster each time with the body scissors and headlock.

FLORIDA EAST COAST NOTES
By WILLIAM GALLICK

EARL LIEDERMAN, well known physical culturist who is wintering in Palm Beach, donated three beautiful cups to the outstanding boys in a recent amateur tournament at West Palm Beach.

At the height of the season, Lake Worth promoters matched Roy Wallace, star light-heavy of the E. F. Hutton stable against Yale Okun, New York contender for the light-heavy crown. Wallace surprised the smart ones by having Okun in a very bad way in two of the ten rounds, and for his pains received a draw from referee Billy Roche. Both newspapers favored Wallace seven of the ten rounds and the Commission met the following day and reversed the decision.

Michel Maurer, "Pa" Stribling's German heavyweight invader, made his American debut at West Palm Beach against Jeff Carroll, Mississippi big boy before a packed house. Maurer stopped Carroll in the fourth.

Roy Wallace, Indianapolis light-heavy who always packs the arenas in this section, faced Battling Bozo (Curtis Hambright), Alabama's light-heavy champ for a draw at West Palm Beach. Wallace floored the Birmingham entry in the eighth round.

Joe Barbera, New York lightweight, was giving Honey Boy Snipes, Macon battler, a real pasting at West Palm Beach recently when the Gotham boy accidentally landed a low one. Later, Barbera fought a draw with Jose Estrada at the exclusive Oasis Club at Palm Beach.

Daytona Beach, Melbourne, Ft. Pierce and Orlando are running weekly shows now. Reports from Orlando show that Michel Maurer defeated Mike Firpo.

At Melbourne, Red Riley and Jimmy DeCapua fought a sizzling draw and Mike McTigue stopped Ralph Schneider at Ft. Pierce.

At Daytona Beach, Bob Godwin, the pride of the racing city won from the veteran Mike McTigue.

West Palm Beach is enjoying the greatest season since boxing was inaugurated here five years ago. Although the club seats only two thousand, Legion officials report an average of $3,000 per week for the past ten weeks.

Jack DeMave, blond Hollander, gave Mike Maurer a real lacing before the season's greatest crowd at West Palm Beach. Maurer was dropped three times.

NEW ORLEANS GOSSIP
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

WITHIN a fortnight New Orleans will have a new professional boxing club. The name will be: The Courthouse Athletic Club. The promoter's name is: Samuel T. Brittle, and the matchmaker: Phil J. Gaffney.

For the time being and until offices are located in the business section, managers and boxers are requested to send all mail to 1458 Constance Street. More particulars concerning this new addition to the boxing world will appear in this column.

Eddie "Kid" Wolf, the little Memphis Hebrew, beat Roy Kiser. The sport writers termed the decision a "hair line" one. They boxed twelve rounds.

Al Donnelly, one of the latest and most pleasing little boys, defeated Jack Sullivan, of Birmingham, in a ten-rounder. Donnelly is a youngster who strives at all times to please.

Sid Brown, who at one time boxed under the name of K. O. New Orleans Brown, has sold his contract on Milton Manguno to Emile Bruno, who also directs the affairs of Al Donnelly.

"Dutz" Moret has sold his contract on Raymond Culotta to Sidney Brown.

Dudley Stadler, who nine months ago was a promising looking bantamweight, returned to the ring and boxed Paul Quarteraro a close six-rounder on the Donnelly-Sullivan card.

Matt Brock, a young Italian boy, made his debut as a ten-rounder when he polished off Joe Roman. It was a very interesting fight.

"Uncle" Pete Kelly sent his young charge, Ray Calamari off to another winning start in the semi-final to the Brock-Roman match. This time, Ray defeated Scrip D'Olive, of Bay Minette, Ala.

Another boy who showed up exceedingly well on the same card in the person of Nutzi Vaccaro, who drew with Paul Quarteraro. Bobby Gonzales, veteran fight manager, has the kid in tow.

Phil J. Gaffney, who has been directing the affairs of Joe Cook for five years, is negotiating with Luis Parga, Havana boxing impressario, for a showing of his boy in the Cuban capitol.

Henry Kershaw, is making quite an effort to put Baton Rouge on the boxing map. Jack Kearney, local lightweight, has shown on three occasions. Jack gives action from bell to bell.

Monroe, La., in the upper part of the state, saw Jimmy King, local middleweight, give Dude Mullins a lacing only to have the decision awarded against him on a foul.

Reports from Chicago state the Joe King reversed the decision on Walter Madley, to whom he lost in his Windy City debut.

Ervin Berlier lost an unpopular verdict to Young O'Malley. Ervin seemed to be the winner.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

ART FEESER, Lebanon's billiant lightweight stopped the rugged Charlie Gibson, of Shenandoah.

Pat Igo, Joe Sepauley's hard hitting Shenandoah lightweight, won over Joey Hadfield, of Conshokocken, at Shenandoah.

Pinkey Kauffman, of Hartford, Conn., won from Billy Algerm, of Arizona, in eight, at Reading.

"Fat" Shiry, Pottstown flyweight, defeated Ruffy Harris and Midget Sharkey in his last two starts.

Danny Dern, former Lebanon amateur, won over the tough Johnny Lippert in six rounds.

Other Lebanon amateurs who look good since turning pro are Dick Rudegeair, Wildcat Deering, Paul Wentzel and Bill Kimmel. Lebanon is drawing fair crowds with good scraps.

Lakeside Park, Mahanoy City's big arena, has reopened with the genial Herb Noaks at the helm.

Art Feeser is finding it difficult to get anyone to fight him due to his terrific punching power.

Joe Wenke is working on something big for Harrisburg.

THE RING GAME AROUND CINCINNATI

By JIMMIE AMANN

THE fight "racket" was pretty quiet around Southern Ohio during the past month. The reason was that the Parkway club, operating in Music Hall was forced to vacate for the annual Home Beautiful Exposition.

While the Parkway club was running dark, the local Armory staged several good cards. Pete Petroskey a welter and Johnny McPherson a bantam are the Armory favorites.

Howard Mitchell, Fred Batsche's 135 pounder knocked out Ernie Auskins in their first round. Pete Petrosky and Frankie Palmo battled on even terms in the six-round semi-final. Johnny McPherson beat Lee Norton in another six. Jackie Coogan outpointed Billy Weitzel in six. Harley Washburn beat George Ferguson in four. In the opener Ray Keitz outpunched Frankie Weitzel in four.

At the 147th Infantry show Manuel Castro, Mexican featherweight lost to Babe Ruth, of Louisville. The decision was unpopular. Cole Parks, who is managing the Mexican, protested the decision. Williard Brown beat Jimmy Harris in the six round semi-final; Bud Bezenah trimmed Charley Court in 6; Joe Dragon kayoed Tommy O'Grady in 2; Earl Baker shaded King Cole in four; James Brown beat Kid Marion in four.

Chip Selby, the retired Middletown, O. lightweight, has turned promoter. In his most recent card, Johnny Jaggers, Dayton trimmed Johnny King. Jimmy Gordon and Rocky Dolan drew; Cliff Cassidy beat Joe Harris; Kid Sheppard and Dan Bufford drew; Kid Brown beat Young Phillips. The show was a complete success. Selby's arena is located in Germantown, Ohio. W. W. Grey is referee.

While Freddie Miller is recuperating from his recent illness, Johnny McPherson, Cinci bantamweight champion, is making rapid strides. Johnny's a great fighter. Among Mack's recent wins are Lee Norton, twice and a knockout over Johnnie Murphy in six. McPherson is laying claim to the bantamweight title of Southern Ohio. Rightfully deserved.

Midget Guery hit Red Holloway of Indianapolis at will for six sessions and won the decision. Mickey Conroy lost to Tate Langford, of Dayton. Jess McMurray subdued Mick O'Hara in six; Mutt Morsch beat old man Reach Devlin in four; while Ted Graham, a promising colored heavy, socked Jim stone in four.

The Lancaster Athletic Club in that city recently appointed Jack P. Dear matchmaker. Jack had Kid Farmer, the Sugar Grove junior middleweight ace, do battle with Chuck Bailey, of Akron, in the eighth round main event. Farmer won the decision.

Chocolate Kid, Columbus colored lightweight, trimmed Tiger Walker, of Akron, in the six-round semi-final. Windy Straits, Lancaster, knocked out Herb Bashford in one heat; Freddie Nauesser and Jackie Greenlee drew while in the curtain raiser Buddy Skutchers won from Kid Chocolate of Zanesville in 4.

Dear is holding regular two-a-month shows and, judging from recent turnouts, the time is close at hand when Lancaster will again be on the fight map.

Vincent Hambright, showing little effects from the Bobby LaSalle scrap, jumped over to Pittsburgh and outpointed Jimmy Belmont in ten rounds. Harry Williams won a technical knockout over Phil Hergert in three.

Jimmy Neal, one of Cincinnati's leading fighters, scored two victories. On March 6, Neal knocked out Bobbie Haide of St. Louis in Piqua, O. Six days later, Jimmy beat Boots Antley, veteran Southern lightweight at Fort Benning, Ga.

Jack Davis, former New York amateur, is now making Cincinnati his home. Davis has a promising flyweight in one Ernest Elig.

Broadcasts from Myron Bradley of Toledo—Tony Lombardo beat Young Westy in 10 rounds. Frankie Palmo beat Matt Flanigan in 10 rounds. The show was held at the Civic auditorium under the Shea Bros.

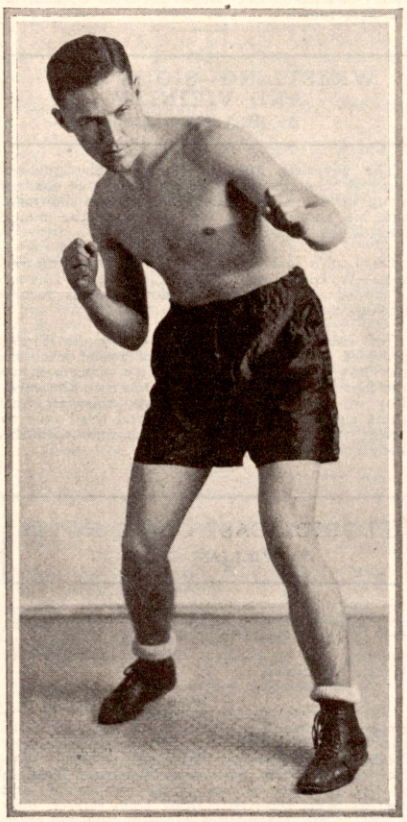
Newark, O.—Johnny Conley, Toledo and Homer Ronan, Newark, draw in 10 rounds. Lou Weidig knocked out Boy Peterson in 5; Don McClellan t. k. o. Kid Hazen in four; and Joe Montenaro stopped Buck Mills in two rounds.

Information in the game hereabouts can be had by writing the scribe at 810 Philadelphia St. Covington, Ky. Please inclose stamp for reply.

The most promising boys in Southern Ohio at this writing are, Johnny McPherson 118; Pete Petroskey 147; Pete Sams 118; Jack Gardner 160; George Ferguson 160; Cliff Cassidy 160; and Kid Farmer 155.

The junior National Boxing Championships were held at the Freeman Ave. Armory. Sam Becker, Albert Bechtold and W. Doc Rakestraw brought the bouts to Cincinnati. The show proved to be a huge succees, together with the appearance of Jack Dempsey, former world's heavyweight champion as the third man in the ring in the finals. A record crowd turned out for the finals. And once again Dempsey proved that he can still pack them in even when not fighting.

Jack Dear's card at the Lancaster Athletic Club arena attracted a record-breaking crowd for Lancaster. In the main go Kid Farmer, Sugar Grove, won from Cuddie Dixton, of Zanesville in eight rounds. Eddie Townsley won over Jack Gardner, of Lancaster. The latter took the bout on short notice and made a great fight of it. Tommy Berry knocked out Billy Merkle in two; Jimmy Ringheiser kayoed Ted Bennet in two; Knockout Darnell knocked out Mike Miller in four rounds. Sam Sadd of Zanesville refereed all bouts and Hank Eyman, Lancaster, kept time.



The leading claimant to the bantam championship of Ohio, Johnny McPherson

One of the greatest amateur fighters developed in the Queen City in years is Max Koshover of the L. B. Harrison Club. Koshover will go far in the ring game if handled right.

Some of the boys who are working out regularly at Smiley Anderson's Blue Grass Gym in Covington, Ky., are George Ferguson, Ray Keitz, Joe Anderson, Billy Angelo, Jackie Coogan, Elmer and Buddy Bezenah, Mickie O'Hara, Jack Washburn, Jack Reynolds and numerous others. All visiting boxers are welcome at the gym which is located at lower Scott St., Covington, Ky.

Before a very large crowd up in Dayton, O., Johnny Curtain, Dayton's leading lightweight, won over the veteran Mickie O'Hara in 10 rounds. Tiger Roy Williams of Chicago stopped Kid Stanley, of Kansas City, Mo.

According to the latest reports, Covington, Ky., will be the home of a big fight arena. With a capacity of about 10,000, it is planned to locate the arena at Second and Madison Avenues, on the lot adjoining the Ohio River bank.

Tacoma Bowl, the popular outdoor arena in Dayton, Ky., will open as soon as weather permits.

The latest addition to Cole Parks' stable of nose denters is Long Hom Hawkins, Pacific Coast colored heavyweight.

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Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati's veteran welterweight won the six-round decision over Pete Petrosky of Muskegon, Mich., in their return battle at the Armory on March 15th. In the six round semi-final, Joe Dragon beat Willie Yap. The best bout of the evening found Johnny McPherson scoring a technical knockout over Johnnie Murphy of Indianapolis in the sixth round. Joe Benziger knocked out Red Smith in two, while in the curtain raiser Joe Bernard won from George Roesler in four heats.

At the Music Hall on March 19th Billy Angelo of Leiperville, Pa., blasted his way to an easy win over Vince Hambright, Cincinnati.

In the semi-final, Patsy Klein, Cincinnati welter, put the skids under Sid Bailey in two rounds. Jimmy Sanzone after flooring Johnny Kubec often, sent the latter to the showers with a hard right in the third round. Simmie Ballinger knocked out Buddie Hill in two rounds. In the curtain raiser, Danny O'Keefe won over Spec Burris in four rounds. Sammy Smiley, veteran Pacific Slope trainer, has Burris under his wing and Sammy will get the boy there if anyone does.

AMONG QUEEN CITY GRAPPLERS

By JIMMIE AMANN

JACK REYNOLDS, long recognized as the world's champion wrestler in the 147-pound class, defeated Charley Grip at Cincinnati's Music Hall. This bout was heralded as for the title under the jurisdiction of the National Boxing Association. Grip won the initial fall in 17 minutes and 58 seconds. Reynolds won the next two falls, both via the leg-split. The second in 12 minutes, 10 seconds and the third in short time.

For winning the bout and the championship, Reynolds received a certified check for $10,000, while Grip came in for the loser's share of $6,250. The gate was $12,526, yielding a heavy loss for the Quality Athletic Club which staged the match.

Joe Parelli the chattering Brooklyn Italian, was disqualified and suspended in match with Hassen Ahmed of Turkey. Blacksmith Pedigo won a 30-minute decision over Basanta Singh the Praying Hindu. Jim Browning pinned Tom Draak with his favorite, the body scissors.

Billy Thom, the Human Torpedo, from Indiana University, beat Blacksmith Pedigo in their match at the Armory. Thom won two straight falls, both with flying tackles, the first in 23:34 and the second in an even 6 minutes. Fred Grubmeir, lanky Nebraska heavy, won the decision over John Evko, Chicago, in a 38 minute limit bout. Walter Achiu, former star half back of the U. of Dayton football team, and Les Fishbaugh wrestled to a very much booed draw. The crowd thought that the Chinaman won. Ralph Wilson, the Rasslin Medico from the Hoosier state, spilled Pat McCarthy in 17 minutes and 12 seconds with a crotch and half-Nelson.

Billy Hallas, the Texas Greek and Hassen Ahmed, the Terrible Turk, locked horns at the Armory on March 7. Hallas won the match. Hallas won his falls in 23:25 and 5:20 while the Turk scored in 15:40. Bobby Roscoe pinned Les Fishbaugh in 20:50 with a lift and slam. Jim Browning and John Evko wrestled on even terms for thirty minutes, while in another match Ad Santell disposed of Abe "Rocky" Morris with a short arm-scissors in 13:45. The latter four are heavyweights.

Portsmouth, O.—Walter Achiu, Dayton, after losing the first fall to Les Fishbaugh of Newark in 16 minutes, came back in the second to slam Fishbaugh in 17 minutes. The latter was unable to return to the mat for the third fall and Achiu was declared the winner. Jack Coogan, Dayton, threw Eddie Burk, Cleveland, in 22 minutes in the semi-final match.

One of the most promising wrestlers around these parts is Walter "Sneeze" Achiu, former University of Dayton football star.

Jim Browning, the giant San Francisco heavyweight, won a two-out-of-three fall match from Alan Eustace, the Kansas Tornado, in Dayton at Memorial Hall.

Frank Wolff, Australian light heavyweight, pinned Jack Kogut, of Dayton, with an airplane slam in seventeen minutes. George Hills, Wisconsin heavy won from Abe Morris, of Boston in 25 minutes, when the latter was disqualified for "unnecessary roughness".

George Gable, Cincinnati's lone rep in the wrestling game, won his match with Tetsura Higami, welter champion of Japan, at the Music Hall auditorium on March 14th. The match was rough and furious.

The biggest upset seen in a local ring was the downfall of Harry Glick, slick-haired New Yorker, by Bobby Roscoe, of Finland, in 6 minutes and 55 seconds. Tom Draak, of Holland, and Fred Grubmeir, of Nebraska, mingled in a rough match. The limit was 30 minutes and the verdict even. Art Perkins, Detroit welter and Blacksmith Pedigo, Louisville, drew in a 30-minute limit match.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

JIMMY BELMONT, of Braddock, Pa., put up a game fight with Vince Hambright, Cincinnati Filipino Flash, although Belmont lost the decision. The Braddock lad was on the verge of a knockout several times. They are welterweights.

Harry Williams, local Negro heavyweight, stopped Phil Heckert, of Cincinnati, in three cantos.

The Belmont-Hambright card was the first fistic offering put on by the Duquesne Garden since 1919, when Frank Moran, Pittsburgh heavyweight contender, and Jack Geyer, of Columbus, Ohio, met there when Moran was making a comeback.

Emmet Rocco, Ellwood City heavyweight, made an appearance at the Jolly Bowl against Ed Keely, for the benefit of the family of the late Joe Cumo, former manager of Rocco. Keely suffered a broken arm in the third round and the bout was awarded to Rocco.

Young Saylor, veteran welterweight, of Charleroi, Pa., gave Gene Moretti, of Atlantic City, a sound trouncing in ten rounds at the Moose Temple arena.

Howard Mayberry, former Canadian bantamweight champion, of Donora, Pa., was knocked out by Jackie Rodgers in three rounds. The battle was fought at the Moose Temple.

Battling Gizzy, local lightweight, came through with flying colors during the month. He licked Joey Powell, of Philadelphia, and stopped Eddie O'Dowd, of Columbus, O., in four rounds.

One of the greatest crowds of the season turned out to see Jackie Rodgers in action with Howard Mayberry. Rodgers is the idol of local fans. None of the boys around here have been able to go ten rounds with the Negro since he hit his present winning stride.

Tommy Crawley, Pittsburgh lightweight, who is now fighting out of New York, is making good with his new manager, Lou Brown.

George Panka, Homestead heavyweight, defeated Harry Williams, local Negro, at the Duquesne Garden. The pair had met twice before and each time the verdict was a draw.

Mose Butch, Pittsburgh bantamweight, was declared the National Junior A. A. U. bantamweight champion by virtue of his victory over Henry Gowatch, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Eddie Brannon, local Negro lightweight, who has just graduated from the preliminary ranks, got his big chance against Joey Goodman, Cleveland lightweight contender, and was stopped in the tenth round at the Moose Temple arena.

Emmet Rocco was beaten by Al Friedman, of Boston, in their recent ten-round encounter at the Jolly Bowl.

George Panka, undefeated heavyweight, took on Fat Greathouse, local heavy, and stopped Fatty in the eighth round.

Buck McTiernan, Braddock welter, who had been on the sidelines because of illness, won in his comeback against Johnny Piai, of Greenville.

The Meyers brothers are doing much in order to get their Braddock Bowl at North Braddock, Pa., in good shape for the coming outdoor season.

Boxers and managers should send in their news to the writer at Donora, Pa., no later than the 20th of each month.

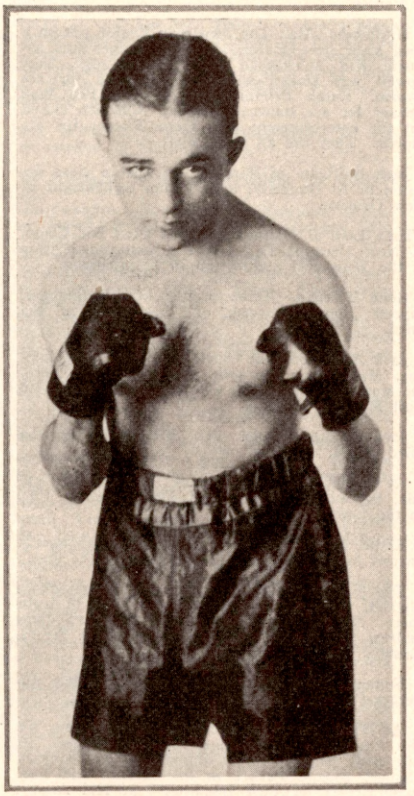
WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

CHARLEY BELANGER, Canadian light-heavyweight champ, won from Joe (Boland) Banovic, Binghamton, in ten rounds of slugging. Boland, who received his real start in this town, was the popular favorite at the final bell. Boland forced the milling. Tiger Thomas, Williamsport, won over Gene Cardi, a six-round slugging match.

In the previous show held at the Armory A. C., Bill Jones, clever colored light-heavyweight, Pittsburgh, won over Art Weigand, rugged Buffalo boy, in ten gruelling rounds. In the semi-final "Iron Mike" Kushwara, Pottsville middleweight kayoed Leo Lavin, Buffalo in the opening round.

Joe Grady, Carbondale's sensational welterweight continued on his winning streak by beating Al Conway, of Philadelphia. This was by far the hardest test for Grady who may now meet Billy Pollock to settle the welter supremacy of Lackawanna county.

Leo Mitchell, former Californian, who is now making his home in this city, has been signed for several bouts in New York and Pennsylvania. Mitchell is known as a fighter who pleases the fans win or lose.



George Paulin, claims the flyweight championship of Connecticut

WITH THE AMATEURS
By HUGH A. CARR

LOCAL boxing fans witnessed some real action among the amateurs during the past month. The Sacred Heart Club of Luzerne staged two shows before capacity crowds. The winners were: Al Alberts, Jack Sisko, Marty Vance, Manuel Santiago, Tommy Dougher, Tommy Stires, Frankie Salvant, Wesley Roach, Stanley Kloska, Georgie Minkel, Billy Bucknak, Benny Feytema, Jack Allen, Mike Goobic, Eddie Powell, Frank Mawadny, Pat O'Malley, Joe Lebanosky, George Brezna, Pat Baron, Agnew Pernu, Stany Rudginsky, Joe Zelinsky, Billy Motsko, Tommy Knight, Bernie Lustosky.

At the Nanticoke American Legion Marty Vance, Jim Driscoll, Jimmy Sweeney, Jack Suda, Jimmy Smith, Jack Driscoll, George Brezna, Manuel Santiago won their bouts.

The Pittston American Legion staged one of the best amateur shows of the season. The winners were Sam Arnone, Frankie Delregno, Billy Budzack, Emanuel Santiago, Jack Wasko, Eddie Murtha, Carnet Delregno, Joe Coyne, Tony Arnone, Mike Coolbaugh, Jack Lasky.

Many of the youngsters from the amateur ranks have turned professional during the past few months. Matchmaker Bird of the Armory Club is giving the local amateur every opportunity to make good professionally.

Several boys who recently graduated from the "simon pures" have made good in the professional ranks and the most notable among these are Jackie Dillon, Marty Mellet and Billy Sprow.

Jim Duffy and Bill Dohman, both popular members of the local fire department have aided the amateur game considerably here by their untiring efforts in training the local youngsters.

Duffy can always be found working out with a number of boys at No. 5 Engine House while Dohman helps Frankie Venchell to get his stable in shape.

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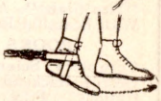

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ALABAMA NOTES

By SAM CARPRI

JACK TUNNEY, Birmingham light-heavyweight, kayoed Pug Avera, of Atlanta in the 3rd, in Atlanta, Ga.

At Center, Ala., Bill Cather of Birmingham, knocked out Carl Knowles, of Rome, Ga., in the fourth. This was the first boxing show ever held at Center.

Huntsville, Ala., The American Legion put on a good show here March 15. Red Snipes was opposite Kid Moorehead for four rounds. Carl Powell was staked against Jim Davis for six rounds. Ralph Primm went on with Pee Wee Verner for six stanzas. Dummy Robinson closed out the entertainment with Gene Turner for six rounds. They are all local boys.

Jack Sullivan, of Birmingham, lost a close decision to Al Donnelly, local Junior lightweight in New Orleans.

Tony Leto of Tampa, Fla., and Cecil Kid Como, of New Orleans, La., boxed a sensational draw at the Municipal auditorium in Birmingham.

Gene Tillman, Junior welter of Birmingham, kayoed Jimmy Devore, of Tuscaloosa in the third.

Jack Ausborne beat Chick McMann, of Columbus, Miss., in a six spot. While Sammy Nero, the slugging school boy, was held to a draw with Bull Martin.

Jack Smith kayoed Bob Fitzpatrick in the third round.

At Selma, Ala., Canada Jack Dempsey, of Canada, kayoed Chub Burns, of Fort Benning, Ga., in the fourth.

Eddie McCoy, Winnipeg, Canada, lightweight kayoed Jack Mays, of Maxwell Field in the first.

The Ensley Athletic Club in the Birmingham district, welcomes all fighters who want to train there. No charges are made. For full particulars address your scribe, Sam Carpri, 506 15th Street, Ensley, Ala.

Sammy Nero, the slugging southpaw, has undergone a nose operation.

At Montgomery Joe McDuff, local promoter for the American Legion, puts on great shows. At his most recent show, Canada Jack Dempsey stopped Blonde Parker in the seventh and Sagmaw Seeley, of Fort Benning, beat Kid Andry, local middleweight, in six rounds.

Kid Mays, of Maxwell Field, lost to Seaweed Wilson, of Fort Benning, in another good scrap. Dave Harris defeated Kid Scarberry in the opener.

Jack Sullivan, Birmingham junior lightweight, lost a close decision to Eddie Kid Wolfe of Memphis, at Memphis.

Sullivan kayoed Willing Wilson, at Memphis, in a previous showing there.

Ebon Lee, Birmingham featherweight, drew with Les Cronin, at Columbus, Miss.

Battling Kelley, Birmingham middleweight, beat Luther Orr, in an eight round bout at Memphis.

At Birmingham Auditorium, Battling Bozo knocked out Chester Bush, of New Orleans, in the seventh.

Jass Akers, of Tupelo, Miss, beat Kid Williams, of Savannah, Ga., an old favorite here.

Bill Barner of Bessemer, drew with Joe Monje, of Akron, Ohio.

Jack Ausborne, of Bessemer, kayoed Paul Snow in the first.

Bill Pierson and Bill Martin drew in a hard four-rounder.

Battling Bozo got a draw with Roy Wallace, of Indianapolis, at West Palm Beach, Fla.

At the Municipal Auditorium in Birmingham, Eddie Kid Wolfe, of Memphis, outpointed Claude Wilson, local popular junior lightweight.

Carl Dowdy, of Tuscaloosa, got a close decision over Bill Barner.

Buddy Danner outboxed Leo Woods, former Southern amateur champion, in a six spot.

The Gorgas Post No. 115, of the American Legion in Birmingham, has Jay J. Thomas as matchmaker.

In Thomas' first show Babe Hunt, of Oklahoma kayoed Jack League, of Chicago, in the second. They are heavies.

FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND

By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

THERE was some fine fighting at the local clubs the past month. The patrons have been flocking in such good numbers that promoters see a revival of interest in the sock sport in this section. The blue ribbon bouts were the Joey Ross-Victor Ferrand; Tony Santello-Sonny Suggs; Ernie Mandell-Johnny Datto; Eddie Holmes-Henry Janco; and Vittorio Livan-Joe Smallwood.

The best of the lot was the Ross-Ferrand, staged at the National A. C. After ten rounds of pell-mell action this wow was called a draw.

In the semi-final, Eddie Adonis, 149, of Boston, kayoed Jimmy Abbott, 144, of New York. The prelims saw Tony Carney, 125, of New Bedford, flatten Roger Blair, 127, of New York; Walter St. Allaire, 154, Centerdale, win on a foul from Bernie Monahan, 159, Providence, and Johnny Gallo, 131, of South Boston, outslug Young Leonard, 133, Providence veteran.

Johnny Datto, Cleveland's featherweight hope, stowed away the local sensation, Ernie Mandell, at the St. Joseph's Hospital Building Fund show. Datto stopped Mandell in the fourth after a game exhibition.

Albion Holden, 127, of Attleboro, never looked any better than when he stopped his arch-rival, Pat James, 122, of Brown University, in the fourth. This one was the semi-final to the Mandell-Datto scrap. Frankie Herilhy, 134, Lynn, was too smart for Billy Nelson, 136, Brockton, in a six-rounder. Patsy Reno, 152, Brockton, shellacked Tommy Quigley, 154, of Cambridge, in another six, and Al Kozial, 139, Cranston, put the payoff on Art Levigne, 136, Pawtucket, in a jiffy.

Paris Apice, of Providence, challenged the winner of the Albion Holden-Pat James bout. Holden won and now the only fence is the weight problem. This match is a real "natural" here.

At the National A. C., Eddie Holmes, Splash Flynn's good-going 138-pounder from Providence, won a hot eight-rounder from Henry Janco, 138, of Lawrence. In the semi-final, Mike Raffaelli, 187, of South Boston, kayoed Jack Hamilton, 185. Gus Brown, 169, Malden, won over the Patent Leather Kid, 173, New Bedford, in an "eight". Eddie Williams, 143, Worcester, was a bit better than Tony Magna, 145, of Boston, in another eight-heat affair, and Tony Janco, 136, Lawrence, licked Jimmy Metcalf, 135, Pawtucket, in the opener.

Joe Accetta, Providence lightweight, returned to ring wars and pulled the biggest surprise of recent local fight history when he beat Jake Zeramby of Boston, in the semi-windup of the Vince Dundee-Johnny Indrisano card at the Boston Garden.

Vittorio Livan, middleweight champion of Italy, showed Providence fandom why he is a comer, when he whaled seven kinds of tar out of Joe Smallwood, 156, of Washington, D. C., in the main go at Infantry Hall.

Al Linzi, 134, of Italy, defeated Johnny Gonzalves, 128, of Mexico, in the semi-final. Frankie Curcio, 137, Providence, beat Lou Petrone, 138, Worcester. Johnny Yaghian, 124, Worcester, got an unpopular draw with Albion Holden, 125, Attleboro and Patsy Reno, 153 1/2, Brockton, outpointed Tommy Quigley, 155, Cambridge.

Billy Lynch, Providence contender for Sammy Mandell's 135-pound crown, keeps bowling 'em over as fast as they can feed them to him. Lynch fought three times last month at the Fall River Casino. His victims were Frankie Hennesey, Poncho Villa, and Eddie Lord—no suckers in that list.

Two Providence favorites journeyed to Middletown, Conn., and both took home the bacon. They are Kid Forte, junior-light, and Pat James, feather. Forte kayoed Battling Goup of Hartford in a round and James decisioned Young Lurkey of Worcester. Forte also boxed at Worcester, defeating Benny Vogel of Boston in a semi-final match.

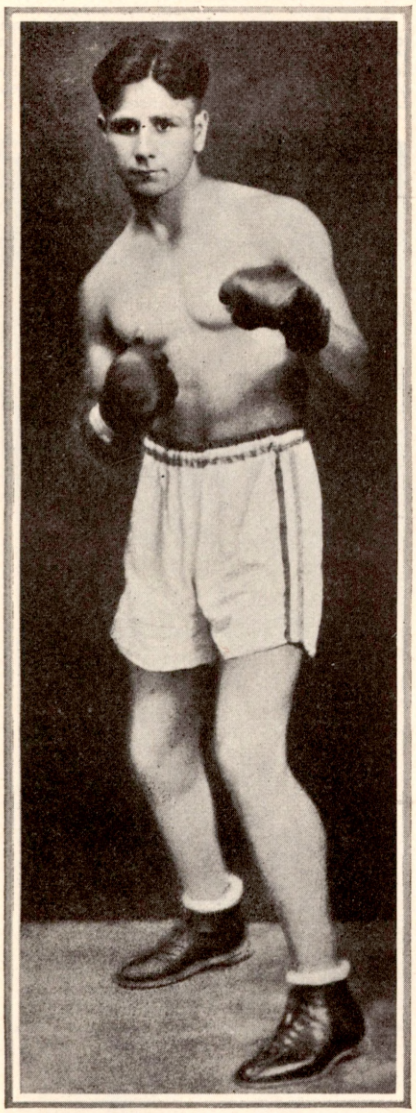
Tony Santello, 132, of Worcester, and Sonny Suggs, 131, of Newport, battled to an eight-round draw at the National A. C. Sonny, a brother of famous Chick, saw an early lead go to waste as the Worcester gamester finished like a Trojan. Mannie Davis, 151, of New York, carried too many guns for Eddie Adonis, 153, of Boston, in the semi-final. Eddie Williams, 143, of Worcester, whipped Leo Morgan, 139, Cambridge; Pat O'Flaherty, 176, Boston, outslugged Frankie Woods, 173, of Taunton, and Billy Briusma, 173, New York, was too cute for Rocky Knight, 185, of the Antipodes in the other bouts.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

THE closing of the Capitol A. A. Gymnasium marks the opening of a newer and larger club. The Worcester Sporting Club has replaced the Capitol A. A. and is now in its new headquarters.

Among the features is a large mirror for shadow boxing. A large 18 foot ring on a platform, handball court, light and heavy bags, hot and cold showers, a rubbing table and other paraphernalia required by boxers and wrestlers for conditioning themselves.

Eddie Shapiro, trainer of Harry Devine and others, is making this new gymnasium his home. Johnny Drew of the Dan Carroll stable of Boston will train here. Shapiro will be able to handle several more good boys and would like to hear from boxers.



Harry Devine, former Olympic Champion, making good in the pro ranks

Wrestling is most popular in "The Heart of the Commonwealth". A good card will bring the whole-hearted support of Worcester's sports fans.

Eddie Curley, prominent Boston featherweight and Jack McCarthy who has taken rapid strides to the front of the middleweight ranks, dropped into town and had high praise for Worcester's outstanding gymnasium.

Wrestling is going over big here. Jack McGrath is the local bone-crushing magnate. He is considering staging a show this month in which Gus Sonnenberg will be featured.

Johnny Yagjian, featherweight who recently left the amateur ranks, held Albion Holden of Providence to a thrilling draw. Holden is former national amateur champion.

Vernon Cormier scored a six round technical knockout over Jimmy Picardi of Boston and defeated Johnny Vacca of Boston.

Cormier is unquestionably a great boy, but is a puzzle. He has a right to the new England bantam crown but weighs about 4 pounds too much. He cannot be reckoned with the featherweights as he has yet to meet a legitimate feather.

Harry Devine has been signed by Eddie Mack for a ten rounder for the Argonne A. A. Devine has toppled all of New England's promising junior-lightweights and has repelled many invaders. Because of this, it is difficult to select a formidable opponent for him.

Jack O'Dowd, a great middleweight, is now being handled by Eddie Shapiro.

The following is the much sought for reader's rating.

Heavyweights—Jack Sharkey, Brighton, Mass.; Ernie Schaff, Boston, Mass.; Jim Maloney, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Joe Monte, Brockton, Mass.

Light-Heavyweights—Arthur Flynn, Lawrence, Mass.; Tom Kirby, Boston, Mass.; Jimmy Mendes, New Bedford, Mass.

Prospect—Primo Ubaldo, Stamford, Conn.

Middleweights—Al Mello, Lowell, Mass.; Frankie O'Brien, Hartford, Conn.; Tony Shucco, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Jack McCarthy, Boston, Mass.

Welterweights — Johnny Indrisiano, Boston, Mass.; Billy Murphy, Lowell, Mass.; Larry Brignola, Cambridge, Mass.

Prospect—Stanley Ketchell, Bangor, Maine.

Lightweights—Louis "Kid" Kaplan, Meriden, Conn.; Andy Callahan, Lawrence, Mass.; Jake Zeramby, Lynn, Mass.

Prospect—Al Linzi, Boston, Mass.

Junior Lightweights—Sammy Fuller, Boston, Mass.; Harry Devine, Worcester, Mass.; Johnny Drew, Worcester, Mass.

Prospect—Lou Petrone, Worcester, Mass.

Featherweights — Bat Battalino, Hartford, Conn.; Andy Martin, Boston, Mass.; Eddie Curley, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Paris Apiece, Providence, R. I.

Bantamweights—Johnny Vacca, Boston, Mass.; Earl Duquette, Springfield, Mass.; Jimmy Picardi, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Georgie Paulin, Bridgeport, Conn.

Flyweights—Dark Cloud Bradley, Holyoke, Mass.; Art Giroux, Portland, Maine; Harry Goldstein, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Tommy Lemmieux, Biddeford, Me.

Any fighter seeking to become affiliated with the Worcester Sporting Club may receive the necessary information by addressing the writer at 57 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass. Also any information regarding activities in New England. Send in your photographs for publication in THE RING. Mail them direct to THE RING at W. 42nd Street, New York City.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

THE best all-action professional boxing card in the state was put on by Promoter Joe Chimbole of the Stamford Sporting Club in Columbus Auditorium and a capacity crowd attended.

Rudy Marshall, Stamford middleweight lost a hard fought state titular fight to Leo Larriviere of Waterbury.

Jimmy Carter, of White Plains lost to Tony Sessa, of Stamford.

Philly Pierce and Jack Petrillo put up a slugging bee for four rounds, Pierce winning.

Chico Gonzales, N. Y., Armory fighter, won over Kid Broad, of Stamford in the semi-final. These boys are lightweights.

Primo Ubaldo, of Bridgeport, lost to Jack Kelly, of Waterbury, although the fans thought Ubaldo won six of the eight rounds.

Clicky Clark, Holyoke welter, won from Mule Brown, New York in eight rounds. Alex Tourrain, New Haven, stopped Billy Ooe in three.

Carmen Cook, of Bridgeport is on a tour of the southwest.

Bat Battalino, featherweight champion, whipped Ignacio Fernandez easily.

Babe Denico, former Danbury amateur star, has branched out as a manager of three very good boys. They are Walter Burns, bantam, who lost recently to Lou Piquette; Paul Gulotta, who was the victim of a queer foul, landed on Frankie Larangira, and Irish Johnny Hayes, Danbury's best featherweight.

Lou Piquette, Bridgeport Bantam and Georgie Paulin, state flyweight champion, are moving along like a house on fire. Paulin has yet to lose a fight in a Connecticut ring.

One of the big laughs in Stamford amateur circles, was when Promoter Charlie Manley handed the boxers a cigarette case and a match box as a prize. Some way to start a new boy off!

Charley Griffin is the boxing instructor at Milford Academy.

Gene Martin, popular Thomaston lightweight, has quit the fight game.

Frankie O'Brien, Hartford middleweight, is back in harness.

At Stamford, Rudy Marshall was awarded an unpopular decision over Tony Travers, of New Haven.

Pete Passaro, former fight announcer died suddenly. Pete was very popular with the fans.

Tony Esposito is back on the active list. Tony is one of the cleverest and fastest preliminary boys in the game at 120 pounds.

Roland Daniels is in line for plenty of work this summer, due to his crowd-pleasing and two fisted fighting.

Bill Pinto, 155 pounds, Tony Perry, 150 pounds, Jimmy Phelan 126, Walter Daniels 126, Ace Petalas, 126, Tom Donahue, 150, Eddie Esposito, 118, all competed in the two-day amateur tourney for the state titles.

At Elks' Hall, Stamford, Ace Petalas, the fighting Greek, scored a one-round knockout over Young Smith.

Walter Daniels, young colored amateur star is fast coming to the front. Daniels turned in a neat victory over Al Copola of Norwalk in three rounds.

Stamford is sure perking up as a fight town and it won't be long until it equals Bridgeport.

Joe D'Andrea, Stamford bantam, has gone under the wing of a new manager having left his old manager flat.

The Holy Name Athletic Club, of Stamford, have built a new gymnasium and will soon turn it over to members for basketball, baseball and boxing.

This column is extended by the management of THE RING, world's foremost boxing magazine, to all boxers, managers, promoters and matchmakers in the state of Connecticut, and the writer suggests that you take advantage of this generous offer and send in all your news and pictures, good ones, to 21 Ludlow Place, Stamford, Conn. Please don't forget the return postage where a reply is needed.

Lewis Field, Billy Prince, Dennis McMahon, Ed Hurley, John Brickel, Philip Coppeto, Louis Peloquin, Ralph Turner, E. J. Fakourney, Albert Whitman, Frank Alicky, Joseph Connelly and Leo Flynn, are requested by the writer to send in news of your boxing activities for publication.

Every boxer and handler in the state should have copies of those three famous books by Nat Fleischer, "How to Second a Boxer," "How to Box," and "Training for Boxers," at one dollar a copy or the three books for three dollars.

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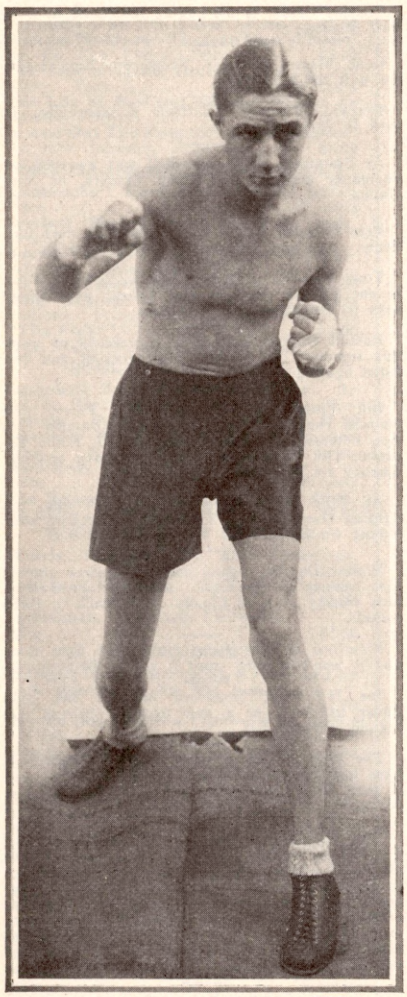
IN AND OUT OF THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA AND VICINITY

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

IT took Philadelphians many days to stop "fanning" Primo Carnera's sensational bout with Roy (Ace) Clark at the Arena early in March.

The Alpine Avalance came to Philly with a string of seven straight knockout conquests in his American tour. Every opponent had been halted in less than three rounds and the majority of the 10,000 persons who crowded into the West Philadelphia punch foundry, figured Clark would last just about that long.

Clark did better. He outboxed Primo in the third and fourth rounds and raised the biggest "shiner" in Carnera's left eye that fight fans of the Quaker City have ever seen. Carnera's eye was completely closed. This happened in the fifth round. Many of the ringside spectators appealed to referee Tommy Reilly to stop the bout to save Carnera's eye from what they thought might be permanent injury. The Italian asked to go one more round.



Dick O'Leary, crack feather from Wilkes-Barre, a great prospect and a classy boxer

Then something happened. Blinded in one eye but still smiling, Primo tore into his colored opponent in the sixth round and after it had gone 2 minutes 28 seconds, the Italian landed a light left to the face and followed it with a punch to the side. Clark sat down and was counted out. He was not hit hard enough to be knocked out at the time but Primo was gradually wearing him down with his 272 pounds. Clark weighed 234 pounds and was an inch and a half taller than the foreigner.

Big George Godfrey, the "Black Panther" from Leiperville, Pa., removed Jack Gross, Salem, N. J. "Baker Boy" from the heavyweight picture by scoring a technical knockout in the fifth round of their windup at the Arena. Gross complained to his managers he was not getting the proper kind of heavyweight recognition. They went out and hooked up a bout with Godfrey, who had not fought for some months. Although Godfrey was overweight and came into the ring at 250 pounds, he simply toyed with Gross. Nothing will satisfy Godfrey and his manager, Jimmy Daugherty, until they see Primo Carnera sitting in the opposite corner of the ring at the Philadelphia municipal Stadium next summer. Godfrey and Gross fought before a capacity crowd of 9949 paid admissions, the gross receipts being $19,327 at $1, $2 and $3 per head.

Jimmy Herman, a rugged light heavyweight from Hazleton, made a hit with the Arena crowd, when he got a six-round draw with Willie Henry, California colored battler.

Danny Fitzgerald, younger brother of the late Whitey Fitzgerald, showed plenty of gameness when he stacked up against Ralph Lenny, of Jersey City, but was not skillful enough and took a six-round beating.

Teddy Maloney, a great Philly fighter more than a decade ago, is handling Tom Latch, Darby heavyweight, who got a big hand from the Arena spectators when he knocked out George Schaick, of Newtown, Pa., in the first round. Latch hung out the K. O. punch in thirty-nine seconds.

Leo Duncan who comes from Leiperville, finished Tony Stropos of Kensington in the third round with a solid right-hander. They are middles.

Vincent Forgione, South Philadelphia rugged middleweight, ran into something more than he bargained for when he met Ricardo Alis, of Spain. Forgione was going along good until the third when the Spaniard, who claims the middleweight title of his country, slipped over a solid right to the jaw and Vince dropped. Eleven seconds remained in the round. Forgione did not get up fast enough and Referee Leo Houck counted him out.

Making his first Philadelphia appearance in the last seventeen months, Tommy Loughran easily defeated Jack Renault, the former Canadian Royal Mounted policeman, in ten rounds at the Arena. Loughran took the bout on short notice after beating Pierre Charles on the Sharkey-Scott card at Miami. Tom came into the ring weighing 190 pounds while Renault topped 210½ pounds. The fight drew a crowd of 9412 while the gross receipts were $18,813.

Some of Jimmy Johnston's excess heavyweights ran into trouble on the same bill with Loughran and Renault. Bill Middlekauf, a big fellow from Florida, took one on the chin in the first round from Fred Caldori, a South Philadelphia 208 pounder and Bill was counted out.

Enzo Fiermonte, a big Italian, also handled by Johnston, was technically K. O'd by Frankie Cawley, of Pittston, when he failed to come out of his corner at the start of the second round. Fiermonte claimed he twisted his leg and could not continue.

Johnny Sheppard, the veteran Boston featherweight, who is now a heavy lightweight, collided with Young Firpo of Pennsgrove, N. J., at the Arena, and the latter gained the six round decision. Firpo is a coming youngster who socks like a steam pile-driver.

From fight program boy to successful business man is the career of Leon Rains who has been in and out of the boxing promotion in Philly for many years. Right now Rains is sitting at the ringside looking at the way the shows are conducted but there are many who believe he will be back as a promoter as soon as he gets a suitable site. It is generally admitted his old Olympia A. A. was the best conducted fight club Philadelphia has ever known.

Billy Jones, South Philadelphia colored light heavyweight, came through with a surprise victory when he outfought Piet Brand, Durable Dutchman, in eight rounds at the Arena. Brand had previously won from Belanger, the Canadian and Matt Adgie in Philly.

Listed under the head of comebacks is Nate Goldman, the veteran Kensington red-head who punched out an eight round decision over Young Ketchell of Chester. Goldman gained his fame many years ago when he dropped Lou Tendler for a short count. This happened at the Arena and they were re-matched for Chester.

Young Firpo, of Pennsgrove, N. J., who carries a wallop in either fist, flattened Al Bryant of Newark, in the fifth round at the Arena. Firpo weighed 136¼ pounds and dropped his northern Jersey opponent in the third and fourth before finally stowing him away.

The veteran Pete Latzo was obliged to take time out and rest up for awhile on account of suffering a bad cold. Reducing his weight after fighting Billy Jones in Philly, may have had something to do with Latzo being "under the weather". He recuperated at his home in Atlantic City.

Two brothers—A. and C. Newcomb—are members of the University of Pennsylvania freshman boxing team. They come from Grand Rapids, Mich; and have been competing in the 135- and 175-pound classes, respectively.

Primo Carnera, the Italian giant heavyweight was royally entertained when he made his first Philadelphia visit, Feb. 27, after arriving from New Orleans where he had knocked out Farmer Lodge. The Sports Writers tendered him a luncheon at the Penn Athletic Club and later he sparred at the Broadway A. C., where he cleaned up about $400. All this was merely a warm-up for his bout with Roy (Ace) Clark. Along Chestnut street and in the Hotel Adelphia lobby he attracted unusually big crowds.

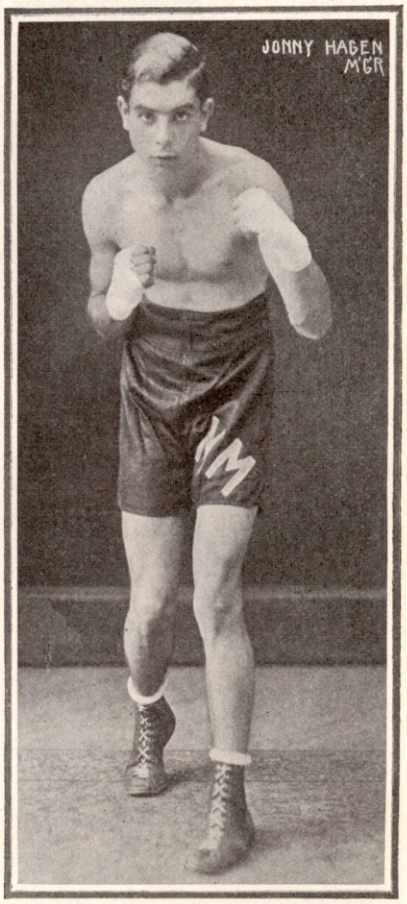
Gene Buffalo, colored West Philadelphia welterweight, was only given a draw in his eight-round bout with Marty Collins at the Broadway A. C. when the majority of the 2000 fans thought the former had won.

Theodore (Kid) Snowden, a knockout sensation about a year ago, failed in his attempt to stage a comeback by being disqualified by Referee Adam Ryan for going to the floor without being hit by his opponent Eddie Dempsey. Snowden was going along pretty good but Dempsey gradually wore him down.

Danny Taub scored his twentieth straight victory when he got the decision over Hughey Civatte in six rounds at the Broadway A. C.

Joey Hatfield of Conshohocken and Frankie Rapp, of Camden, fought a stirring eight-round draw at Norristown Auditorium recently. Danny Fitzgerald of West Philadelphia was awarded the decision over Walter Wasseluck of South Philadelphia in the semi-windup.

Bobby Zimmerman, of Camden, traveled down to Millville and outfought Johnny Ladeo of the Philippine Islands in an eight-round windup; before a capacity crowd at Taubel Arena. Bobby Mller, Philadelphia lightweight, defeated Sol. Lippo of Atlantic City in a six-round affair.



Frankie Mitchell, Philadelphia's classy flyweight

Joe Spatola, a New York welterweight, now lving in Philly, showed he had a punch when he beat Red Rousch in one round at Atlantic City. Jack Fleisher is looking after Spatola.

Frankie Polo, a former amateur sensation, turned in his fourth straight pro victory when he stopped Frankie Dutch at Atlantic City.

Leon Lucas, Camden light heavyweight was having trouble in his bout with Peggy Sullivan until he put over a solid right to his rival's jaw in the second round and "Sully" was counted out.

Johnny Peppe, rugged South Philadelphia fighter, lost a ten-round decision to Johnny Roberts of Wheeling, W. Va., at Chester. This was the first big windup put on by matchmaker Pete Moran who crowded them into the Armory. Peppe weighed 155 and Roberts, 157. In the semi-windup, Richie Martell, Philadelphia, won a six-round decision over Spike Kenny, of Clifton Heights.

KANSAS NOTES
By L. R. FORD

PITTSBURG, KAN.—A great fight card was staged at the Mirza Shrine Temple. Five bouts on the card.

The main event saw Duke Trammell, hard-hitting Texas welter, knock out Patsey Pollock in four rounds. Billy Atkinson nosed out Walter Dunham in 10 rounds. Jackie Fell defeated Windy Wilson in six. George Price was extended to beat Clifford Anderson in six. Bat Drummond defeated Loren Atkinson in a 4-round slugfest.

George Cox, the most colorful referee in the state, was ringing wet with sweat from the fast pace he set gliding over the canvas with the battlers in this 30 rounds of hurricane fighting.

Wichita, Kans.—Angus Snyder won a slight edge in 10 rounds over George Hoffman. Fred Reese beat Tiger Del Wolfe in 10. Humberto Curri defeated Earl Wise in 8. Basil Chastain won from Brownie Thurman in 8.

Cresent, Okla.—Jimmie Carter, the "Fighting Fool," knocked out Harry Briggs, middleweight, in the fourth round of a scheduled 10-round main event.

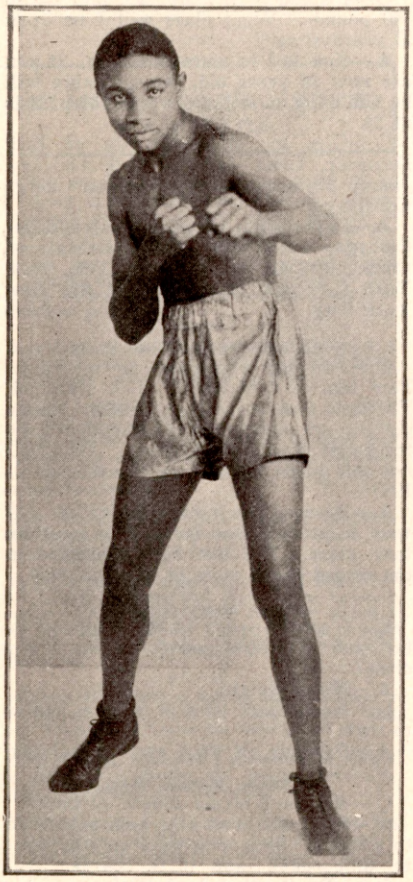
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Wildcat Monte knocked out Kid Leopard in the third round of the 10-round main event.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Walter Dunham and Young Jack Dillon fought 10 rounds to a draw. Luther Ashford shaded Billy Fisher in 8. Bobby Carter and Jack Fell fought 6 rounds to a draw. George Cox refereed all bouts.

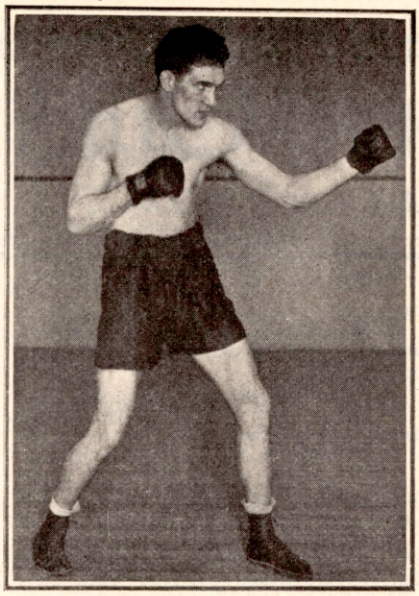
St. Joseph, Mo.—Henry Leonard knocked out Eddie O'Dowd in one round. Harry Memering beat George Eagle in ten. Jimmy Sayers won a T. K. O. over Tip Challender in five rounds.

Wichita, Kans.—Buck Easterling beat Chester Paasch in ten rounds. Jimmie Carter, the "Fighting Fool," knocked out Torpedo (Kid) Williams in three. Bob Omer knocked out John Noordhook in two. Pat Shelby knocked out Pat O'Cassedy in four. LeRoy Gibson defeated Everett Parks in four rounds.

Oklahoma, City, Okla.—George Hoffman outpointed Joe Packo in 10 rounds. Humberto Curri beat Earl Wise in eight fast rounds. Baby Stribling and Basil Chastain fought a six-round draw.



Jacquotte Elverrillo, Duke Barry's latest entry. He is a San Blas Indian and a lightweight



Les Marriner, Chicago heavyweight with bright future

St. Louis, Mo.—Lou Terry and Marty Fields fought a fast 10-round draw. John Schwake won on a foul in four from Tiny Roebuck. Al Stillman beat Fred Cullen in 10. Paul Steadman won from Joe Ghnouly in 10. Ray Palmer beat Joe Stanton in six rounds.

Pittsburg, Kans.—Steve Salina had a slight edge over Gyp Zarro in 10 fast rounds. Joe Rich nosed out Jimmie Carter, the "Fighting Fool", by a small margin in 10. Joe Veltri won the nod in six over Frankie O'Farrell. Roy (Windy) Wilson shaded Jack Huffman in six. George Price won a T. K. O. over Leonard Ross in three rounds. George Cox refereed all bouts.

Steve Salina, featherweight, is looking better in every start. George Price, a promising young middleweight of Scammon, shows improvement. The veteran Billy Britton, light-heavy, is training seriously for a comeback.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Larry Cappo knocked out Luther Ashford in the second. Lefty (Louie) Mays shaded Johnny Wagner in 10 rounds. Frankie O'Farrell outpointed Luke Dorsey in six. Jack Hochstatter knocked out Wildcat Berry in four rounds. George Cox refereed all bouts.

St. Louis, Mo.—Primo Carnera knocked out Chuck Wiggins in two rounds. Tiger Johnny Cline and Chuck Heffner fought a ten-round draw. Jack Horner defeated Ivan Laffineur in five rounds.

Joe O'Brien, matchmaker for the Coliseum at Tulsa, is making a success of the fight game in the Oil Capital.

Independence, Kans.—Jimmie Carter knocked out Red Stone in three rounds. Ira (Kid) Showalter beat Bob Lacey in six. Ernie Taylor and John Spurgeon fought six rounds to a draw. Art Hatcher knocked out Jack Thomas in one. Red Campbell knocked out Kid Erne in the first round. The old-time lightweight Bobby Burns refereed all bouts.

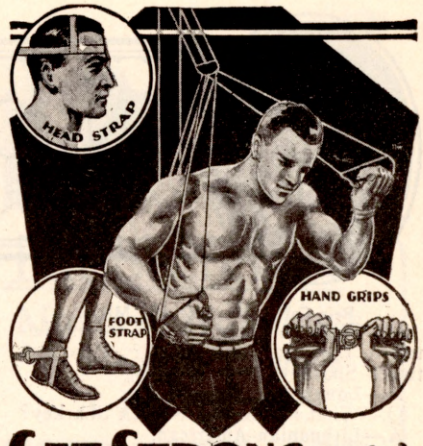
Pratt, Kans.—Wildcat Monte knocked out Kid Granite in two rounds. Jimmy Carter, the "Booger Man", won a T. K. O. in four rounds over Battling Stewart. Elmer Walker beat Kid Kaiser in four. LeRoy Peak outpointed Walt La Poole in four rounds.

Concordia, Kans.—Frankie O'Farrell and Billy Proctor fought ten rounds to a draw. Charley Scott knocked out Jackie Layman in nine rounds. Red Palmquist knocked out George Sprague in four rounds of a scheduled ten-rounder.

Springfield, Mo.—Dugan Layton and Gyp Zarro fought a sensational ten-round battle to a draw verdict. Earl Murphy knocked out K. O. Brown in seven rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Spider Kelly beat Jack Gibbs in ten. Jack Holt beat Charleston Kid in ten. Harold Sines and Everett McLain drew in six. Adolpho Alvarez knocked out Wildcat Holloway in five. Harry Campbell beat George Cooper in six. Dave Allen knocked out Calvin Baker in two rounds.

Leslie Showers, of Denver, America's foremost amateur boxing promoter, is packing the houses wherever he stages his tournaments. He just completed the staging of tournaments at Hutchinson, Wichita and Salina, with Chanute and El Dorado booked for the immediate future.



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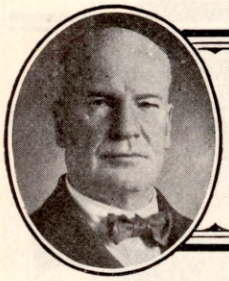

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Reis Carter, Jr., Meridan, Miss.

Q.—Who would be favored to win between Loughran and Porat? Also between Sharkey and Schmeling?

A.—Loughran; Schmeling.

Q.—What nationality is Jack Sharkey?

A.—Lithuanian-American.

Q.—Did Dempsey box every year when he held title?

A.—Every year except 1925 when he boxed eight unimportant exhibition bouts.

Q.—Who won between Carpentier and Siki?

A.—Siki by K. O. in 6th round.

Q.—Who won between McLarnin and Jackie Fields?

A.—McLarnin by K. O. in second round in 1925.

RING Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Could Aurelio Herrera have beaten Mandell, Ray Miller, Canzoneri, and Tony Herrera? Where can I get Aurelio's record?

A.—With Aurelio at his best the odds would have been against him except in the case of Tony Herrera. Get Aurelio's record in "Ring Battles of Centuries," from THE RING, Price $1.

Q.—What is Rosy Rosale's address?

A.—406 United Bank Building, Cleveland, O.

Q.—How do you rate Rosales, Colima, Tony Herrera and Kid Lencho?

A.—Promising, but have not done enough on which to base a positive opinion!

Q.—I am 23 years of age. It that too old to start boxing? Where can I get a manager, and license?

A.—Apply to the Michigan Boxing Commission for professional license.

Warren Church, Chester, Ill.

Q.—I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall, 135 pounds, reach 64 in. What will my measurements be at 21 years? Have I a chance of becoming a middleweight? Where can I get photographs of Sharkey, Dempsey, Schmeling and other heavies?

A.—You should develop into a middleweight. Write to RING for photographs.

Beino Salmi, Dollar Bay, Mich.

Q.—How long must I train before starting to box? Where can I get a boxing license? My age is 16, I weigh 175 pounds and stand 6 ft. 2 in. What will my weight be at 21 years?

A.—Learn to box before settling down to training. Join the nearest gym. Write to Michigan Boxing Commission, Detroit, for license. You probably will weigh 220 pounds at 21.

A. Mahoney, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—What are the ages and measurements of Tuffy Griffiths and Schmeling?

A.—Griffiths, 23 years, weight 175, height 5 ft. 11 in., American. Schmeling, 25 years, 6 ft. 1 in., German.

William Smith, Morristown, N. J.

Q.—I am 14 years of age, 5 ft. 1½ in. tall, and weigh 100 pounds. What division will I be in at full growth?

A.—Probably a welter, 147 pounds.

James Day, New York City.

Q.—I am 14 years of age, 5 ft. 8½ in. tall, and weigh 136 pounds. What will be my measurements at full growth. How can I get back numbers of THE RING?

A.—Probably 6 ft. 1 in. and heavyweight. Write to RING for back numbers.

Joseph Mielnik, Hollidayburg, Pa.

Q.—What are the prices of photographs as published in the Ring?

A.—Modern, $1.50; past, $2.

Q.—What are the addresses of Sonnenberg, Stecher, Londos, Shikat, Ed Lewis, and the Zbyszko brothers?

A.—Sonnenberg, Boston Herald; Stecher, Chicago; all the others care Jack Curley, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Q.—Who is wrestling champion?

A.—Shikat recognized by the Commissions of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Sonnenberg claims title by reason of defeating Lewis.

Q.—Is Hackenschmidt still alive?

A.—Yes, in England.

Q.—Is Tom Jenkins still wrestling?

A.—Wrestling instructor at West Point Military Academy.

Q.—Is Hagashi, the jiu jitsu expert, still alive?

A.—No record of his present whereabouts.

Q.—What are some good books on wrestling?

A.—THE RING has "Complete Science of Wrestling," by Hackenschmidt, $1.50; "Scientific Wrestling" by George Bothner, price 75 cents; "Wrestling" by Frank Gotch, price 50 cents; "Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu" by Earl Liederman, price $3.

James S. Cox, New York City.

Q.—Are the boxing rules of New York State, the Marquis of Queensberry rules?

A.—Decidedly not. The Walker law rules were drawn up by a committee appointed by W. A. Gavin, organizer of the International Sporting Club. Mayor Walker introduced in the State Senate the law named after him, including the rules of the ring.

Q.—Was Mayor Walker instrumental in giving Sunday baseball to New York?

A.—Yes.

Allan McConnell, Hazel Crest, Ill.

Q.—Was Billy Howton ever heavyweight champion of the world?

A.—Billy Howton is the hero of a fiction penned by Daniel M. Daniel, just completed in THE RING.

Q.—What are Ace Hudkins' chances of becoming the middleweight champion of the world?

A.—So long as Mickey Walker holds that title, Hudkins' chances are not bright.

Dominick Oliverio, Watertown, N. Y.

Q.—I am 26 years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. tall, and weigh 165 lbs. Am I too old to start boxing?

A.—Not if you have the proper instruction. Get "How to Box," by Nat Fleischer, RING, Price $1.

Maurice Briand, Mesnil, St. Pierre, Miquelon.

Q.—In landing a right to the jaw, should the palm of the hand be upward or downward?

A.—Nine times out of ten a boxer who lands a straight right to the jaw will strike with the thumb up. If the blow is a swing, the palm will be down.

Harry Trempert, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What is the nationality of King Tut, King Solomon, Archie Bell, George Hoffman?

A.—King Tut (real name Henry Tuttle), American; King Solomon, Panamanian; Archie Bell, Jewish; George Hoffman, German.

D. E. Williams, Birmingham, Ala.

Q.—I claim that Jack Johnson's title as heavyweight champion of the world was not clear until he defeated Jeffries. Am I right?

A.—Jeffries formally retired in 1905 and did not fight again until 1910, when beaten by Johnson. When a champion retires, his title is open to competition, and he cannot return to ring and reclaim title. Following Jeff's retirement, Tommy Burns defeated a majority of contenders for the American title. He then knocked out Gunner Moir, champion of England, and Bill Squires, champion of Australia, and thus became the heavyweight champion of the world. Johnson stopped Burns at Sydney, Australia, Dec. 26, 1908, and thus became the world's heavyweight champion. When Johnson and Jeffries met in Reno in 1910, Johnson was champion, and Jeffries challenger.

William Brown, Laing, W. Va.

Q.—I stand 5 ft. 7 in. tall, and weigh 140 pounds. What class will I be in at 21 years of age?

A.—You fail to state your age. If you are now 16 years old, you probably will be 5 ft. 10½ in. tall and weigh 180 pounds at 21.

Q.—Give me the addresses of Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Jack Delaney, Jimmy Slattery, Dave Shade and George Courtney?

A.—In the order given, Bismarck Hotel, Chicago, Greenwich, Conn., Bridgeport, Conn., Buffalo, 104 West 42d St., New York City and 145 West 41st St., New York City.

F. Acosta Villa, San Juan, P. R.

Q.—You say you have no record of Pete Martin defeating Hilario Martinez. The fight took place Dec. 2, 1928. Martin got the decision and had Martinez down for count of 7 in first round. Why was not this bout included in the record for 1929?

A.—Because the record books of 1929 went to press before the bout in question took place. The last bouts recorded in the record books were of Nov. 19, 1928.

M. B., Savannah, Ga.

Q.—I am 18 years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. tall, and weigh 152 pounds. What is my class?

A.—Middleweight.

Q.—How much does it cost a fighter to train?

A.—Depends on what sort of training.

S. Poiner, Melrose, Mass.

Q.—Nelson-Wolgast length of bout?

A.—Fortieth round of a bout scheduled to a finish. Both men were on ring floor in 40th round, and it is charged that referee Ed Smith helped Wolgast to his feet while counting out Nelson. Nelson was in Chicago at last accounts.

BREEZES FROM THE DAKOTAS
By BEN ASHMORE

LA REINE UDELL, Aberdeen, S. D., light-heavyweight, took a close ten-round decision from Sailor Liston, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, at Aberdeen.

Frankie White, of Ellendale, N. D., lost on a foul to Fritz Kowalski, Moorhead veteran, at Ellendale. The boys are middleweights.

Kid Rippatoe of Sioux City, Ia., knocked out Eddie Murphy of Fargo, N. D., in the fourth.

Doety Turner, colored welterweight of Watertown, S. D., took 8 of the 10 rounds from Lee Cavanagh of Bismarck, N. D., at Britton, S. D.

Kid Rippatoe beat Bad Boy Knight in the six round semi-windup.

Boxers wishing to appear in this section get in touch with Ben Ashmore, Ellendale, N. D.

Howard Liedtke, Aberdeen light-heavyweight, won the first battle of his comeback campaign by knocking out Hammering Huntley in eight rounds at Rapid City, S. D.

Frankie White is a good middleweight prospect. He knocked out Bill Purcell, Zack Hobbs, Kid McCoy and Jack "Tiger" Burns in the past month, and dropped a fight on a foul to Fritz Kowalski.

Young Dempsey of Toppen, N. D., is a good welterweight prospect. He is a southpaw.

Amateur boxing shows have been popular in Fargo and Whapeton. The fans turn out in great numbers to watch the simon-pures throw gloves.

Charlie Retzlaff, of Leonard, N. D., is knocking the boys over in the heavyweight class in the middle west. He is under the management of Jock Hurley.

Battling Siki, young colored boy now located in Ellendale, N. D., has beaten Danny Duffy, K. O. Kellar, and Zip O'Brien in his last three starts. He does his fighting at 130 pounds.

Those having any boxing news should send it to the writer—Ben Ashmore, Ellendale, N. D., for publication in THE RING. Also send good pictures of your boys direct to THE RING, 11 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

OKLAHOMA BOXING NOTES
By L. H. TITTLE

THE Recreational Department of the U. S. Army at Fort Sill, Sammy Stearns, Matchmaker, served a de luxe boxing program to the fans at the Post Field Gymnasium. Dude McCook, the flashy bantam of Enid, outfought Joe Montana in ten rounds. Pug Humphries earned the judges' decision from Navy Rostan in ten, and Joe Cyernewiski, the fighting Pole, beat Kid Richardson in six.

Jack Sparks beat Van Morrison at Hobart in a ten-round slugging orgy. On the same card Brady Findley koed Sailor Woods in the fifth.

George Hoffman impressed the fans at Oklahoma City when he beat Joe Packo. His victory, however, was close. Humberti Curi walloped Earl Wise through eight rounds, and Baby Stribling gave Basil Chastain six rounds of boxing instruction on the came card.

Jack Dillon stopped Chick Rains at Oklahoma City. Wildcat Monte stopped Eddie Walsh and Jimmy Craig beat Nate Avery.

Ralph Ables beat Tiger Del Wolfe, Mike Curran's new find, in the final event at the Seminole Stadium. Matchmaker Curly Campbell picked a good card for his show. Curly is trying to build up the game rather than speculate on the financial possibilities.

Wildcat Monte got a serious set-back when he was shoved in the ring at Tulsa against King Tut. Tut stopped him in the third round.

Britt Gorman, flyweight, a stablemate of King's, had difficulty in gaining the decision over Abie Cohen. These boys are flyweights.

Frankie Landers, of Denver, was knocked out by Jack Dillon at Oklahoma City in the fifth. The Capitol City Athletic Club staged the card and packed the house. Norman Brown, local middleweight favorite and knock-out artist, beat Speedy Snow after scoring a nine count knockdown. Joe Patterson stopped Jack Arnold in the fifth.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

MINNEAPOLIS was host to Primo Carnera when he fought Sully Montgomery, whom Big Feet knocked out before a capacity crowd in two rounds. Carnera weighed 275 1-2 pounds to 220 1-4 for his victim.

"Iron" Mike Mandell knocked out Duke Horn in the eighth round, after flooring him in the seventh when the bell saved him.

Andy Shanks, promising Michigan heavyweight, dropped Tim Derry to the canvas in the fourth.

It is reported that Dr. Siversten of the Minnesota Boxing Commission threatens to resign because of lack of cooperation in the small clubs outside the big cities.

Jackie Sharkey beat Quina Lee in a six-round bout at Minneapolis A. C.
Bobby Laurant lost on a foul to Babe Herman in the first.

Wayne Short, Minnesota feather champ, found a difficult task in Boomer Brooker, of Manden, North Dakota, whom he beat by a shade.

Billy McCabe, St. Paul feather, shaded Everate Vincent, of Stillwater.

Paul Wangley, blond tornado, chalked up his third successive one-round kayo, his victim this time being Bobby Laurant. Paul dropped him within the first minute of fighting and after rising, Laurant was again put down for keeps.

Jock Malone showed that he has reached about the end of a long and honorable career in his bout with Gorilla Jones, a two-fisted fighting man from Akron, Ohio. Gorilla showed that Malone has passed his best day and that he would prove a mark for the second raters of the future.

Laurie Peppin, hard hitting Canuck middleweight, and St. Paul's youngster, Dick Watzal, fought six slam bang rounds to a draw. They banged away from first round to finish with nothing to choose between them.

Mickey McDonough came out of retirement to win a clean-cut victory over Johnny Fulton, of Cedar Rapids. Mick needs a few more fights to regain his old time form.

The fight game in Minnesota was a profitable one for Mike Collins who drew a full house for the Carnera bout. St. Paul also is doing well.

Any fighter seeking a manager should write to me at 5328 York Avenue S., Minneapolis.

Short socks—Jimmy Potts has started an all-star amateur tournament. He will pit the winners against winners of St. Paul and Duluth. . . . Billy Petrolle is coming back. . . . He stopped Jackie Kene at LaCrosse. . . . Boomer Brooker looks like a good boy. . . . Fred Fulton has started a comeback. He whipped Tom Havel at Rochester, Minn. . . . The month's best prospect is Punching Paul Wangley, of Minnesota. . . . Watch this kid go. . . .

HOOKS AND HEADLOCKS FROM MONTANA
By F. C. HYDE

LEE CAVANAUGH of Bismarck, North Dakota, dropped a close decision to Jimmy Udell at Jamestown, N. Dak.

Tony Kipp and Howard Dodds headlined a thirty round boxing show at Beach, N. Dak.

It will pay promoters seeking headline attractions to get in touch with Lee Cavanaugh of Bismarch, N. Dak., a fast stepping hard hitting welter. Another welter who is coming rapidly to the front is Sammy Evans of Great Falls, Mont.

Al Webster, "Billings Iron Man," won a torrid ten-round decision from Ted Ross, Chicago welter, at Billings, Mont.

Esquimo Gratio, flashy bantam from Mason City, Iowa, has drifted into Glendive.

Elwood House, of Outlook, Mont., light heavyweight wrestler, has been going like a house afire. He tossed Frank Hyde at Glendive in a rough match by taking the last two falls. At Baker, Mont., he took the first and third falls from August Miller, of Ismay, and defeated Hyde in a return match at Terry, Mont.

This writer would appreciate it if promoters and managers throughout Montana and North Dakota would drop me a line when they have news of either the boxing or wrestling game for this publication. Also, send me photos for use in THE RING.

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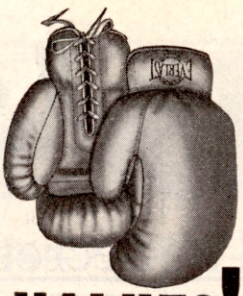

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One Obstacle Tex Rickard Was Unable to Hurdle

(*Continued from page* 40)

at the Board show that on the afternoon of the contest, Dr. Walker refused to give Jess an "O.K."

As is well known, Willard stopped Johnson. He gave Floyd a terrific lacing, Johnson proving no match for his opponent. But that did not signify that Jess was back in condition. A few weeks later Tex Rickard approached the Boxing Commission and asked for a sanction for a Willard-Firpo fight as guaranteed Jess. The Commission replied that if Dr. Walker found Jess's ailment had left him, such a bout would be sanctioned. Otherwise, it would have to be taken out of New York. And that is exactly what happened. Dr. Walker reported, after another examination, that he would not open himself to criticism by sanctioning such a fight as Willard had a flabby, irregular heart and that under the circumstances, a heavy body attack by an opponent, might leave a corpse in the ring.

The Commission, despite political pressure, stood by its guns and its physician and refused a sanction. Rickard, in desperation, seeing a million dollar gate ahead if Jess could whip Firpo and then tackle Dempsey in a return mill, took the fight to Boyle's Thirty Acres, where Luis knocked Willard out in the eighth round. It was that victory which gained for Firpo the Dempsey match, a bout Tex had hoped would go to Willard, thereby placing in his hands one extra championship match, a contest between the winner of the Willard-Dempsey return go and the Argentinian.

Those who were present at the Firpo-Willard tilt will remember the dissatisfaction that arose when Willard feebly went down and remained down until the count was over. Some said he quit under punishment, but that was not so. According to Dr. Walker, Jess's heart was weak. The irregularity of the beats and the flabbiness, caused his downfall. He could not continue because, had the fight gone much longer he might have died from a heart attack.

The fall of Willard vindicated Dr. Walker and the New York Commission, which would have nothing more to do with Jess. He was quietly banned here for the good of the game and for his own physical welfare, and the story of Firpo's extreme gameness and Willard's heart failure were kept secret many years, but now become part of the record. They will remain in the archives of the Boxing Commission for world's boxing history.

Babe Ruth Once Nearly Donned Fighting Mitts

By DOC ALMY

MUCH ado was made over Charles Arthur (The Great) Shires, a baseball player, in giving the "pro" ring his attention, and, in one bout KO'ing "Dangerous Dan Daly," in 21 seconds, only to get a terrific shellacking from George Trafton in a five-round mill in Chicago.

The big idea of a ball player in boxing, however, is far from a new one. Years ago before Babe Ruth had begun to knock 'em over the fence with anything like consistency, though he was one of the Boston Red Sox bright lights at the time, he came very close to having a fistic mixup in a "pro" ring with none less than Young Bob Fitzsimmons. And the Boston Arena was to have been the scene of the festivity.

In his youth the Bambino was a pretty good boxer, and he may be yet for all we know. He also was game, tough and willing. He got the "hunch" that he could whip the average "pro" fighter of his own weight, and, when the proposition was put up to him squarely by a Boston newspaper sports writer, Ruth agreed to go through.

"Would he fight Young Bob Fitz?" "Yes, he would." Young Bob, then in Boston with his father, the veteran, was similarly propositioned. He was willing—would fight Ruth or anybody if there was to be anything in it. The argument was put up to the late Miah Murray, then head of the old Armory A. A. It looked good to him and he would stage the fray in the Boston Arena.

Thus far everything was fine. The publicity wheels were started—the fans began to warm to it in great shape—the scrap would have filled the Boston Arena to the doors.

Then Ban Johnson, head of the American league, butted in. He had no objection to boxing, but he decidedly objected to Babe Ruth running the chance of either getting beaten up or injuring his arms, hands, legs, etc. Ban put the "nothing doing" sign on the entire big idea—just wouldn't stand for it at all. So Ruth had to pull out of the fight and the whole thing flivvered.

So, that's how near Babe Ruth came to being a fighting fighter inside "pro" ring ropes.

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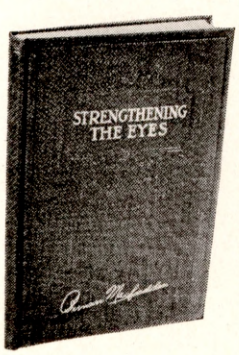
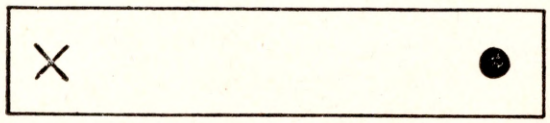
Upon their findings has been based a remarkable new scientific system of eye-training which quickly enables you to train these muscles of the eye so that you can make them work properly at all times, and without effort or strain. This new system has been prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, in collaboration with the eminent ophthalmologist who discovered the real truth about eyes.



Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value.

If you already wear glasses, find out how you can discard your glasses—and see better without them. If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your sight is failing, then find out how a few minutes each day assures you perfect sight without the use of glasses. If you are a parent send at once for this method, and learn how to save your children from the scourge of near-sightedness, how you can save them from the slavery of eye-glasses, and how you can train their eyes so they will always have perfect, normal vision.



Make This Test of Your Eyesight

Do you know that there is a spot in your eye where you are totally blind? Prove it now. Hold this diagram about 10 inches directly before you. Close the left eye, and fix the right eye on the cross. Then bring the diagram gradually closer and at about 7 inches the black spot will suddenly disappear. This is but one of the important points of information about your eyes which you should know, particularly if you have any eye trouble.

For What Price Would You Sell Your Eyes?

The benefits which you can derive from this new method of eye training may seem too surprising to be true. Yet you cannot doubt its efficacy when you read the letters from the people who have found it of immeasurable value, when you know that it has helped over 2,000 children to regain normal vision in a short time. Your eyesight is your most important possession. It can never be replaced if it is lost. And since no amount of money could make you sacrifice your eyes, you owe it to yourself at least to investigate what this new scientific method can do for you.

Here is a man who writes: "Strengthening the Eyes has enabled me to completely forget the optician. It has practically cured a bad case of astigmatism."

And here is another who says: "By faithfully following the directions given in your Eye Course I have discarded glasses worn for years, and have had absolutely no trouble for the past two years."

Another grateful reader of this helpful book writes: "I had been wearing glasses since I was eight years of age and could not go a day without them. I am now twenty-four and with just a little effort in practicing the Eye Exercises each day for a period of two months, I have been able to stop wearing glasses entirely."

These inspiring results bring a message of hope to everyone who is troubled with weak eyes or poor sight. There is hardly any condition that is beyond the reach of Bernarr Macfadden's revolutionizing method of eye training. Even the hopeless cases, as shown in the letter reproduced here, respond with almost unbelievable results to the treatment outlined by the noted physical culturist.

You Can Try This Course At Our Risk

We want every reader of this publication afflicted with eye-trouble to examine Mr. Macfadden's wonderful course and try the eye exercises that it prescribes. In order to bring this about we are willing to send the entire course on approval, giving you the privilege of returning it within five days after receipt if not satisfactory. The price of the course has been placed within the means of everyone—only $3.00, plus delivery charges. It is less than you would pay for a single pair of glasses. Can you afford not to take advantage of this offer and all it may mean to you? Not if you value strong eyes. So mail the coupon now, before it slips your mind, and you will never have to wear glasses again.

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Entirely at your risk, you may send me your course of Eye Exercises. Upon receipt I will pay the postman $3.00, plus delivery charges. It is understood if after trying the course for five days I decide not to keep it you will immediately refund my money upon return of the course.

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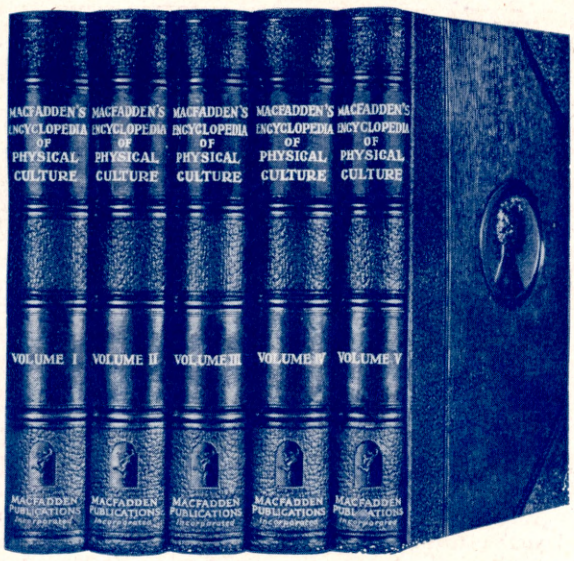

Will you be one of the 800,000 who will die this year of preventable disease?

OF the hundreds of thousands who die from respiratory diseases, bronchitis, pneumonia, kidney diseases, tuberculosis, influenza, and intestinal disorders, a large portion would not have died if they had been able to recognize early symptoms and had known how to treat themselves.

Nature always warns of impending sickness. The occasional headache, that tired, exhausted feeling, loss of appetite, a casual cold and other slight disarrangements are Nature's warnings to you that your body isn't functioning properly or that you are not living and eating correctly.

You can rule your health just as surely as you can rule your actions. If you are not enjoying perfect health today it is because you haven't enjoyed the method provided by Nature to keep you well. If you don't know what her requirements are, you are sure to blunder into some kind of sickness—perhaps fatal disease.

ENCYCLOPEDIA of PHYSICAL CULTURE
New 8th Edition ~ Completely Revised

EVERY year more than ten thousand people die of bronchitis, sixty-four thousand die of pneumonia, seventy-five thousand die of kidney trouble, fifty thousand die of respiratory disease, one hundred and six thousand die of tuberculosis, approximately eighty-five thousand die of influenza, and more than ten thousand die of intestinal trouble.

Barring accidents and suicides, only a small percentage of these thousands should die.

It is a fact that only about one person out of three enjoys good health. And those who are physically a little "Off" right now, will more than likely be the ones to succumb to preventable diseases this year. And they are the ones who should not die.

Nature is constantly warning you of impending sickness. Seemingly trivial symptoms tell of serious trouble taking root in your body. And yet, ninety-nine people out of every hundred will absolutely ignore these danger signals. As long as they are not flat on their backs, they will fool themselves into believing that they are all right.

Nature is merciless. If you do not understand her laws and her methods of preventing and curing sickness, you suffer. She knows no excuse—she accepts no apologies.

The Average Person Pays Thousands of Dollars in Doctors' Bills

Those who do not know Nature's methods of preventing and curing sickness are ill an average of 21½ days each year. In fact, it is estimated that the average person in a lifetime spends $4,100 on doctor and hospital bills, loss of time from business, medicine and other expenses due to illness. Thousands of people are living half-powered lives because they are ignorant of the laws of Nature. Many of these people will fill an early grave, when they might easily have lived to enjoy a ripe old age.

What would it be worth to you to be able to instantly identify in its earliest stages any sickness or disease that might overtake you or any member of your family? To enjoy perfect health, almost complete freedom from sickness, doctor and hospital bills, and no days of suffering and worry, or salary lost through sickness?

How to—

possess exhilarating health every day in the year
know your own body
eat for health
diet for the cure of disease
know the art of food preparation
build a powerful physique
correct physical imperfections
become a physical director
avoid unhappy marriages
avoid disease
fast as a curative measure
cure by hydropathy (heal by the use of water)
apply all methods of drugless healing
give first aid in emergencies
apply home treatment for disease
recognize diseases by manifestations
build nervous energy
treat the common form of disease
understand the process of reproduction
benefit by laws of sex and marriage
treat diseases of women
diagnose diseases
have healthy and vigorous children
treat female disorders
treat male disorders
obtain virility and manhood
care for the complexion
manicure; care for the hair and feet
cultivate the mind—

These are only a few of the matters explained in the Encyclopedia.

The Encyclopedia of Physical Culture
(8th Edition—Greater Than Ever Before)

This marvelous 5-volume work gives you the information you need to build up rugged strength, health and vitality. It is for every member of the family—it covers every phase of strength and body building for adults, children and babies. It gives invaluable information on fasting, dieting and exercise. A thorough and extensive treatment is given of the laws of sex, the attainment of virile manhood and womanhood, and happy, successful parenthood, together with details for diagnosis and treatment of all sexual diseases. Handsomely illustrated charts on anatomy and physiology are scattered throughout the book.

It is neither dull nor technical, but is simple, comprehensive and complete in every sense. It is the crowning effort of Bernarr Macfadden's rich, full experience in the science of health and physical culture. He has had more than thirty years' experience in guiding thousands of physical wrecks to glorious health and vigor. Out of that experience he built his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture.

Seven big editions of this popular work have been exhausted. And now the eighth edition—greatest of all—has just come off the press. This edition has been completely revised at great expense. Scores of new illustrations have been inserted. The binding has been changed to a beautiful all Fabrikoid, more durable than leather. Altogether it is the finest edition of the encyclopedia ever issued.

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This is the most liberal offer we have ever made on the Encyclopedia—10 days' examination of the entire set at no expense to you. There is no money needed—no deposit to pay. Just fill in the coupon and we will send the five volumes to you, all shipping charges prepaid, for your inspection.

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